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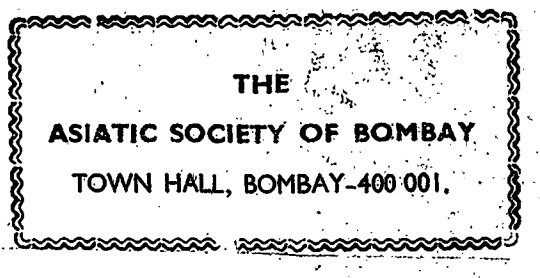


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# OS LUSIADAS

DE

# LUIZ DE CAMÕES

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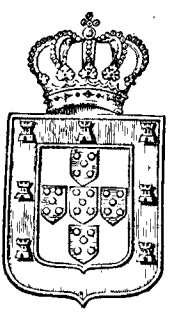

*SEGUNDA EDIÇÃO.*

TOMO SEGUNDO.

LONDRES
KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH & CIA., 1 PATERNOSTER SQUARE.
1884

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# THE LUSIADS.

VOL. II.

« La découverte de Mozambique, de Mélinde et de Calecut a été chantée par le Camoens, dont le poème fait sentir quelque chose des charmes de l'Odyssée et de la magnificence de l'Enéide.

MONTESQUIEU.

CHART
of
THE VOYAGE
OF
VASCO DA GAMA
1497
Voyage out
" home
Azores
LISBON
PORTUGAL
SPAIN
R. Tagus
MED
CEUTA
MADEIRAS
MASSYLIA
Canary Is.
Lanzerote
Tropic of Cancer
C. de Verde Is.
HESPERIDES
Sal
S. Iago
SANAGA (SENEGAL)
C. VERDE
GAMBIA
MANDINGA
NIGER
SIERRA LEONE
C. PALMAS
PRINCES I.
ST THOMAS I.
DORCADES
SOUTH
ATLANTIC
OCEAN
Ascension
St Helena
Tropic of Capricorn
S. HELENA B.
Cape of Good Hope
BLACK SEA
CASPIAN SEA
MEDITERRANEAN SEA
EGYPT
PERSIA
ARABIA
Ormuz
Mekka
INDIA
Bar L.
Goa
Angediva Is.
CALECUT
Laccadive Is.
Cochin
TAPROBANA
Maldive Is.
ABYSSINIA
Magadoxa
INDIAN
OCEAN
ZAIRE OR CONGO RIVER
CONGO
MELINDA
MOMBAZA
Quiloa
PRASSO
MOZAMBIQUE
MOZAMBIQUE
R. dos Bons Signaes
R. de San Rafael
SOFALA
MADAGASCAR
St LAWRENCE
C. Corrientes
R. Natal
R. de St Blasius
R. de Reyes
R. de Infanta
Rio de Cruz
London, C. Kegan Paul & Co

THE

# USIADS OF CAMOENS

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE

BY

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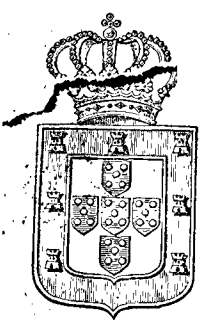

SECOND EDITION.

*IN TWO VOLUMES*

VOL. II.

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LONDON

N PAUL, TRENCH & CO., 1 PATERNOSTER SQUARE

1884

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# OS LUSIADAS

## THE LUSIADS.

# *CANTO SEXTO.*

I.

Não sabia em que modo festejasse
O Rei pagão os fortes navegantes,
Para que as amizades alcançasse
Do Rei Christão, das gentes tão possantes
Pêza-lhe que tão longe o aposentasse
Das Europeas terras abundantes
A ventura, que não no fez visinho
Donde Hercules ao mar abrio o caminh

II.

Com jogos, danças e outras alegrias,
A segundo a policia Melindana,
Com usadas e ledas pescarias
Com que a Lageia Antonio alegra e en
Este famoso Rei todos os dias
Festeja a companha Lusitana
Com banquetes, manjares desusados,
Com fructas, aves, carnes e pesca dos.

III.

Mas, vendo o Capitão que se detinha
Já mais do que devia, e o fresco vento
O convida que parta e tome asinha
Os pilotos da terra e mantimento,
Não se quer mais detêr; que *ainda ti*
Muito para cortar do salso argento:
Já do Pagão benigno se despede,
Que a todos amizade longa pede.

I.

navigators brave to entertain
pagan King his every effort tried,
the Christian King's good will might gain,
people so renowned, beside.
that fortune should have placed his reign
ean fertile lands so wide,
him neighbour of that strait to be,
ules made opening to the sea.

II.

, plays and other gaieties,
lance with Melinde's style,
t and accustomed fisheries,
Queen did Anthony beguile,
King doth every day devise
guests their time away shall wile
ets and with dishes new and rare:
meats, fish, of every kind were there.

III.

Captain—seeing that much more
right he'd lingered and that the fresh wind
es him to depart, and quick from shore
ilots take and stores of every kind—
not delay; for still there lies before,
path upon the silvery brine to find;
the courteous Pagan farewell says,
of them all a lengthened friendship prays.

IV.

Pede-lhe mais, que aquelle porto seja
Sempre com suas frotas visitado;
Que nenhum outro bem maior deseja
Que dar a taes barões seu reino e estado;
E que, em quanto seu corpo o esprito reja,
Estará de contino apparelhado
A pôr a vida e reino totalmente
Por tão bom Rei, por tão sublime gente.

V.

Outras palavras taes lhe respondia
O Capitão, e logo, as velas dando,
Para as terras da Aurora se partia
Que tanto tempo há já que vai buscando.
No piloto que leva não havia
Falsidade, mas antes vai mostrando
A navegação certa; e assi caminha
Já mais seguro do que d'antes vinha.

VI.

As ondas navegavam do Oriente
Já nos mares da India, e enxergavam
Os thalamos do Sol que nasce ardente:
Já quasi seus desejos se acabavam;
Mas o mao de Thyoneo, que na alma se
As venturas que então se apparelhavam
A gente Lusitana, dellas dina,
Arde, morre, blasphema, e desatina.

VII.

Via estar todo o Ceo determinado
De fazer de Lisboa nova Roma:
Não no pode estorvar; que destinado
Está d'outro poder que tudo doma.
Do Olympo desce em fim desesperado,
Novo remedio em terra busca e toma:
Entra no humido reino e vai-se á corte
Daquelle a quem o mar cahio em sorte.

IV.

And more he prays him that his port may be
Made by his ships, at all times, place of rest;
For nothing better can he wish to see
Than his estate by such brave men possessed;
And adds, while spirit rules the body, he
Will faithfully be ready, at his best,
To engage his life and realm at any time
For so good King, for people so sublime.

V.

With other corresponding words replied
The Captain, and at once with sail to wind
Forth for the regions of Aurora ried,
Which for so long time past he'd sought to find.
The pilot whom he brought no treachery tried,
But pointed out, indeed, with trusty mind
The course to take, and thus he onward bore,
Better assured than he had come before.

VI.

O'er Oriental waters now they fly,
Upon the Indian seas; and of the Sun,
Rising all fire, the couches they descry;
And now their chosen task is almost done.
But bad Thyoneus, who in his mind's eye
Perceives the fortunes ready to be won
By Lusian prowess, worthy of their name,
Burning with rage and madness doth blaspheme.

VII.

He saw the whole of Heaven's resolve to be,
To make of Lisbon's city a new Rome;
Nor could he meddle with that destiny,
Fixed by the Power that governs all to come.
To find and take on earth new remedy,
Desperate he sweeps from his Olympus' home,
Enters the humid realm, and seeks the throne
Of him who claims the sea by lot his own.

VIII.

No mais interno fundo das profundas
Cavernas altas onde o mar se esconde,
Lá donde ás ondas sahem furibundas
Quando ás iras do vento o mar responde,
Neptuno mora, e moram as jucundas
Nereidas e outros deoses do mar, onde
As aguas campo deixam ás cidades
Que habitam estas humidas deidades.

IX.

Descobre o fundo nunca descoberto
As arêas alli de prata fina,
Torres altas se vêm no campo aberto
Da transparente massa crystallina;
Quanto se chegam mais os olhos perto
Tanto menos a vista determina
Se he crystallo que vê, se diamante;
Que assi se mostra claro e radiante.

X.

As portas d'ouro fino e marchetadas
Do rico aljofar, que nas conchas nace,
De esculptura formosa estão lavradas,
Na qual do irado Baccho a vista pace:
E vê primeiro em côres variadas
Do velho chaos a tão confusa face:
Vêm-se os quatro elementos trasladados,
Em diversos officios occupados.

XI.

Alli sublime o Fogo estava em cima,
Que em nenhuma materia se sostinha,
Daqui as cousas vivas sempre anima
Despois que Prometheo furtado o tinha.
Logo após elle leve se sublima
O invisibil Ar, que mais asinha
Tomou lugar, e nem por quente, ou frio
Algum deixa no mundo estar vazio.

VIII.

In the most inward deepness of the deep
And lofty caves, where Ocean hiding lies,
There, whence the offended waves in fury leap,
When to the angry winds the sea replies,
Dwells Neptune, and the jocund Nereids keep,
And all the other sea divinities;
The waters there for cities leave a plain,
Where dwell these humid Deities o' the main.

IX.

He finds the bottom until then ne'er found,
With sands all brilliant, there, of silver fine;
High towers upon the open plain abound,
Of masses of transparent crystalline.
And nearer as the eyes survey around
So much the less the vision can divine
If diamond 'tis or crystal mocks the sight,
It shows itself so radiant and so bright.

X.

The gates are of fine gold, and all inlaid
With rich pearl seed that in the conches breeds,
A beauteous sculpture o'er them is displayed,
On which the sight of angry Bacchus feeds;
And, first of all, in tints of various shade
Old Chaos' so confused face he reads;
There pictured the Four Elements are descried,
In different offices all occupied.

XI.

And there, sublime, aloft appeared Fire,
Which without sustenance itself sustained;
Whence living things it always doth inspire,
Since by Prometheus' theft it was obtained;
And next in place, rises sublime, entire,
Invisible Air, which its position gained
With greater quickness, nor by heat or cold
Leaves any void, but all the world doth hold.

XII.

Estava a Terra em montes revestida
De verdes hervas e arvores floridas,
Dando pasto diverso e dando vida
As alimarias nella produzidas:
A clara forma alli estava esculpida
Das Aguas entre a terra desparzidas,
De pescados criando varios modos,
Com seu humor mantendo os corpos todos:

XIII.

N'outra parte esculpida estava a guerra
Que tiveram os deoses co'os gigantes,
Está Typheo debaixo da alta serra
De Ethna que as flammas lança crepitantes:
Esculpido se vê ferindo a terra
Neptuno, quando as gentes ignorantes
Delle o cavallo houveram, e a primeira
De Minerva pacifica oliveira.

XIV.

Pouca tardança faz Lyeo irado
Na vista destas cousas; mas, entrando
Nos paços de Neptuno que, avisado
Da vinda sua, o estava já aguardando,
Ás portas o recebe, acompanhado
Das nymphas que se estão maravilhando
De ver que, commettendo tal caminho,
Entre no reino d'agua o rei do vinho:

XV.

'Ó Neptuno,' lhe disse, 'não te espantes
De Baccho nos teus reinos receberes;
Porque tambem co'os grandes e possantes
Mostra a fortuna injusta seus poderes:
Manda chamar os deoses do mar antes
Que falle mais, se ouvir-me o mais quizeres;
Verão da desventura grandes modos,
Ouçam todos o mal que toca a todos.'

XII.

Earth was clothed o'er with undulating wood,
With verdant herbs and flowering trees around,
Producing various pastures, yielding food
For all the animals that there abound:
And there the brilliant form all sculptured stood
Of Waters interspersed upon the ground,
Creating fish of every sort and kind
Which sustenance within the liquid find.

XIII.

Sculptures in other parts the warfare show,
Wherein the Gods the giants overcame,
Typhæus the high mountain lies below
Of Etna, casting forth the crackling flame;
A Neptune, sculptured, strikes on earth his blow
Wherefrom to people barbarous there came
The horse; and also sculptured doth he see
Minerva's first pacific olive-tree.

XIV.

But little doth enraged Lyæus care
To loiter o'er these sights; he enters straight
To Neptune's palaces, who, all aware
Of his approach, his presence doth await
Before his portals; and the nymphs are there
In company, with wonderment elate,
To see thus entered, by this course divine,
The water's kingdom by the king of wine:

XV.

'O Neptune!' he exclaimed, 'thou need'st not fear
Bacchus to greet within thy realms below,
For even with the great and rich 'tis clear
Fortune unjust her hostile powers can show;
Command the sea Gods to be summoned here
Ere I say more, if more from me thou'dst know;
Grievous misfortunes they shall see impend;
The ill which touches all let all attend.'

XVI.

Julgando já Neptuno que seria
Estranho caso aquelle, logo manda
Tritão que chame os deoses da agua fria,
Que o mar habitam d'huma e d'outra banda:
Tritão, que de ser filho se gloria
Do Rei e de Salacia veneranda,
Era mancebo grande, negro e feio,
Trombeta de seu pai e seu correio.

XVII.

Os cabellos da barba e os que decem
Da cabeça nos hombros, todos eram
Huns limos prenhes d'agua, e bem parecem
Que nunca brando pentem conheceram;
Nas pontas pendurados não fallecem
Os negros misilhões que alli se geram;
Na cabeça por gorra tinha posta
Huma mui grande casca de lagosta.

XVIII.

O corpo nu, e os membros genitais,
Por não ter ao nadar impedimento;
Mas porêm de pequenos animais
Do mar todos cobertos cento e cento:
Camarões e cangrejos e outros mais
Que receber de Phebe crescimento:
Ostras e breguigões do musgo sujos,
Ás costas com a casca os caramujos.

XIX.

Na mão a grande concha retorcida,
Que trazia, com força já tocava:
A voz grande cancra foi ouvida
Por todo o mar que longe retumbava;
Já toda a companhia apercebida
Dos deoses para os paços caminhava
Do deos que fez os muros de Dardania,
Destruidos despois da Grega insania.

XVI.

Neptune, now judging that the case must be
Most strange indeed, doth forthwith Triton send
The Deities to summon from the sea,
Who in cold water dwell from end to end.
Triton, who prides himself as progeny
Of King and of Salacia reverend,
Was a large grown, and dark, and ugly youth,
His father's trumpet and his courier both.

XVII.

What should have been the hair that formed his beard,
What from the head was o'er the shoulders thrown,
Was sea-weed filled with water, and appeared
The comb's soft passage never to have known;
Dangling upon the points were many bleared
And blacken'd muscle shells which there had grown;
Upon his head for cap he wore, as well,
A very large imposing lobster-shell.

XVIII.

The body naked was from head throughout,
That he in swimming might not cumbered be,
But hundreds, hundreds, hung his loins about
Of every little animal o' the sea:
Shrimps, crabs and many others more that sprout
And grow with Phœbe to maturity;
Oysters and sea-snails all befouled with moss,
Shell-fish of every kind his back emboss.

XIX.

And now the large and back contorted shell,
Which in his hand he brought, with power he blew;
The loud harmonious voice on hearing fell
O'er all the sea that echoed through and through;
Straightway the Deities who therein dwell,
Thus summoned, forthwith to the palace drew
Of that great God who built the walls of Troy,
Which Grecian madness, later, did destroy.

XX.

Vinha o padre Oceano acompanhado
Dos filhos e das filhas que gerara:
Vem Nereo que com Doris foi casado,
Que todo o mar de nymphas povoara:
O propheta Protêo, deixando o gado
Maritimo pascer pela agua amara,
Alli veio tambem; mas já sabia
O que o padre Lyeo no mar queria.

XXI.

Vinha por outra parte a linda esposa
De Neptuno, de Cælo e Vesta filha,
Grave e leda no gesto, e tão formosa
Que se amansava o mar de maravilha:
Vestida huma camisa preciosa
Trazia de delgada beatilha
Que o corpo crystallino deixa ver-se;
Que tanto bem não he para esconder-se:

XXII.

Amphitrite, formosa como as flores,
Neste caso não quiz que fallecesse,
O Delphim traz comsigo que aos amores
Do Rei lhe aconselhou que obedecesse:
Co'os olhos que de tudo são senhores
Qualquer parecerá que o Sol vencesse:
Ambas vem pela mão, igual partido;
Pois ambas são esposas d'hum marido.

XXIII.

Aquella que das furias de Athamante
Fugindo veio a ter divino estado,
Comsigo traz o filho, bello infante,
No numero dos deoses relatado:
Pela praia brincando vem diante
Com as lindas conchinhas que o salgado
Mar sempre cria, e ás vezes pela area
No collo o toma a bella Panopea.

XX.

The father Ocean came accompanied
By all the sons and daughters he begat;
Comes Nereus too who was with Doris wed,
And all the sea with nymphs did populate;
The prophet Proteus, leaving to be fed
His cattle through the bitter waters, straight
Came likewise there: but very well knew he
What Father Bacchus wanted in the sea.

XXI.

From other parts came Neptune's consort fair,
The daughter whom to Cœlus Vesta gave,
Of sweet collected mien and form so rare
That with mere wonder she becalmed the wave;
A very precious vesture did she bear,
A thinly woven veil, her form to save,
But which her brilliant body half-revealed,
For such great good must not be quite concealed.

XXII.

And Amphitrite, lovely as the flowers,
Willed not in this affair to be away;
She brings with her the Dolphin, who the amours
Of Neptune counselled her she must obey;
Radiant with eyes whose brightness all o'erpowers,
Either must seem to outshine the God of day;
The two come hand in hand, an equal pair,
For of one husband both are consorts fair.

XXIII.

He who from Athamas' wild fury fled,
And came at last divine estate to hold,
Her son, a lovely infant, with her led,
Among the number of the Gods enrolled:
Delighted o'er the open beech he sped
With the salt Ocean's little shells of gold,
And now and then upon the sands for rest,
Fair Panopea lifts him to her breast.

XXIV.

E o deos, que foi n'hum tempo corpo humano,
E por virtude da herva poderosa
Foi convertido em peixe, e deste dano
Lhe resultou deidade gloriosa,
Inda vinha chorando o fêo engano
Que Circe tinha usado co'a formosa
Scylla que elle ama, desta sendo amado;
Que a mais obriga amor mal empregado.

XXV.

Já finalmente todos assentados
Na grande sala, nobre e divinal,
As deosas em riquissimos estrados,
Os deoses em cadeiras de crystal;
Foram todos do Padre agasalhados,
Que co'o Thebano tinha assento igual:
De fumos enche a casa a rica massa
Que no mar nasce, e Arabia em cheiro passa.

XXVI.

Estando socegado já o tumulto
Dos deoses e de seus recebimentos,
Começa á descobrir do peito occulto
A causa o Thyoneo de seus tormentos:
Hum pouco carregando-se no vulto,
Dando mostra de grandes sentimentos,
Só por dar aos de Luso triste morte
Co'o ferro alheio, falla desta sorte:

XXVII.

'Principe que de juro senhoreas
D'hum polo ao outro polo o mar irado,
Tu que as gentes da terra toda enfreas
Que não passem o termo limitado,
E tu, padre Oceano, que rodeas
O mundo universal e o tens cercado,
E com justo decreto assi permittes
Que dentro vivam só de seus limites:

XXIV.

The God who once the human form did know
And by the power of poisonous herb was made
To take the shape of fish, and by this blow
Was as a glorious Deity repaid,
Came mourning still the treachery which her foe,
Circe, upon the lovely Scylla played,
Whom Glaucus loved, while Circe loved him well;
For slighted love to all things will impel.

XXV.

Now all at length their seats had taken there
In the vast chamber noble and divine;
The Goddesses on richest dais were,
The Gods on chairs were seated crystalline;
All by the Father were received with care,
Who doth to Bacchus equal throne assign;
Fumes of rich amber through the palace rise,
Which, sea-born, Araby's sweet scent outvies.

XXVI.

And now, the tumult being put to rest
Which from the greetings of the Gods arose,
Begins Thyoneus from his inmost breast
The causes of his torments to disclose;
And with a countenance somewhat depressed,
Whereby his sentiments profound he shows,
Only to cause the Lusians' cruel death
By sword of foreigner; 'tis thus he saith:—

XXVII.

Prince! thou who art of right, from pole to pole,
The Lord and Master of the angry sea,
Who dost all nations of the land control.
That they pass not their limited degree:
And thou, O Father Ocean! who dost roll
Round all the world that is enclosed by thee,
rmitting only by thy just command
h in just range to flourish, sea and land;

XXVIII.

'E vós, deoses do mar, que não soffreis
Injuria alguma em vosso reino grande,
Que com castigo igual vos não vingueis
De quem quer, que por elle corra e ande:
Que descuido foi este em que viveis?
Quem pode ser que tanto vos abrande
Os peitos, com razão endurecidos
Contra os humanos fracos e atrevidos?

XXIX.

'Vistes, que com grandissima ousadia
Foram já commetter o ceo supremo:
Vistes aquella insana phantasia
De tentarem o mar com vela e remo:
Vistes, e ainda vemos cada dia
Soberbas e insolencias taes, que temo
Que do mar e do ceo em poucos annos
Venham deoses a ser, e nós humanos.

XXX.

'Vedes agora a fraca geração,
Que d'hum vassallo meu o nome toma,
Com soberbo e altivo coração
A vós, e a mi, e o mundo todo doma:
Vedes o vosso mar cortando vão
Mais do que fez a gente alta de Roma:
Vedes, o vosso reino devassando
Os vossos estatutos vão quebrando.

XXXI.

'Eu vi que contra os Minyas, que primeiro
No vosso reino este caminho abriram,
Boreas injuriado e o companheiro
Aquilo e os outros todos resistiram:
Pois se do ajuntamento aventureiro
Os ventos esta injuria assi sentiram,
Vós, a quem mais compete esta vingança,
Que esperais? Porque a pondes em tardança?

XXVIII.

'And O ye Ocean Gods! who will not bear
The least of insults 'gainst your mighty reign,
But will an equal chastisement declare,
Whoe'er it be that traverses your main;
How have ye lived, then, with such little care?
Who doth such softening influence obtain
O'er all your hearts obdurate with good cause
'Gainst frail mankind whose daring breaks your laws?

XXIX.

'Ye have beheld, with arrogance untold
How 'gainst the heavens supreme the attack they led;
Have [illegible] with phantasy, insanely bold,
[illegible] oar the Ocean venturèd;
[illegible] ld, we every day behold
[illegible] olent presumption that I dread,
[illegible] rs, of heaven and of the sea
[illegible] Gods and we but men shall be!

XXX.

[illegible] ld this generation frail,
[illegible] ject of my own the name
[illegible] with proud presumptuous heart prevail
[illegible] and me and all the world to tame;
Now, o'er your Ocean everywhere they sail,
Surpassing all majestic Rome could claim;
Ye [illegible] how your realm they penetrate,
[illegible] our statutes all they violate;

XXXI.

[illegible] gainst the Minyæ, whose pride
[illegible] hin your realms this course disclose,
[illegible] eas Aquilo allied
[illegible] rest resistance to oppose;
[illegible] this adventurous fleet defied,
[illegible] ogether 'gainst the insult rose,
Ye, who [illegible] ve greater right these wrongs to pay,
[illegible] ye for? and why do ye delay?

XXXII.

'E não consinto, deoses, que cuideis
Que por amor de vós do ceo desci,
Nem da magoa da injuria que soffreis,
Mas da que se me faz tambem a mi;
Que aquellas grandes honras que sabeis
Que no mundo ganhei quando venci
As terras Indianas do Oriente,
Todas vejo abatidas desta gente:

XXXIII.

'Que o grão Senhor e fados que destinam,
Como lhe bem parece, o baixo mundo,
Famas mores que nunca determinam
De dar a estes Barões no mar profundo:
Aqui vereis, ó deoses, como ensinam
O mal tambem a deoses: que, a segundo
Se vê, ninguem já tem menos valia
Que quem com mais razão valer devia.

XXXIV.

'E por isso do Olympo já fugi,
Buscando algum remedio a meus pezares;
Por vêr o preço, que no ceo perdi,
Se por dita acharei nos vossos mares.'
Mais quiz dizer, e não passou daqui;
Porque as lagrimas já correndo a pares
Lhe saltaram dos olhos, com que logo
Se accendem as deidades d'agua em fogo.

XXXV.

A ira, com que subito alterado
O coração dos deoses foi n'hum ponto,
Não soffreo mais conselho bem cuidado,
Nem dilação, nem outro algum desconto:
Ao grande Eolo mandam já recado
Da parte de Neptuno, que sem conto
Solte as furias dos ventos repugnantes;
Que não haja no mar mais navegantes.

XXXII.

'Nor will I, Gods, consent ye should suppose
That I on your account from heaven came down;
Nor that my grief from wrongs ye suffer rose,
But from the injury I feel my own;
For the great honours which, as each here knows,
I gained on earth when I had overthrown
The Eastern lands of India, all, I see,
Will by these people quite extinguished be;

XXXIII.

'For the great Sovereign and the Fates, who claim
This nether world to govern as they please,
Resolve to grant a yet unheard of fame
To their new heroes on the vasty seas.
Thus ye behold, O Gods! and well may blame,
How 'gainst the Gods they teach such ills as these;
For unto no one less respect is shown
Than unto him who most respect might own;

XXXIV.

'Twas therefore from Olympus that I fled,
Seeking some remedy for this my woe,
And the esteem in heaven I'd forfeited
To find, perchance, within your seas below.'
More he would utter, but no more he said;
For tears in pairs beginning now to flow
Burst from his eyes, whereon, with sudden ire,
The Deities of water burn with fire.

XXXV.

The anger wherewith suddenly was rent
The bosom of the Gods through all the array
Suffered no counsel of more cool intent,
Nor any other drawback or delay;
To the great Æolus is message sent,
In Neptune's name, that all at once he may
Let loose the fury of the winds to strive,
And from the seas all navigators drive.

XXXVI.

Bem quizera primeiro alli Proteo
Dizer neste negocio o que sentia,
E, segundo o que a todos pareceo,
Era alguma profunda prophecia ;
Porêm tanto o tumulto se moveo
Subito na divina companhia
Que Tethys indignada lhe bradou :
' Neptuno sabe bem o que mandou.'

XXXVII.

Já lá o soberbo Hyppótades soltava
Do carcere rechado os furiosos
Ventos que com palavras animava
Contra os Barões audaces e animosos.
Subito o ceo sereno se obumbrava ;
Que os ventos, mais que nunca impetuosos,
Começam novas forças a ir tomando,
Torres, montes e casas derribando.

XXXVIII.

Em quanto este conselho se fazia
No fundo aquoso, a leda lassa frota
Com vento socegado proseguia
Pelo tranquillo mar a longa rota :
Era no tempo quando a luz do dia
Do Eoo hemispherio está remota,
Os do quarto da prima se deitavam,
Para o segundo os outros despertavam.

XXXIX.

Vencidos vem do somno, e mal despertos
Bocejando a miude se encostavam
Pelas antennas, todos mal cobertos
Contra os agudos ares que assopravam :
Os olhos contra seu querer abertos,
Mas esfregando os membros estiravam :
Remedios contra o somno buscar querem,
Historias contam, casos mil referem.

XXXVI.

But Proteus, first, was anxious to declare
What in this mighty matter was his thought;
And all around him of opinion were
That some deep prophecy he would have taught;
But in the whole divine assembly there
Tumult so sudden and so vast was wrought
That the indignant Tethys shouting stands,
'Neptune knows perfectly what he commands.'

XXXVII.

Now doth proud Æolus emancipate
The winds all furious from their prison hold,
Whom with his words he seeks to animate
Against the heroes resolute and bold.
Heaven's smiles are quickly changed to clouds of hate
For that the winds with violence untold
Begin to bellow forth with novel power,
Throwing down mountain, edifice and tower.

XXXVIII.

All while this council in the watery deep
Is held, the cheerful weary fleet obey
The mildly blowing breeze, and calmly keep
Over the tranquil sea their lengthened way.
'Twas at the hour when still the morning peep
From hemisphere Eoan doth delay;
They of first watch had gone their rest to take,
They of the second for their turn awake.

XXXIX.

Oppressed with sleep they come and dosing still;
And, gaping frequently, themselves they threw
Upon the yards, all clothed but very ill
'Gainst the night air, that chill and sharply blew;
Their eyes were open all against their will,
And all their limbs they rubbed and stretched anew;
A remedy for sleep they sought to find,
And called a thousand memories to mind.

XL.

'Com que melhor podemos,' hum dizia,
'Este tempo passar que he tão pezado
Senão com algum conto de alegria,
Com que nos deixe o somno carregado?'
Responde Leonardo, que trazia
Pensamentos de firme namorado;
'Que contos poderemos ter melhores
Para passar o tempo que de amores?'

XLI.

'Não he,' disse Velloso, 'cousa justa
Tratar branduras em tanta aspereza;
Que o trabalho do mar que tanto custa
Não soffre amores, nem delicadeza:
Antes de guerra férvida e robusta
A nossa historia seja: pois dureza
Nossa vida ha de ser, segundo entendo;
Que o trabalho por vir mo está dizendo.'

XLII.

Consentem nisto todos, e encommendam
A Velloso que conte isto que approva.
'Contarei,' disse, 'sem que me reprendam
De contar cousa fabulosa ou nova:
E porque os que me ouvirem daqui aprendam
A fazer feitos grandes de alta prova,
Dos nascidos direi na nossa terra,
E estes sejam os doze de Inglaterra.

XLIII.

'No tempo que do reino a redea leve
João, filho de Pedro, moderava,
Despois que socegado e livre o teve
Do visinho poder que o molestava,
Lá na grande Inglaterra, que da neve
Boreal sempre abunda, semeava
A fera Erinnys dura e má cizania,
Que lustre fosse á nossa Lusitania.

XL.

Said one, 'How can we better now prevail
To pass the time that here so slowly flies
Than by recounting some amusing tale
To drive this heavy slumber from our eyes?'
Leonardo, who within him did not fail
To nurture thoughts of lover deep, replies,
'What stories can we have will better prove
To wile away the time than those of love?'

XLI.

''Tis not,' Velloso said, 'a matter just
Of softness in such rugged toil to treat;
For Ocean's labours, that so deeply cost,
Wot not of love nor of refinement sweet;
Rather of warfare fervid and robust
Our tale should be; for hardship we shall meet
In this our life, from aught I seem to know;
Indeed our coming labours tell me so.'

XLII.

All are agreed in this and recommend
A story as Velloso may approve;
'Agreed,' he said, 'nor shall you reprehend
My tale as fabulous, or new, or love;
And that the attention which my hearers lend
May to great deeds of high distinction move,
Of those within our country born I'll tell,—
The Twelve of England brave, and what befell.

XLIII.

''Twas at that time when o'er the country reigned
John, son of Pedro, with benignant hand;
After he had its peace and freedom gained
From molestation of the neighbouring land,
There, in Great England, which would seem ordained
Enveloped in deep Boreal snow to stand,
The fierce Erinnys tares of discord sowed,
Which lustre on our Portugal bestowed.

XIV.

'Entre as damas gentis da côrte Inglesa
E nobres cortezãos acaso hum dia
Se levantou Discordia em ira accesa,
Ou foi opinião, ou foi porfia:
Os cortezãos, a quem tão pouco pesa
Soltar palavras graves de ousadia,
Dizem que provarão que honras e famas
Em taes damas não ha para ser damas.

XLV.

'E que se houver alguem com lança e espada
Que queira sustentar a parte sua,
Que elles em campo razo ou estacada
Lhe darão fea infamia ou morte crua.
A feminil fraqueza pouco usada
Ou nunca a opprobrios taes, vendo-se nua
De forças naturaes convenientes,
Soccorro pede a amigos e parentes.

XLVI.

'Mas, como fossem grandes e possantes
No reino os inimigos, não se atrevem
Nem parentes nem fervidos amantes
A sustentar as damas como devem:
Com lagrimas formosas, e bastantes
A fazer que em soccorro os deoses levem
De todo o Ceo, por rostos de alabastro
Se vão todas ao Duque de Alencastro.

XLVII.

'Era este Inglez potente, e militara
Co'os Portuguezes já contra Castella,
Onde as forças magnanimas provara
Dos companheiros e benigna estrella:
Não menos nesta terra exprimentara
Namorados affeitos, quando nella
A filha vio que tanto o peito doma
Do forte Rei que por mulher a toma.

XLIV.

'In England's Court, between the ladies fair
And noble courtiers all, one day ensued
Discord, which rose to fervid anger there,
Or from opinion, or assertion rude.
The courtiers, who but little thought to care
How the bold serious words they launched were viewed,
Protested they would prove, honour and fame
Such dames possessed not to be titled Dame;

XLV.

'And that with lance and sword, if any sought
Their part against this challenge to sustain,
It should on field or tilting-ground be fought,
Where they disgrace should suffer or be slain.
The female weakness, little used or nought
To such reproach, and knowing that all vain
Their natural forces were for such a task,
Of friends and relatives their succour ask.

XLVI.

'But, as the foes within the Kingdom were
Great and of power, no champion could be found;
Nor relatives nor ardent lovers dare
The ladies to defend as they were bound;
In lovely tears, which e'en might move the care
Of all the Gods in Heaven to gather round,
They go with weeping alabaster face
To show the Duke of Lancaster the case.

XLVII.

'This Englishman was great, and 'gainst Castile
Had with the Portuguese of late waged war,
Where he had witnessed the [illegible]s zeal
Of his compeers and their be[illegible]ar:
Nor less within this country did he feel
Love's influences, when his daughter fair,
Being by the mighty Lusian Monarch seen,
Vanquished his bosom and was wed his Queen.

XLVIII.

'Este, que soccorer-lhe não queria
Por não causar discordias intestinas,
Lhe diz: "Quando o direito pretendia
Do reino lá das terras Iberinas,
Nos Lusitanos vi tanta ousadia,
Tanto primor e partes tão divinas
Que elles sós poderiam, se não erro,
Sustentar vossa parte a fogo e ferro.

XLIX.

'"E se, aggravadas damas, sois servidas,
Por vós lhe mandarei embaixadores,
Que por cartas discretas e polidas
De vosso aggravo os façam sabedores;
Tambem por vossa parte encarecidas
Com palavras d'afagos e d'amores
Lhe sejam vossas lagrimas; que eu creio
Que alli tereis soccorro e forte esteio."

L.

'Desta arte as aconselha o Duque experto,
E logo lhe nomea dôze fortes;
E, porque cada dama hum tenha certo,
Lhe manda que sobre elles lancem sortes;
Que ellas só dôze são: e descoberto
Qual a qual tem cahido das consortes,
Cada huma escreve ao seu por varios modos,
E todas a seu Rei, e o Duque a todos.

LI.

'Já chega a Portugal o mensageiro,
Toda a côrte alv[illegible]oça a novidade:
Quizera o Rei [illegible] ser primeiro,
Mas não lho [illegible]egia magestade:
Qualquer dos cortezãos aventureiro
Deseja ser com fervida vontade,
E só fica por bemaventurado
Quem já vem pelo Duque nomeado.

XLVIII.

'The Duke was little fain to lend them aid,
For fear intestine discord it might bring;
"When I put forth my claims," he therefore said,
"Of the Iberian country to be King,
Such boldness by the Lusians was displayed,
Such skill, such parts divine in everything,
That if I err not they could well afford,
Alone, to take your part with fire and sword.

XLIX.

'"And if, offended dames, it good appear,
I'll name for you ambassadors to go,
Who shall my letters sage and courteous bear,
Whereby they your aggrievances may know.
And likewise on your part the earnest tear,
Aiding seductive phrases, ye must show,
And add your loves; thus well do I believe
Ye will strong succour and support receive."

L.

'The skilful Duke, this counsel having shown,
Forthwith twelve champions brave proceeds to name;
And, that each lady may secure her own,
Commands them to cast lots about the same;
For they are only twelve; and when 'tis known,
Ladies and champions, who is whose to claim,
Each on her own with her own pen doth call;
Each to the King doth write; the Duke to all.

LI.

'The messengers in Portugal arrive;
The news enchants the Court throughout with glee
The King sublime to be the first would strive,
But is forbid by Royal Majesty;
No courtier, but whose bosom is alive
One of the twelve adventurers to be;
And highly favoured is he deemed alone
Who by the Duke has chosen been as one.

LII.

'Lá na leal cidade donde teve
Origem (como he fama) o nome eterno
De Portugal, armar madeiro leve
Manda o que tem o leme do governo.
Apercebem-se os dôze em tempo breve
D'armas, e roupas de uso mais moderno,
De elmos, cimeiras, letras e primores,
Cavallos e concertos de mil cores.

LIII.

'Já do seu Rei tomado tem licença
Para partir do Douro celebrado
Aquelles, que escolhidos por sentença
Foram do Duque Inglez exprimentado.
Não ha na companhia differença
De cavalleiro destro, ou esforçado;
Mas hum só, que Magriço se dizia,
Desta arte falla á forte companhia:

LIV.

'"Fortissimos consocios, eu desejo
Ha muito já de andar terras estranhas;
Por ver mais aguas que as do Douro e Tejo,
Varias gentes e leis e varias manhas:
Agora, que apparelho certo vejo
(Pois que do mundo as cousas são tamanhas),
Quero, se me deixais, ir só por terra;
Porque eu serei comvosco em Inglaterra.

LV.

'"E quando caso for que eu, impedido
Por quem das cousas he ultima linha,
Não for comvosco ao prazo instituido,
Pouca falta vos faz a falta minha;
Todos por mi fareis o que he devido:
Mas, se a verdade o esprito me adivinha,
Rios, montes, fortuna, ou sua inveja
Não farão que eu comvosco lá não seja."

LII.

'There in the loyal city whence 'tis told
The eternal name of Portugal began,
He, who the helm of government did hold,
Gave orders a light barque to arm and man;
In little time the twelve are all enrolled,
With arms and uniform on latest plan;
With helmets, crests, devices, gems of art,
Horses, and all that colour could impart.

LIII.

'Now licence from their King had those obtained
The Douro proud to leave, who by the will
And choice of England's skilful Duke had gained
The fame of being marked the list to fill;
In all the company no difference reigned
'Twixt knight and knight in valour or in skill;
But one alone, Magriço named was he,
Addresses thus the doughty company:

LIV.

'"Most valiant comrades! long have I in dreams
Desired through foreign lands my course to trace,
To see more rivers than our two great streams,
And laws and customs of each varying race;
And now that opportune the moment seems,
(For the world's wonders occupy great space)
I will alone, with leave, o'er land proceed,
And be with you in England, as agreed.

LV.

'"And should I be arrested on my way
By Death who is of all known things the pale,
And not be with you on the appointed day,
But little you 'twould fail that I should fail.
All will fulfil my due should I delay;
But, if my spirit aught for truth avail,
Rivers, nor mountains, fortune, nor her hate,
Against my meeting you shall operate."

LVI.

'Assi diz: e, abraçados os amigos
E tomada licença, em fim se parte:
Passa Leão, Castella, vendo antigos
Lugares que ganhara o patrio Marte,
Navarra, co'os altissimos perigos
Do Pyreneo, que Hespanha e Gallia parte:
Vistas em fim de França as cousas grandes,
No grande emporio foi parar de Frandes.

LVII.

'Alli chegado, ou fosse caso ou manha,
Sem passar se deteve muitos dias:
Mas dos onze a illustrissima companha
Cortam do mar do Norte as ondas frias.
Chegados de Inglaterra á costa estranha,
Para Londres já fazem todos vias:
Do Duque são com festa agasalhados,
E das damas servidos e amimados.

LVIII.

'Chega-se o prazo e dia assignalado
De entrar em campo já co'os dôze Inglezes,
Que pelo Rei já tinham segurado:
Armam-se d'elmos, grevas e de arnezes:
Já as damas tem por si fulgente e armado
O Mavorte feroz dos Portuguezes:
Vestem-se ellas de côres e de sedas,
De ouro e de joias mil, ricas e ledas.

LIX.

'Mas aquelle, a quem fôra em sorte dado
Magriço que não vinha, com tristeza
Se veste; por não ter quem nomeado
Seja seu cavalleiro nesta empreza:
Bem que os onze apregoam que acabado
Será o negocio assi na côrte Ingleza,
Que as damas vencedoras se conheçam,
Postoque dous e tres dos seus falleçam.

LVI.

'Thus speaks he to his friends with an embrace,
And, setting out with leave, attains afar
Leon, Castile, and many an ancient place,
Which his own country's Mars had gained in war;
Navarre, with greatest perils face to face
Of Pyrenees, 'twixt Spain and Gaul the bar;
In fine, all seen the mighty things of France,
In Flanders mighty mart he rests his lance.

LVII.

'Here come by accident or by design,
He rested without moving many a day;
But the renowned eleven pursue their line
O'er the cold waters of the northern sea:
Arrived on England's foreign shore, in fine,
To London, presently, all make their way;
By the great Duke their welcome is the best,
And by the dames they're courted and caressed.

LVIII.

'The appointed hour and destined day arrive
For the twelve English to encounter these,
Who by the King had chosen been to strive;
They arm themselves with helmets, plates and greaves;
The ladies, for themselves, armed, bright, alive,
Have their fierce Mavors of the Portuguese;
With coloured silks they dress them for the fight,
With gold and thousand jewels, rich and bright.

LIX.

'But she to whom by lot had been decreed
Magriço, who came not, with robes of woe
Is clothed, as not possessing in her need
Her knight appointed in her cause to go:
But still the eleven promised that, indeed,
It should in England's Court be settled so,
That they the ladies should victorious be,
Though of their own might perish two or three.

LX.

'Já n'hum sublime e publico theatro
Se assenta o Rei Inglez com toda a côrte:
Estavão tres e tres e quatro e quatro,
Bem como a cada qual coubera em sorte.
Não são vistos do Sol, do Tejo ao Bactro,
De força, esforço e d'animo mais forte
Outros dôze sahir como os Inglezes
No campo contra os onze Portuguezes.

LXI.

'Mastigam os cavallos escumando
Os aureos freos com feroz sembrante:
Estava o Sol nas armas rutilando,
Como em crystal ou rigido diamante:
Mas enxerga-se n'hum e n'outro bando
Partido desigual e dissonante
Dos onze contra os dôze: quando a gente
Começa a alvoroçar-se geralmente.

LXII.

'Viram todos o rosto aonde havia
A causa principal do reboliço:
Eis entra hum cavalleiro que trazia
Armas, cavallo, ao bellico serviço:
Ao Rei e ás damas falla, e logo se hia
Para os onze; que este era o grão Magriço:
Abraça os companheiros, como amigos,
A quem não falta certo nos perigos.

LXIII.

'A dama, como ouvio que este era aquelle
Que vinha a defender seu nome e fama.
Se alegra e veste alli do animal de Helle,
Que a gente bruta mais que virtude ama.
Já dão signal, e o som da tuba impelle
Os bellicosos animos que inflamma:
Picam d'esporas, largam redeas logo,
Abaixam lanças, fere a terra fogo.

LX.

'In a grand public tribune, blazoned o'er,
Sat England's King, his court around his throne;
The seats are three and three and four and four,
Each by his rank and title takes his own:
From Bactros e'en to Tagus, Sol of yore
On greater strength, will, spirit, never shone
In any other twelve than shone in these
Twelve English 'gainst the eleven Portuguese.'

LXI.

'The horses champ their golden bits, and fling
With foaming mouths an aspect fierce around;
Sol's rays are on the armours glistening,
As if on crystal or hard diamond.
But on one side and other of the ring
Unequal force is noted on the ground,
Eleven against the twelve; when, through the crowd
Rises a thrill of overjoy, aloud.

LXII.

[illegible]rned their eyes to where the tumult rose,
[illegible] true reason to obtain a sight,
[illegible] lo! there enters, now, a knight who shows
[illegible]ur and steed to serve the coming fight;
[illegible]ng King and Dames, to the eleven he goes
[illegible]with, for 'tis Magriço in his might;
[illegible]om rades he salutes as friends indeed,
[illegible]rily he fails not in their need.

LXIII.

[illegible], when of her champion she was told,
[illegible] her honour to defend and name,
[illegible]robes herself in garb of gold,
[illegible] than virtue, vulgar love can claim;
[illegible] given, the trumpet calls the bold,
[illegible]heir warlike bosom all on flame;
[illegible] their spurs, and quickly give the rein;
[illegible]h the lance, fire strikes upon the plain.

LXIV.

'Dos cavallos o estrepito parece
Que faz que o chão debaixo todo treme:
O coração, no peito que estremece
De quem os olha, se alvoroça e teme:
Qual do cavallo voa; que não dece:
Qual, co'o cavallo em terra dando, *geme:*
Qual vermelhas as armas faz de brancas:
Qual co'os pennachos do elmo açouta as ancas.

LXV.

'Algum dalli tomou perpetuo sono,
E fez da vida ao fim breve intervallo;
Correndo algum cavallo vai sem dono,
E n'outra parte o dono sem cavallo:
Cahe a soberba ingleza do seu throno;
Que dous ou tres já fóra vão do valle:
Os que de espada vem fazer batalha
Mais acham já que arnez, escudo e malha.

LXVI.

'Gastar palavras em contar extremos
De golpes feros, cruas estocadas,
He desses gastadores que sabemos,
Máos do tempo com fabulas sonhadas:
Basta por fim do caso que entendemos
Que com finezas altas e afamadas
Co'os nossos fica a palma da victoria,
E as damas vencedoras e com gloria.

LXVII.

'Recolhe o Duque os dôze vencedores
Nos seus paços com festas e alegria:
Cozinheiros occupa e caçadores
Das damas a formosa companhia;
Que querem dar aos seus libertadores
Banquetes mil cada hora e cada dia,
Em quanto se detem em Inglaterra,
Até tornar á doce e chara terra.

LXIV.

'Twould seem that all the echoing earth replies
Trembling beneath the chargers' thundering sound;
Exulting hopes, deep fears, alternate rise,
Stirred in the heart of all beholders round;
One from his charger not descends but flies,
One, steed and all, is groaning on the ground;
One's armour white vermilion doth assume,
One's charger's flanks are scourged with helmet-plume.

LXV.

One falls to sleep for ever in the fight,
And makes of end of life short space indeed;
Here bounds some steed away without his knight,
And there behold some knight without his steed:
The English pride falls from its throne of *might*,
For more than one beyond the pale recede;
They, who with sword have battle come to make,
Find more than armour, shield and sword to break.

LXVI.

To waste one's words in telling the extremes
Of savage blows and many a cruel thrust,
Were to waste time, recounting idle dreams,
As well we know some vain narrators must;
Let it suffice to learn, the end redeems
With high and famous feats the gallant trust;
With ours the palms of victory remain,
And gloriously the day the ladies gain.

LXVII.

Now to his palaces the Duke doth take
The victors twelve with glee and feasting gay,
And the far company of ladies make
Of huntsmen and of cooks the best they may;
For they would furnish, for their heroes' sake,
Banquets at every hour and every day,
So long as these in England might remain,
Ere turning to their sweet loved land again.

LXVIII.

'Mas dizem que com tudo o grão Magriço,
Desejoso de ver as cousas grandes,
Lá se deixou ficar onde hum serviço
Notavel á Condessa fez de Frandes:
E, como quem não era já noviço
Em todo trance onde tu Marte mandes,
Hum Francez mata em campo, que o destino
Lá teve de Torquato e de Corvino.

LXIX.

'Outro tambem dos dôze em Alemanha
Se lança, e teve hum fero desafio
C'hum Germano enganoso, que com manha
Não devida o quiz pôr no extremo fio.'
Contando assi Velloso, já a companha
Lhe pede que não faça tal desvio
Do caso de Magriço e vencimento,
Nem deixe o de Alemanha em esquecimento.

LXX.

Mas neste passo assi promptos estando,
Eis o mestre, que olhando os ares anda,
O apito toca; acordam despertando
Os marinheiros d'huma e d'outra banda:
E, porque o vento vinha refrescando,
Os traquetes das gaveas tomar manda:
'Álerta,' disse, 'estai; que o vento crece
Daquella nuvem negra que apparece.'

LXXI.

Não eram os traquetes bem tomados
Quando dá a grande e subita procella:
'Amaina,' disse o mestre a grandes brados,
'Amaina,' disse, 'amaina a grande vela.'
Não esperam os ventos indignados
Que amainassem; mas, juntos dando nella,
Em pedaços a fazem c'hum ruido
Que o mundo pareceo ser destruido.

LXVIII.

'Howbeit, the brave Magriço, as they state,
Wishing the wonders of the land to know,
Remained behind and service very great
Did on the Countess o' Flanders' cause bestow;
And being no more in his noviciate
For deeds where thou, O Mars! the way dost show,
A Frenchman slays in fight; thus sharing he
Torquatus' and Corvinus' destiny.

LXIX.

'Another also of the twelve departs
To Germany, and there he fiercely fought
With a perfidious German, who with arts
Unfair his certain death to compass sought.'
Velloso, thus recounting, all diverts,
Who pray him that he will not turn his thought
From brave Magriço's feat and victory,
Nor leave forgotten him of Germany.

LXX.

But at this moment while they ready stand
Behold the master, watching o'er the sky,
The whistle blows; the sailors, every hand,
Starting awaken; and on deck they fly.
And as the wind increased he gave command,
In lowering foresails all their strength to ply;
'Look sharp, my lads, from yon black cloud,' he cries,
'That hangs above, the winds increasing rise.'

LXXI.

Or ere the foresails are well gathered in
A vast and sudden storm around them roar'd;
'Strike sail!' the Master shouts amidst the din,
'Strike, strike the mainsail, lend all hands a'board!'
But the indignant winds the fight begin,
And, joined in fury ere it could be lower'd,
With blustering noise the sail in pieces rend
As if the world were coming to an end.

LXXII.

O ceo fere com gritos nisto a gente,
Com subito temor e desacordo ;
Que no romper da vela a náo pendente
Toma grão somma d'agua pelo bordo :
'Alija,' disse o mestre rijamente,
'Alija tudo ao mar, não falte acordo,
Vão outros dar á bomba não cessando ;
Á bomba! que nos imos alagando.'

LXXIII.

Correm logo os soldados animosos
A dar á bomba ; e tanto que chegaram,
Os balanços que os mares temerosos
Deram á náo n'hum bordo os derribaram :
Tres marinheiros duros e forçosos
A manear o leme não bastaram,
Talhas lhe punham d'huma e d'outra parte,
Sẽ aproveitar dos homens força e arte.

LXXIV.

Os ventos eram taes que não puderam
Mostrar mais força d'impeto cruel
Se para derribar então vieram
A fortissima torre de Babel :
Nos altissimos mares que cresceram
A pequena grandura d'hum batel
Mostra a possante náo que move espanto,
Vendo que se sostem nas ondas tanto.

LXXV.

A náo grande em que vai Paulo da Gama
Quebrado leva o mastro pelo meio,
Quasi toda alagada: a gente chama
Aquelle que a salvar o mundo veio.
Não menos gritos vãos ao ar derrama
Toda a náo de Coelho com receio ;
Com quanto teve o mestre tanto tento
Que primeiro amainou que désse o vento.

LXXII.

With this the sailors wound the heaven with cries,
By sudden terror and confusion blind;
For, sails all torn, the vessel over lies,
And ships a mass of water in the wind;
'Cast overboard,' the master's order flies;
'Cast overboard, together, with a mind!
Go others work the pumps! stick to the last!
The pumps, and quick! for we are foundering fast.'

LXXIII.

The soldiers, all alive, now hasten fast
To work the pumps, but scarcely had essayed
When the dread seas in which the ship was cast
So tossed her that they all were prostrate laid:
Three hardy powerful sailors, to the last,
To guide the wheel but fruitless efforts made;
With cords on either side it must be bound,
For force and art of man but vain are found.

LXXIV.

The winds were such, that scarcely could they show
More force of cruel impetus around,
Than if it were their purpose, then, to blow
The mighty tower of Babel to the ground.
On the high cresting seas which higher grow
Like a small boat the mighty ship doth bound,
Exciting wonder that on such a main
She can her labouring course so long sustain.

LXXV.

The powerful ship with Gama's brother Paul,
With mast asunder snapped by wind and wave,
Half under water lies; the sailors call
On Him Who once appeared the world to save;
Nor less, vain cries from Coelho's vessel all
Pour on the air, fearing a watery grave,
Although the master had such caution shown
That ere the wind arose the sails were down.

LXXVI.

Agora sobre as nuvens os subiam
As ondas de Neptuno furibundo:
Agora a vêr parece que desciam
As intimas entranhas do profundo.
Noto, Austro, Boreas, Aquilo queriam
Arruinar a machina do mundo:
A noite negra e fea se allumia
Co'os raios em que o polo todo ardia.

LXXVII.

As Halcyoneas aves triste canto
Junto da costa brava levantaram,
Lembrando-se de seu passado pranto
Que as furiosas aguas lhe causaram:
Os delphins namorados entretanto
Lá nas covas maritimas entraram,
Fugindo a tempestade e ventos duros,
Que nem no fundo os deixa estar seguros.

LXXVIII.

Nunca tão vivos raios fabricou
Contra a fera soberba dos gigantes
O grão ferreiro sordido, que obrou
Do enteado as armas radiantes:
Nem tanto o grão Tonante arremessou
Relampagos ao mundo fulminantes
No grão diluvio, donde sós viveram
Os dous que em gente as pedras converteram.

LXXIX.

Quantos montes então que derribaram
As ondas que batiam denodadas!
Quantas arvores velhas arrancaram
Do vento bravo as furias indignadas!
As forçosas raizes não cuidaram
Que nunca para o ceo fossem viradas,
Nem as fundas areas que podessem
Tanto os mares que em cima as revolvessem.

LXXVI.

Now rising to the clouds they seem to go,
O'er the wild waves of Neptune borne on end;
Now to the bowels of the depths below
It seems to all their senses they descend;
Notus and Auster, Boreas, Aquilo,
The very world's machinery would rend;
While flashings fire the black and ugly night
And shed from pole to pole a blazing light.

LXXVII.

The Halcyon birds sang forth their mournful strain
Along the roaring coast, sad scene of woe,
Calling to mind those agonies again,
Which to the like tempestuous waves they owe;
The amorous dolphins from their sports refrain,
And to their ocean-caves' recesses go,
Such storms and winds unable to endure,
Which e'en in refuge leave them not secure.

LXXVIII.

Never such living thunderbolts were framed
Against the Giants' fierce rebellious pride
By the great sordid forger, who is famed
His step-son's brilliant arms to have supplied:
Nor ever 'gainst the world such lightnings flamed,
Hurled by the mighty Thunderer far and wide
In the great flood which spared those only two,
Who, casting stones, did humankind renew.

LXXIX.

How many mountains, then, were downward borne
By the persistent waves that 'gainst them strove!
How many aged trees were upward torn
By fury of wild winds that 'gainst them drove!
Nought dreamed their powerful roots that, thus forlorn,
They e'er would be reversed towards heaven above,
Nor the deep sands that seas such power could show
As e'en to cast them upwards from below.

LXXX.

Vendo Vasco da Gama que tão perto
Do fim de seu desejo se perdia ;
Vendo ora o mar até o inferno aberto,
Ora com nova furia ao ceo subia ;
Confuso de temor, da vida incerto,
Onde nenhum remedio lhe valia,
Chama aquelle remedio sancto e forte
Que o impossibil pode, desta sorte :

LXXXI.

'Divina Guarda, angelica, celeste,
Que os ceos, o mar, e terra senhoreas,
Tu que a todo Israel refugio déste
Por metade das aguas Erythreas :
Tu que livraste Paulo, e defendeste
Das syrtes arenosas e ondas feas
E guardaste co'os filhos o segundo
Povoador do alagado e vacuo mundo ;

LXXXII.

'Se tenho novos medos perigosos
D'outra Scylla e Charybdis já passados,
Outras syrtes e baixos arenosos,
Outros Acroceraunios infamados :
No fim de tantos casos trabalhosos
Porque somos de ti desamparados,
Se este nosso trabalho não te offende,
Mas antes teu serviço só pretende ?

LXXXIII.

'Oh ditosos aquelles que poderam
Entre as agudas lanças Africanas
Morrer, em quanto fortes sostiveram
A santa Fé nas terras Mauritanas :
De quem feitos illustres se souberam,
De quem ficam memorias soberanas,
De quem se ganha a vida com perdel-a,
Doce fazendo a morte as honras della !'

LXXX.

Vasco da Gama, seeing that so near
The end of his desire he stood to die,
That now to hell the waves to gape appear,
Now with new fury mount into the sky;
Of life uncertain, all confused with fear,
With nought of aid whereon he could rely,
Calls upon that all-powerful sacred Aid,
Who can the impossible; and thus he prayed:

LXXXI.

'Divine, Angelic, Heavenly Guard and Friend!
Whom Heavens and Earth and Ocean all obey,
Thou Who all Israel didst succour lend
Through Erythræan sea to take their way;
Thou Who deliveredst Paul, and didst defend
'Gainst ugly flood and quicksand, many a day,
Him with his sons who were, by Thy decree,
New parents of the drown'd void world to be;

LXXXII.

'If I new dangerous fears have dared to oppose,
Have other Scylla and Charybdis passed,
And sandy shoals where shallow water flows,
'Midst foul Acroceraunian rocks been cast;
With such laborious works about to close,
Why dost Thou now forsake us at the last,
If this our labour do not Thee offend,
But rather only to Thy service tend?

LXXXIII.

'O blest! to whom the privilege remained
On the sharp point of Afric's lance to die,
While they with power the Sacred Faith maintained
In Moorish lands of infidelity;
Whose deeds, illustrious, reputation gained,
Who must survive supreme in memory,
Who gained their life e'en when they laid it down,
Death being sweetened by its own renown!'

LXXXIV.

Assi dizendo, os ventos que lutavam,
Como touros indomitos bramando,
Mais e mais a tormenta accrescentavam,
Pela miuda enxarcia assoviando:
Relampagos medonhos não cessavam,
Feros trovões, que vem representando
Cahir o ceo dos eixos sobre a terra,
Comsigo os elementos terem guerra.

LXXXV.

Mas já a amorosa estrella scintillava
[illegible]te do Sol claro no horizonte,
Dia[illegible]ra do dia, e visitava
Mensageira do dia, e visitava
A terra e o largo mar com leda fronte:
A deosa que nos ceos a governava,
De quem foge o ensifero Oriónte,
Tanto que o mar e a chara armada vira,
Tocada junto foi de medo e de ira.

LXXXVI.

'Estas obras de Bacco são por certo,
Disse: 'mas não será que avante leve
Tão damnada tenção, que descoberto
Me será sempre o mal a que se atreve:'
Isto dizendo, desce ao mar aberto,
No caminho gastando espaço breve,
Em quanto manda ás nymphas amorosas
Grinaldas nas cabeças pôr de rosas.

LXXXVII.

Grinaldas manda pôr de varias cores
Sobre cabellos louros á porfia:
Quem não dirá que nascem rôxas flores
Sobre ouro natural que amor enfia?
Abrandar determina por amores
Dos ventos a nojosa companhia,
Mostrando-lhe as amadas nymphas bellas,
Que mais formosas vinham que as estrellas.

LXXXIV.

While speaking thus, the winds, for strife released,
Like savage bulls the air with roaring rent;
The raging tempest more and more increased,
And through the slender shrouds loud whistling went;
The flash of fearful lightnings never ceased,
Fierce thunders, that would seem to represent
Heaven from its axis on the earth let go,
And warfare 'twixt the elements below.

LXXXV.

But now, the Star of Love beamed forth its ray
Before bright Sol upon the horizon clear,
And visited, as messenger of day,
The earth and spreading sea with brow to cheer;
The Goddess whom in heaven it doth obey,
And whom Orion with his sword doth fear,
When the loved fleet and ocean she beheld,
With equal fear and ire her bosom swelled.

LXXXVI.

'Surely these works of Bacchus are,' she said,
'But never shall it be he realize
Such curs'd design; for aye discovered
By me shall be his evil enterprise!'
Thus saying, to the vast sea down she sped,
And in her path short space she occupies;
Meanwhile, the amorous nymphs she bids, with care,
Garlands of rose to mingle in their hair.

LXXXVII.

She bids them wreaths of hues all varying
With golden hair in rivalry combine;
Who will not say that purple flowers can spring
From natural gold which love doth gently twine?
'Tis power of love that she resolves to bring,
To quell the troop of winds' too foul design;
The loved and lovely nymphs presenting there,
Who than the stars themselves more brilliant were

LXXXVIII.

Assi foi: porque, tanto que chegaram
Á vista dellas logo lhe fallecem
As forças com que d'antes pelejaram,
E já como rendidos lhe obedecem;
Os pés e mãos, parece, que lhe ataram
Os cabellos que os raios escurecem.
A Boreas, que do peito mais queria,
Assi disse a bellissima Orithya:

LXXXIX.

'Não creas, fero Boreas, que te creio
Que me tiveste nunca amor constante;
Que brandura he de amor mais certo arreio
E não convem furor a firme amante:
Se já não pões a tanta insania freio
Não esperes de mi daqui em diante
Que possa mais amar-te, mas temer-te;
Que amor comtigo em medo se converte.

XC.

Assi mesmo a formosa Galatea
Dizia ao feró Noto; que bem sabe
Que dias ha que em vêl-a se recrea,
E bem crê que com elle tudo acabe:
Não sabe o bravo tanto bem se o crea,
Que o coração no peito lhe não cabe;
De contente de vêr que a dama o manda,
Pouco cuida que faz, se logo abranda.

XCI.

Desta maneira as outras amansavam
Subitamente os outros amadores;
E logo á linda Venus se entregavam,
Amansadas as iras e os furores:
Ella lhe prometteo, vendo que amavam,
Sempiterno favor em seus amores,
Nas bellas mãos tomando-lhe homenagem
De lhe serem leaes esta viagem.

LXXXVIII.

And thus it was: for soon as these are brought
Into their sight, the violence dies away
Wherewith before they ardently had fought,
And, yielding them as prisoners, they obey;
By hand and foot 'twould seem that they were caught
By tresses which eclipse the lightning's ray;
Then Boreas, whose deep love she most possessed,
Most lovely Orithyia thus addressed:

LXXXIX.

'Think not, fierce Boreas, I can e'er consent
Thou ever didst devote me constant love,
For gentleness is love's chief ornament,
And fury never should true lover move;
If from such madness thou dost not relent,
Hope not thy bosom ever more shall prove
That I can love thee: I must fear instead;
For love towards thee converted is to dread.'

XC.

This did the lovely Galatea say
To furious Notus; for to her 'tis plain
Her sight has been his charm for many a day,
And well she feels she aught from him can gain:
The savage is with rapture borne away,
And scarce his bosom can his heart contain;
Content to know that 'tis his mistress' will,
He heeds not what he does, and straight is still.

XCI.

'Twas likewise thus the other nymphs appealed
To the other lovers, whom they soon subdue;
And now they all to lovely Venus yield,
Their fury and their anger tranquil grew;
And, seeing that they loved, she promise sealed
Of lasting favour in their loves as due,
Receiving homage on her beauteous hand,
That for this voyage they all will loyal stand.

XCII.

Já a manhãa clara dava nos outeiros,
Por onde o Ganges murmurando soa,
Quando da celsa gavea os marinheiros
Enxergaram terra alta pela proa:
Já fóra de tormenta e dos primeiros
Mares, o temor vão do peito voa:
Disse alegre o Piloto Melindano,
'Terra he de Calecut, se não me engano.

XCIII.

'Esta he por certo a terra que buscais,
Da verdadeira India que apparece;
E, se do mundo mais não desejais,
Vosso trabalho longo aqui fenece.'
Soffrer aqui não pode o Gama mais,
De ledo em vêr que a terra se conhece:
Os giolhos no chão, as mãos ao ceo,
A mercê grande a Deos agradeceo:

XCIV.

As graças a Deos dava, e razão tinha;
Que não somente a terra lhe mostrava,
Que com tanto temor buscando vinha,
Por quem tanto trabalho exprimentava;
Mas via-se livrado tão asinha
Da morte que no mar lhe appareihava
O vento duro, fervido e medonho,
Como quem despertou de horrendo sonho.

XCV.

Por meio destes horridos perigos,
Destes trabalhos graves e temores,
Alcançam os, que são de fama amigos,
As honras immortaes e gráos maiores:
Não encostados sempre nos antigos
Troncos nobres de seus antecessores,
Não nos leitos dourados entre os finos
Animaes de Moscovia zebellinos:

XCII.

w, o'er the hills broke forth the morning bright,
re Ganges' stream is murmuring heard to flow,
n from the lofty top the sailors sight
h land, which was descried upon the prow.
ce from the storm and from the first seas' fight,
Vain terror from their hearts is banished now;
Melinde's pilot cries with jocund tongue,
'Tis land of Calecut, if I'm not wrong;

XCIII.

'This is, indeed, the land that thou hast sought,
This the true India which doth now appear;
If in the world thou hast no farther thought,
Then thy long labour is all ended here!'
Gama can bear no more; all over-wrought
With joy to find the land now known and near,
With knees upon the ground and hands toward Heaven,
For this, God's mercy great, his thanks are given.

XCIV.

He rendered thanks to God, with heart and mind,
For He not only had the country shown,
Which midst such terror he had come to find,
For which such labours he had undergone:
But that he had so shortly left behind
Death, which upon the seas the winds had blown,
So hard and wild and dread, it made him seem
Like one just wakened from a horrid dream!

XCV.

Upon these dreadful dangers it depends,
These heavy labours and anxieties,
That they acquire, who are of fame the friends,
Immortal honours and advanced degrees:
Not leaning on the trunks, wherefrom descends
The ancient glory of their ancestries,
Nor laid on gilded couches, wrapt within
The Russian sable's fine luxurious skin;

XCVI.

Não co'os manjares novos e exquisitos,
Não co'os passeios molles e ociosos,
Não co'os varios deleites e infinitos,
Que afeminam os peitos generosos:
Não co'os nunca vencidos appetitos,
Que a Fortuna tem sempre tão mimosos,
Que não soffre a nenhum que o passo mude
Para alguma obra heroica de virtude;

XCVII.

Mas com buscar co'o seu forçoso braço
As honras que elle chame proprias suas,
Vigiando, e vestindo o forjado aço,
Soffrendo tempestades e ondas cruas,
Vencendo os torpes frios no regaço
Do Sul e regiões de abrigo nuas,
Engolindo o corrupto mantimento,
Temperado c'hum arduo soffrimento;

XCVIII.

E com forçar o rosto, que se enfia,
A parecer seguro, ledo, inteiro,
Para o pelouro ardente que assovia,
E leva a perna ou braço ao companheiro.
Desta arte, o peito hum callo honroso cria,
Desprezador das honras e dinheiro,
Das honras e dinheiro que a ventura
Forjou, e não virtude justa e dura.

XCIX.

Desta arte sê esclarece o entendimento,
Que experiencias fazem repousado;
E fica vendo, como de alto assento,
O baixo trato humano embaraçado:
Este, onde tiver força o regimento
Direito e não de affeitos occupado,
Subirá (como deve) a illustre mando
Contra vontade sua e não rogando.

XCVI.

Not with choice viands new and exquisite,
Not in the soft and lazy paths of joy,
Not with delights, varied and infinite,
Which generous breasts enfeeble and destroy;
Not with the never governed appetite,
Wherewith is Fortune ever wont to toy,
Who suffers none his footsteps to retrace
For any deed of valour or of grace;

XCVII.

But by an effort with strong arm to seal
The honours which he thus his own has made,
Watchful and putting on his polished steel,
Enduring storms, by cruel waves o'erlaid;
Victorious where the far South's colds congeal,
In regions tossed, all destitute of aid,
Reduced to feed upon corrupted fare,
Mingled with arduous suffering and despair;

XCVIII.

By force of spirit, when the brow grows pale,
To wear a look possessed, collected, gay,
When the hot whistling cannon balls assail,
Tearing his comrades' arms or legs away;
Thus, noble hardness will at heart prevail,
Of wealth and honours scorning the display,
Of wealth and honours but by fortune gained,
And not by virtue, righteous and sustained.

XCIX.

'Tis thus the understanding becomes bright,
Which by experience mature doth grow,
And looks, as from exalted moral height,
On the base crooked human course below;
Such man, where rule shall own the force of right
And doth not leaning of affection know,
Shall rise to high command, as rise he ought,
Against his own desire and all unsought.

## *CANTO SEPTIMO.*

I.

JÁ se viam chegados junto á terra
Que desejada já de tantos fôra,
Que entre as correntes Indicas se encerra
E o Ganges, que no ceo terreno mora.
Ora sus, gente forte, que na guerra
Quereis levar a palma vencedora!
Já sôis chegados, já tendes diante
A terra de riquezas abundante.

II.

A vós, ó geração de Luso, digo,
Que tão pequena parte sôis no mundo,
Não digo inda no mundo, mas no amigo
Curral de quem governa o ceo rotundo:
Vós, a quem não somente algum perigo
Estorva conquistar o povo immundo,
Mas nem cobiça, ou pouca obediencia
Da Madre que nos Ceos esta em essencia:

III.

Vós, Portuguezes poucos, quanto fortes,
Que o fraco poder vosso não pezais;
Vós, que á custa de vossas varias mortes
A Lei da vida eterna dilatais:
Assi do Ceo deitadas são as sortes,
Que vós, por muito poucos que sejais,
Muito façais na sancta Christandade:
Que tanto, ó Christo, exaltas a humildade!

## CANTO VII.

I.

Now they behold themselves close on the land,
The longed-for object of so many eyes,
Which doth between the Indian currents stand
And Ganges, that on heavenly earth doth rise.
Up, then, brave people, who would claim command,
And bear the palm in warlike victories!
Here are ye come, and here your view before
Lies an abundant land of wealth in store.

II.

To you I say, O Lusian race! who hold
Yet in the world so very small a place,
I say not world, but in the friendly fold
Of Him Whose rule doth the round heaven embrace,
Ye, whom no only danger ne'er controlled
In going forth to conquer the vile race,
But greed never moved, nor scant obedience given
To Mother, who in essence dwells in Heaven;

III.

Ye Portuguese, as few as brave ye be,
With you your want of numbers hath no weight;
Ye, though your various lives at risk ye see,
The Law of Life Eternal propagate;
'Tis thus that Heaven disposeth destiny,
For ye, however small may be your state,
May yet for sacred Christian Faith do much;
Thy raising of the small, O! Christ, is such.

IV.

Vedel-os Alemães, soberbo gado,
Que por tão largos campos se apascen
Do successor de Pedro rebellado,
Novo pastor e nova seita inventa:
Vedel-o em feas guerras occupado
(Que inda co'o cego errôr se não conte
Não contra o superbissimo Othomano,
Mas por sahir do jugo soberano.

V.

Vedel-o duro Inglez, que se nomea
Rei da velha e sanctissima Cidade,
Que o torpe Ismaelita senhorea
(Quem vio honra tão longe da verdad
Entre as Boreaes neves se recrea,
Nova maneira faz de Christandade:
Para os de Christo tem a espada nua,
Não por tomar a terra que era sua.

VI.

Guarda-lhe por entanto hum falso Rei
A cidade Hierosolyma terreste,
Em quanto elle não guarda a sancta le
Da cidade Hierosolyma celeste.
Pois de ti, Gallo indigno, que direi?
Que o nome Christianissimo quizeste,
Não para defendel-o, nem guardal-o,
Mas para ser contra elle e derribal-o!

VII.

Achas que tens direito em senhorios
De Christãos, sendo o teu tão largo e t
E não contra o Cinypho e Nilo, rios
Inimigos do antiguo nome santo?
Alli se hão de provar da espada os fios
Em quem quer reprovar da Igreja o ca
De Carlos de Luis o nome e a terra
Herdaste, e as causas não da justa gu

IV.

Behold the Germans, like a flock, all pride,
Who over such vast plains extended feed,
Peter's successor, rebels, they deride,
Inventing novel shepherd, sect and creed;
Behold them, in foul battles occupied,
Nor in blind error happy or agreed!
Not 'gainst the o'erbearing Ottoman they fight,
But to shake off the sovereign yoke of right.

V.

See the hard Englishman, who would be called
Of the most sacred ancient city King,
Which by the vicious Ishmaelite is enthralled
(Was honour e'er from truth more differing!)
Content, in Hyperborean winters walled,
He makes of Christian Faith a novel thing:
'Gainst those of Christ his naked sword is shown,
Not to regain the land that was His own.

VI.

And while a Monarch false doth keep the key
Of the Jerúsalem terrestrial,
He doth not keep the law and sanctity
Of the Jerusalem celestial.
And thou, O Gaul unworthy, what of thee?
Who would'st, forsooth, thyself 'Most Christian' call,
Not to defend that name, nor care bestow,
But to oppose it and to overthrow.

VII.

Think'st thou thou hast to Christian realms a right,
Seeing thine own so large and vast estate,
And not 'gainst Cinyphus and Nile should'st to fight,
Rivers the ancient Holy Name that hate?
There should they prove thy sword's keen edge and might
Where'er the Church's faith they imprecate;
From Charles and Louis thou hast land and name,
Shall not their Holy Wars thy efforts claim?

VIII.

Pois que direi daquelles que em delicias,
Que o vil ocio no mundo traz comsigo,
Gastam as vidas, logram as divicias,
Esquecidos de seu valor antigo?
Nascem da tyrannia inimicicias,
Que o povo forte tem, de si inimigo:
Comtigo, Italia, fallo, já submersa
Em vicios mil e de ti mesma adversa!

IX.

Ó miseros Christãos! pela ventura
Sôis-os dentes de Cadmo desparzidos,
Que huns aos outros se dão a morte dura,
Sendo todos de hum ventre produzidos?
Não vedes a divina sepultura
Possuida de cães que sempre unidos
Vos vem tomar a vossa antigua terra,
Fazendo-se famosos pela guerra?

X.

Vedes, que tem por uso e por decreto,
Do qual são tão inteiros observantes,
Ajuntarem o exercito inquieto
Contra os povos que são de Christo amantes:
Entre vós nunca deixa a fera Aleto
De semear cizanias repugnantes:
Olhai, se estais seguros de perigos,
Que elles e vós sôis vossos inimigos.

XI.

Se cobiça de grandes senhorios
Vos faz ir conquistar terras alheas,
Não vedes, que Pactolo e Hermo rios,
Ambos volvem auriferas areas?
Em Lydia, Assyria, lavram de ouro os fios,
Africa esconde em si luzentes veas:
Mova-vos já se quer riqueza tanta,
Pois mover-vos não pode a Casa santa.

VIII.

And what of those who in such pleasures joy
As from the world's mere indolence proceed?
Who waste their lives and all their wealth destroy,
And of their ancient valour nothing heed;
From tyranny spring enmities' alloy
The once brave people feel, self-doomed, indeed.
I speak of thee, O Italy, below
A thousand vices sunk, thyself thy foe!

IX.

Unhappy Christians! is it, then, the case
Ye are the teeth that were by Cadmus sown,
Who one another to destruction chase,
Though all one common origin ye own?
Do ye not see the Holy burial-place
Possessed by dogs, in bands together thrown,
Who come to take from you your ancient ground,
Achieving thus by war to be renowned?

X.

Mark! they have sworn by custom and decree,
Whereof they are observers most entire,
The restless army shall united be
Against the nations who most Christ desire;
The fierce Alecto never leaves you free,
Sowing broadcast the hateful tares of ire;
Say where security from dangers lies,
If they and ye are your own enemies.

XI.

If greed to have great seigniories enrolled
Makes you go forth to conquer others' lands,
Hermus, Pactolus do ye not behold,
Both rivers rolling down their golden sands?
Lydia, Assyria, work their threads of gold,
'Neath Africa the shining vein expands:
Let such great riches, then, your motive prove,
Since e'en the Sacred Dwelling cannot move.

XII.

Aquellas invenções feras e novas
De instrumentos mortaes da artilharia
Já devem de fazer as duras provas
Nos muros de Byzancio e de Turquia:
Fazei que torne lá ás sylvestres covas
Dos Caspios montes e da Scythia fria
A Turca geração, que multiplica
Na policia da vossa Europa rica.

XIII.

Gregos, Thraces, Armenios, Georgianos
Bradando-vos estão que o povo bruto
Lhe obriga os charos filhos aos profanos
Preceitos do Alcorão (duro tributo!):
Em castigar os feitos inhumanos
Vos gloriai de peito forte e astuto,
E não queirais louvores arrogantes
De serdes contra os vossos mui possantes.

XIV.

Mas em tanto que cegos e sedentos
Andais de vosso sangue, ó gente insana!
Não faltarão Christãos atrevimentos
Nesta pequena casa Lusitana:
De Africa tem maritimos assentos,
He na Asia mais que todas soberana,
Na quarta parte nova os campos ara,
E, se mais mundo houvera, lá chegara.

XV.

E vejamos em tanto que acontece
Áquelles tão famosos navegantes,
Despois que a branda Venus enfraquece
O furor vão dos ventos repugnantes,
Despois que a larga terra lhe apparece,
Fim de suas porfias tão constantes,
Onde vem semear de Christo a lei,
E dar novo costume e novo Rei.

XII.

Those fierce inventions, until now unknown
Of cannon which man lately did invent,
Long since they should their heavy force have shown
'Gainst Turkish and Byzantine battlement.
To Caspian mountains, Scythia cold and lone
And their wild caverns force them to be sent—
That Turkish nation—which still multiplies
Among your wealthy Europe's polities.

XIII.

Grecian, Armenian, Thracian, Georgian,
Cry loudly to you that the brutal race
Force the false precepts of the 'Alcoran
Upon their sons: vile tribute, cruel case!
In punishing the inhuman deeds of man
In glory power and wisdom boast your place,
And do not court the arrogant renown
Of being very great against your own!

XIV.

But while ye are thus blind, and thirsting go
For one another's blood, O race insane!
Great Christian deeds ye shall not fail to know,
Which this small Lusian Kingdom can sustain:
On Afric's coast possessions they can show,
In Asia are than all more sovereign:
O'er the New Quarter's fields they drive the share,
And, had the world been more, had reached e'en there.

XV.

But let us now, meanwhile, see what ensued
To those so famous navigators here,
After the gentle Venus had subdued
The winds' vain rage, opposing and severe,
After they had the wide-spread country viewed,
The object of their strivings so sincere,
Where they are come the Faith of Christ to sow,
To found new customs and new King bestow.

XVI.

Tanto que á nova terra se chegaram
Leves embarcações de pescadores
Acharam, que o caminho lhe mostraram
De Calecut onde eram moradores:
Para lá logo as proas se inclinaram;
Porque esta era a cidade das melhores
Do Malabar melhor, onde vivia
O Rei que a terra toda possuia.

XVII.

Alem do Indo jaz e aquem do Gange
Hum terreno mui grande e assaz famoso,
Que pela parte Austral o mar abrange,
E para o Norte o Emodio cavernoso:
Jugo de Reis diversos o constrange
A variás leis, alguns o vicioso
Mafoma, alguns os idolos adoram,
Alguns os animaes que entre elles moram.

XVIII.

Lá bem no grande monte que, cortando
Tão larga terra, toda Asia discorre,
Que nomes tão diversos vai tomando
Segundo as regiões por onde corre,
As fontes sahem donde vem manando
Os rios, cuja grão corrente morre
No mar Indico e cercam todo o peso
Do terreno, fazendo-o Chersoneso.

XIX.

Entre hum e outro rio em grande espaço
Sahe da larga terra hũa longa ponta
Quasi pyramidal, que no regaço
Do mar com Ceilão insula confronta:
E junto, donde nasce o largo braço
Gangetico, o rumor antiguo conta
Que os visinhos, da terra moradores,
Do cheiro se mantêm das finas flores:

XVI.

So soon as on the new land's shore they lay,
Many light boats of fishermen they found,
Who pointed out to Calecut the way,
Whither, as dwellers, they themselves were bound:
Forthwith the vessels follow where they say,
Because this city was the best around
Of Malabar, and there the King, as well,
Who all the country owned, was known to dwell.

XVII.

This side of Ganges, that of Indus, lies
A country very large and famed afar;
The sea surrounds its southern boundaries,
The north Emoda's caverned mountains bar.
The whole is governed by diversities
Of Kings and laws; some races followers are
Of Mahomet vile; some, idols bow before;
Some, animals which there abound adore.

XVIII.

In the great mountain range which Asia claims
And which so vast a tract divides in two,
Taking from time to time such different names,
According to the regions it runs through,
The sources spring whence come the pouring streams,
Whose mighty waves to Indian Ocean flow,
Circling the country round on every hand,
Making a Chersonesus of the land.

XIX.

'Twixt one stream and the other, in large space,
From the broad land there stretches a long point,
Almost pyramidal, which in the embrace
Of ocean doth with isle Ceylon confront;
Near, where broad arm of Ganges you can trace,
Traditions of antiquity recount
The neighbouring tribes who in the country dwell
Maintain themselves on only sweet flowers' smell;

XX.

Mas agora de nomes e de usança
Novos e varios são os habitantes,
Os Delijs, os Patânes, que em possança
De terra e gente são mais abundantes ;
Decanijs, Oriás, que a esperança
Tem de sua salvação nas resonantes
Aguas do Gange : e a terra de Bengala,
Fertil de sorte que outra não lhe iguala.

XXI.

O reino de Cambaia bellicoso
(Dizem que foi de Poro, Rei potente) :
O reino de Narsinga, poderoso
Mais de ouro e pedras que de forte gente :
Aqui se enxerga lá do mar undoso
Hum monte alto que corre longamente,
Servindo ao Malabar de forte muro,
Com que do Canará vive seguro :

XXII.

Da terra os naturaes lhe chamam Gate,
Do pé do qual pequena quantidade
Se estende hũa fralda estreita que combate
Do mar a natural ferocidade :
Aqui de outras cidades, sem debate,
Calecut tem a illustre dignidade
De cabeça de imperio rica e bella :
Samorim se intitula o senhor della.

XXIII.

Chegada a frota ao rico senhorio,
Hum Portuguez mandado logo parte
A fazer sabedor o Rei gentio
Da vinda sua a tão remota parte.
Entrando o mensageiro pelo rio
Que alli nas ondas entra, a não vista arte,
A côr, o gesto estranho, o trajo novo
Fez concorrer a vêl-o todo o povo.

XX.

But now inhabitants of other name
And customs new and various there are found,
The Delhis and Patàns, who in the fame
Of land and people do the most abound:
The Deccanis and Orians who claim
The hope of their salvation where resound
The Ganges' waters; and the land Bengal,
So fertile none can equal it at all.

XXI.

The kingdom of Cambaia, prone to war
(Which some to Porus, mighty Monarch, trace),
Narsinga's kingdom, too, more powerful far
In gold and precious stones than valiant race;
Hence, from the wavy ocean noted are
High mountains showing an extended face
Which a strong wall to Malabar doth give,
Whereby secure from Canarà they live.

XXII.

Ghaut it is called by natives of the land,
And at its foot a narrow quantity,
Or fringe extends, thus serving to withstand
The ocean's natural ferocity:
Of other cities here, on every hand,
Holds Calecut the illustrious dignity
O' the Empire's wealthy noble capital;
Its Lord by title Samorim they call.

XXIII.

The fleet being come within this realm so fair,
A Portuguese, commissioned, forthwith hies
To make the Gentoo King at once aware
Of Gama's landing 'neath those distant skies:
And passing up the river's course which there
Enters the rolling sea, his unknown guise,
Complexion, foreign bearing, costume new
The curious people round to see him drew.

XXIV.

Entre a gente que a vel-o concorria
Se chega hum Mahometa, que nascido
Fôra na região da Berberia,
Lá onde fôra Anteo obedecido;
Ou pela visinhança já teria
O reino Lusitano conhecido,
Ou foi já assignalado de seu ferro;
Fortuna o trouxe a tão longo desterro.

XXV.

Em vendo o mensageiro, com jocundo
Rosto como quem sabe a lingua Hispana,
Lhe disse: 'Quem te trouxe a est'outro mundo
Tão longe da tua patria Lusitana?'
'Abrindo,' lhe responde, 'o mar profundo
Por onde nunca veio gente humana,
Vimos buscar do Indo a grão corrente
Por onde a Lei divina se accrescente.'

XXVI.

Espantado ficou da grão viagem
O Mouro, que Monçaide se chamava,
Ouvindo as oppressões que na passagem
Do mar o Lusitano lhe contava:
Mas vendo em fim que a força da mensagem
Só para o Rei da terra relevava,
Lhe diz que estava fóra da cidade,
Mas de caminho pouca quantitade:

XXVII.

E que, em tanto que a nova lhe chegasse
De sua estranha vinda, se queria
Na sua pobre casa repousasse,
E do manjar da terra comeria;
E, despois que se hum pouco recreasse,
Com elle para a armada tornaria;
Que alegria não pode ser tamanha
Que achar gente visinha em terra estranha.

XXIV.

Among them all who thus had come to see
Comes a Mahometan, who stood alone
As native of the land of Barbary;
Where formerly Antæus held his throne:
Either by means of its proximity,
He had the Lusitanian Kingdom known,
Or by her sword he had been scarred in war;
Fortune to exile carried him thus far.

XXV.

Seeing the messenger, with jocund face
As one who knows the Spanish tongue, he cried,
'[illegible] thee to this other world, o'er space
[illegible] Lusitanian land so wide?'
'Opening the deep profound, where human race
Had [illegible] before us,' he replied,
'We've come in quest of mighty Indus' flow
That there the Faith Divine may spread and grow.'

XXVI.

The Moor, who called himself Monçaidé,
By the vast voyage was filled with wonderment,
Hearing the hardships which upon the sea
The Lusian told him that they underwent;
But seeing this message by its drift must be
Only unto the Monarch relevant,
Tells him outside the town the palace lay,
And from the city but a little way;

XXVII.

And begged, the while the news was being ta'en
Of his strange coming there, if he saw meet,
In his poor house to rest that he would deign
And of the viands of the country eat:
And, when refreshed a little he had been,
He would return with him unto the fleet:
For nought can yield such pleasure to the mind
As neighbour in a foreign land to find.

XXVIII.

O Portuguez acceita de vontade
O que o ledo Monçaide lhe offerece;
Como se longa fôra já a amizade
Com elle come e bebe e lhe obedece:
Ambos se tornam logo da cidade
Para a frota que o Mouro bem conhece,
Sobem á capitaina, e toda a gente
Monçaide recebeo benignamente.

XXIX.

O Capitão o abraça em cabo ledo,
Ouvindo clara a lingua de Castella,
Junto de si o assenta e prompto e quedo,
Pela terra pergunta e cousas della.
Qual se ajuntava em Rhódope o arvoredo
Só por ouvir o amante da donzella
Eurydice, tocando a lyra de ouro,
Tal a gente se ajunta a ouvir o Mouro.

XXX.

Elle começa: 'Ó gente, que a natura
Visinha fez de meu paterno ninho,
Que destino tão grande, ou que ventura
Vos trouxe a commetterdes tal caminho?
Não he sem causa, não, occulta e escura
Vir do longinquo Tejo e ignoto Minho,
Por mares nunca d'outro lenho arados,
A reinos tão remotos e apartados.

XXXI.

'Deos por certo vos traz; porque pretende
Algum serviço seu por vós obrado:
Por isso só vos guia e vos defende
Dos imigos, do mar, do vento irado.
Sabei, que estais na India, onde se estende
Diverso povo, rico, e prosperado
De ouro luzente, e fina pedraria,
Cheir[illegible] suave, ardente especiaria.

XXVIII.

guese accepts with joy the fare
leased Monçaidé before him lays;
their friendship of long standing were,
eats and drinks with him and all obeys;
th from the city to the fleet repair
hich to the Moor familiar sight displays;
hey mount the Captain's ship, and all the crew
Receive Monçaidé with kindness due.

XXIX.

Vasco embraces him with greatest glee,
Hearing the clear Castilian tongue again;
He sets him near him, and most studiously
Asks of the land and all it may contain:
E'en as the grove pressed round in Rhodope
To hear Eurydice's fond lover's strain,
Which from his golden lyre he oft would pour,
So crowd they all around to hear the Moor.

XXX.

Thus he begins: 'Race of a neighbouring State
Whom nature planted near my father's home,
What venture, or what destiny so great
Led you to dare o'er such a path to roam?
Not without cause, in some obscure deep fate,
From unknown Minho, Tagus far, ye come
O'er seas no vessel yet had ever traced
To regions so remote and widely placed.

XXXI.

'God surely brings you, for He doth intend
Some service of His own performed by you;
Thus did He guide you, thus did He defend
From enemies and seas and storms that blew:
Know that ye are in India, where extend
Peoples diverse and rich and prosperous too
ith shining gold and precious stones of price,
eet perfumes and the aromatic spice.

XXXII.

'Esta provincia, cujo porto agora
Tomado tendes, Malabar se chama:
Do culto antiguo os idolos adora,
Que cá por estas partes se derrama;
De diversos Reis he, mas d'hum só fôra
N'outro tempo, segundo a antigua fama:
Saramá Perimal foi derradeiro
Rei que este reno teve unido e inteiro:

XXXIII.

'Porêm, como a esta terra então viessem
De lá do seio Arabico outras gentes
Que o culto Mahometico trouxessem,
No qual me instituiram meus parentes,
Succedeo que prégando convertessem
O Perimal de sabias e eloquentes;
Fazem-lhe a lei tomar com fervor tanto
Que presuppôz de nella morrer santo.

XXXIV.

'Náos arma, e nellas mette curioso
Mercadoria que offéreça rica;
Para ir nellas a ser religioso
Onde o propheta jaz que a lei publica:
Antes que parta, o reino poderoso
Co'os seus reparte; porque não lhe fica
Herdeiro proprio: faz os mais aceitos
Ricos de pobres, livres de sujeitos.

XXXV.

'A hum Cochim e a outro Cananor,
A qual Chalé, a qual a ilha da Pimenta,
A qual Coulão, a qual dá Cranganor,
E os mais a quem o mais serve e contenta.
Hum só moço, a quem tinha muito amor,
Despois que tudo deo se lhe apresenta:
Para este Calecut somente fica,
Cidade já por trato nobre e rica:

XXXII.

The his province, in whose port ye come to shore
Which occupy, as Malabar is known:
As if the old faith the idols they adore,
Here which here throughout these parts is widely sown:
Of various Kings it is, but was of yore,
As ancient fame declares, of one alone;
Sarama Perimal was last, they say,
Who held the realm with undivided sway.

XXXIII.

'But as there then had come another race
Into this land from womb of Araby,
Of those who Mahomet's form of Faith embrace,
Wherein my parents educated me,
It came to pass, by wisdom and by grace
Of various arts, the Perimal turned devotee;
They make him take the Faith with zeal so high
That he resolves a Saint therein to die.

XXXIV.

'Ships he prepares and, curious, in them throws
Rich merchandise that may be offered,
And in them to religious life he goes,
Where lies the prophet who the Faith doth spread:
Leaving without an heir, he doth dispose
Of his vast kingdom to his friends instead;
And among such as most accepted be
The poor makes wealthy, and the slaves sets free.

XXXV.

'To one Cochim, to another Cananor,
To this Chalé, to that the isle Piment,
To this Coulon, to that gives Cranganor,
The rest to those who serve and most content:
One youth alone, towards whom much love he bore,
When all was portioned, doth himself present:
He gives him Calecut, last present made,
City, already rich and great by trade;

XXXVI.

'Esta lhe dá co'o titulo excellente
De Imperador, que sobre os outros mande.
Isto feito, se parte diligente
Para onde em sancta vida ácabe e ande:
E daqui fica o nome de potente
Samorim, mais que todos digno e grande,
Ao moço e descendentes, donde vem
Este, que agora o imperio manda e tem.

XXXVII.

'A lei da gente toda, rica e pobre,
De fabulas composta se imagina:
Andam nus, e somente hum panno cobre
As partes que a cobrir natura ensina;
Dous modos ha de gente; porque a nobre
Naires chamados são, e a menos dina,
Poleás tem por nome, a quem obriga
A lei não misturar a casta antiga; [illegible] aquillo
[illegible] ao Nilo

XXXVIII.

'Porque os, que usaram sempre hum modo
D'outro não podem receber consorte,
Nem os filhos terão outro exercicio, [illegible]ndo
Senão o de seus passados, até morte.
Para os Naires he certo grande vicio
Destes serem tocados, de tal sorte
Que quando algum se toca por ventura
Com ceremonias mil se alimpa e apura.

XXXIX.

Deste sorte o Judaico povo antigo
Não tocava na gente de Samária;
Mais estranhezas inda das que digo
Nesta terra vereis de usança varia:
Os Naires sós são dados ao perigo
Das armas, sós defendem da contraria
Banda o seu Rei, trazendo sempre usada
Na esquerda a adarga e na direita a espada

XXXVI.

confers with title excellent
ror, that the rest he may command,
one, he straightway sets forth diligent,
nd die within the sacred land:
me the title Samorim, in intent
y, among them all more grand,
t youth and line: and thence came down
ho wears to-day the Imperial crown.

XXXVII.

of all the race, both rich and poor,
f the fancy doth appeal;
l go, and only cover o'er
what nature teaches to conceal:
two classes; one is honoured more
led the Nayres; the rest reveal
Poleás are named: the law
caste compels them to withdraw;

XXXVIII.

ways have one same employ
r with the others wive,
an the sons enjoy
se before them, while they live.
they suffer truly great alloy
ese, which such offence doth give
ere chance contact, passing by,
nd rites they wash and purify.

XXXIX.

ewish people in this way
ith Samaritans withstand,
ar more curious than I say
various usage in this land.
res the danger can essay
y only 'gainst a hostile band
King; on their left hand they wear
in their right a sword they bear.

XL.

'Brahmenes são os seus religiosos,
Nome antiguo e de grande preeminencia:
Observam os preceitos tão famosos
D'hum que primeiro poz nome á sciencia:
Não matam cousa viva, e temerosos
Das carnes tem grandissima abstinencia:
Somente no venereo ajuntamento
Tem mais licença e menos regimento.

XLI.

'Geraes são as mulheres, mas somente
Para os da geração de seus maridos;
Ditosa condição, ditosa gente,
Que não são de ciumes offendidos!
Estes e outros costumes variamente
São pelos Malabares admittidos;
A terra he grossa em trato em tud
Que as ondas podem dar da Chi

XLII.

Assi contava o Mouro: mas vaga
Andava a fama já pela cidade
Da vinda desta gente estranha qua
O Rei saber mandava da verdade:
Já vinham pelas ruas caminhando,
Rodeados de todo sexo e idade,
Os principaes que o Rei buscar manda
O capitão da armada que chegara.

XLIII.

Mas elle, que do Rei já tem licença
Para desembarcar, acompanhado
Dos nobres Portuguezes sem detença
Parte de ricos pannos adornado:
Das côres a formosa differença
A vista alegra ao povo alvoroçado:
O remo compassado fere frio
Agora o mar, despois o fresco rio.

XL.

Their priests are Brahmins called, an ancient name
Which did to great pre-eminence attain;
They keep those precepts, so well-known to fame,
Of one by whom, first, science rank did gain;
They kill no living thing, fearful of blame,
From flesh with greatest strictness they abstain;
'Tis only in the sexes' intercourse
They have more licence, and their law less force.

XLI.

'Women in common are, but this must be
For those who to their husband's race belong;
Condition blest, and blest community
Whose jealousy perceiveth not a wrong!
Both these and other customs variously
Are countenanced the Malabars among;
The land is full of trade of every style
The waves can bear from China to the Nile.'

XLII.

The Moor was thus recounting; but e'en then
The fame throughout the city flying went
Of this strange people's recent coming when
The King the real truth to learn had sent:
Now through the streets set forth the leading men,
Followed by every age and sex intent,
Who by the King had ordered been to meet
The arrival of the Captain of the fleet.

XLIII.

But he, to whom the King had sent to say
That he might disembark in company
O' the noble Portuguese without delay,
Sets forth adorned with robes of rich degree;
The pleasing contrast of his bright array
Delights the people overjoyed to see;
The oar now wounds, with stately measured blow,
First the cold sea, then the fresh river's flow.

XLIV.

Na praia hum regedor do reino estava,
Que na sua lingua Catual se chama,
Rodeado de Naires, que esperava
Com desusada festa o nobre Gama:
Já na terra nos braços o levava,
E n'hum portatil leito hũa rica cama
Lhe offerece, em que vá (costume usado),
Que nos hombros dos homens he levado.

XLV.

Desta arte o Malabar, dest'arte o Luso,
Caminham lá para onde o Rei o espera:
Os outros Portuguezes vão ao uso
Que infantaria segue, esquadra fera:
O povo que concorre vai confuso
De ver a gente estranha, e bem quizera
Perguntar; mas no tempo já passado
Na torre de Babel lhe foi vedado.

XLVI.

O Gama e o Catual hiam fallando
Nas cousas que lhe o tempo offerecia:
Monçaide entr'elles vai interpretando
As palavras que de ambos entendia.
Assi, pela cidade caminhando,
Onde huma rica fabrica se erguia
De hum sumptuoso templo já chegavam,
Pelas portas do qual juntos entravam.

XLVII.

Alli estão das deidades as figuras
Esculpidas em páo e em pedra fria,
Varios de gestos, varios de pinturas,
A segundo o demonio lhe fingia;
Vem-se as abominaveis esculpturas
Qual a Chimera em membros se varia:
Os Christãos olhos, a ver Deo usados
Em forma humana, estão maravilhados.

XLIV.

Upon the beach a ruler of the state,
Whom in their language Catual they call,
Standing by Nayres surrounded, doth await
Great Gama with a pomp unusual;
On landing, in his arms he lifts him straight,
And in a litter very rich withal
Offers a couch luxurious (custom then)
Carried upon the shoulders of the men.

XLV.

Thus Malabar, the Lusian thus, as due,
Towards where the King expects the Chief incline,
The other Portuguese the mode pursue
Of infantry, a sturdy guard in line;
The crowd were all confused that round them drew
To see the strangers; curious to divine,
And questions asking; but, since times of old
Of Babel's Tower, things cannot thus be told.

XLVI.

The Catual and Gama talking went
Of matters of the moment, as they chose;
Monçaidé interpretation lent,
As of them both the languages he knows;
Thus, through the city as their course they bent,
They came to where the splendid fabric rose
Of a most sumptuous temple, high in air,
And through the gates thereof both entered there.

XLVII.

There stand the figures of the deities
Sculptured in wood as well as in cold stone;
Various in form, painted of various dyes,
Inventions which the devil must have shown;
Abominable sculptures meet their eyes,
Varied in limbs as in Chimæra known;
The Christian eyes to God accustomèd
In human form, are all astonièd!

XLVIII.

Hum na cabeça cornos esculpidos,
Qual Jupiter Hammon em Libya, estava:
Outro n'hum corpo rostos tinha unidos,
Bem como o antiguo Jano se pintava:
Outro com muitos braços divididos
A Briarêo parece que imitava:
Outro fronte canina tem de fóra,
Qual Anubis Memphitico se adora.

XLIX.

Aqui feita do barbaro Gentio
A supersticiosa adoração,
Direitos vão, sem outro algum desvio,
Para onde estava o Rei do povo vão:
Engrossando-se vai da gente o fio
Co'os que vem ver o estranho Capitão:
Estão pelos telhados e janellas
Velhos e moços, donas e donzellas.

L.

Já chegam perto, e não com passos lentos,
Dos jardins odoriferos, formosos,
Que em si escondem os regios aposentos;
Altos de torres não, mas sumptuosos;
Edificam-se os nobres seus assentos
Por entre os arvoredos deleitosos;
Assi vivem os Reis daquella gente
No campo e na cidade juntamente.

LI.

Pelos portaes da cêrca a subtileza
Se enxerga da Dedálea faculdade,
Em figuras mostrando por nobreza
Da India a mais remota antiguidade:
Affiguradas vão com tal viveza
As historias daquella antigua idade
Que quem dellas tiver noticia inteira
Pela sombra conhece a verdadeira.

XLVIII.

On head of one two sculptured horns arose,
As Ammon erst in Libya was displayed;
A two-faced head upon one body grows,
E'en as the ancient Janus was portrayed;
Another many arms divided shows,
As if to imitate Briareus made:
Another a dog's head upon him bore,
As Memphis once Anubis did adore.

XLIX.

Here offered by the barbarous Gentoo
His superstitious vain idolatry,
Without more deviation straight they go
Where the besotted people's King should be:
The lines of multitude more numerous grow
With those who come the Captain strange to see;
Numbers on roofs and at the windows swell,
Old men and young, damsels and dames as well.

L.

Now they approach, and with no loitering pace,
The fragrant gardens beautiful and bright,
Which the King's palaces concealed embrace,
Not of high towers, but sumptuous to the sight.
The nobles thus their seats are wont to place,
By groves surrounded, teeming with delight:
Thus live the monarchs of this land and clime,
Enjoying town and country at one time.

LI.

Upon the outer portal may be known
Of the Dædalian art the subtilty;
In figures by their nobleness is shown
All India's most remote antiquity:
The histories of that age so long since flown
Are figured with such great vivacity
That he, who their reality well knew,
Must by the image recognize the true.

LII.

Estava hum grande exercito, que pisa
A terra Oriental que o Hydaspe lava,
Rege-o hum capitão de fronte lisa
Que com frondentes thyrsos pelejava;
Por elle edificada estava Nysa
Nas ribeiras do rio que manava,
Tão proprio que, se alli estiver Semele,
Dirá por certo que he seu filho aquelle.

LIII.

Mais avante, bebendo, sécca o rio
Mui grande multidão da Assyria gente,
Sujeita a feminino senhorio
De huma tão bella como incontinente:
Alli tem, junto ao lado nunca frio,
Esculpido o feroz ginete ardente,
Com quem teria o filho competencia:
Amor nefando, bruta incontinencia!

LIV.

Daqui mais apartadas tremolavam
As bandeiras de Grecia gloriosas,
Terceira monarchia, e sobjugavam
Até as aguas Gangeticas undosas:
D'hum capitão mancebo se guiavam,
De palmas rodeado valerosas,
Que já não de Philippo, mas sem falta
De progenie de Jupiter, se exalta.

LV.

Os Portuguezes vendo estas memorias,
Dizia o Catual ao Capitão:
'Tempo cedo virá que outras victorias
Estas que agora olhais abaterão;
Aqui se escreverão novas historias
Por gentes estrangeiras que virão;
Que os nossos sabios magos o alcançaram
Quando o tempo futuro especularam.

LII.

A mighty army there appears, which treads
The Eastern lands through which Hydaspes flows;
A captain with unwrinkled forehead leads,
Who in the war a leafy thyrsus shows;
By him was Nysa built upon the meads
Of the full stream which laves it as it goes,
So like, that if to Semele 'twere shown
Most certainly her offspring she would own.

LIII.

Yet farther on there drinks a river dry
A very vast Assyrian multitude,
Subject unto the female seigniory
Of one with equal vice and charms imbued;
Standing her never temperate side hard by,
A sculptured hot and fiery horse is viewed,
Of whom might e'en her son the rival be,
With such abandoned lust accursed was she!

LIV.

Hence farther still, all fluttering over head,
Of Greece itself the glorious banners gleam,
Third Monarchy, that mighty conquests spread
As far as to the Ganges wavy stream:
By a mere youth, as Captain, they were led,
Bedecked with palms of victory supreme,
Who, Philip's son disdaining now to be,
Exalts himself as Jove's sure progeny.

LV.

While on these records dwell the Portuguese
The Catual to the Captain spoke and said:—
'Time soon shall come when other victories
These, which ye now behold, shall cast in shade;
Here there shall written be new histories
By foreign races who shall come to invade;
For this our sage magicians did discern,
When studying of the future time to learn.

LVI.

'E diz-lhe mais a magica sciencia
Que, para se evitar força tamanha,
Não valerá dos homens resistencia;
Que contra o Ceo não val da gente manha;
Mas tambem diz que a bellica excellencia
Nas armas e na paz da gente estranha
Será tal, que será no mundo ouvido
O vencedor por gloria do vencido.'

LVII.

Assi fallando entravam já na sala
Onde aquelle potente Imperador
N'huma camilha jaz, que não se iguala
De outra alguma no preço e no lavor;
No recostado gesto se assignala
Hum venerando e prospero senhor;
Hum panno de ouro cinge, e na cabeça
De preciosas gemmas se adereça.

LVIII.

Bem junto delle hum velho reverente,
Co'os giolhos no chão, de quando em quando
Lhe dava a verde folha da herva ardente
Que a seu costume estava ruminando:
Hum Brahmene, pessoa preeminente,
Para o Gama vem com passo brando;
Para que ao grande Principe o apresente,
Que diante lhe acena que se assente.

LIX.

Sentado o Gama junto ao rico leito,
Os seus mais afastados, prompto em vista
Estava o Samorim no trajo e geito
Da gente nunca de antes delle vista:
Lançando a grave voz do sabio peito,
Que grande autoridade logo aquista
Na opinião do Rei e do povo todo,
O Capitão lhe falla deste modo:

LVI.

'And magic's science tells them further still
That to avoid a force of such degree
Nought shall avail mankind's resisting will,
For nought 'gainst Heaven avails man's subtilty;
But tells likewise that the strange people's skill
In warfare and in peace e'en such shall be,
That o'er the world the victor's fame shall spread
By very glory of the vanquishèd.'

LVII.

Conversing thus they entered the saloon,
Where that most potent Emperor lay reclined
Upon a couch, whose richness far outshone
All others in its price and art refined;
In his recumbent posture every one
Some Lord revered and prosperous calls to mind;
Robed in a cloth of gold, upon his brow
A diadem of precious gems doth show.

LVIII.

Hard by his side, an old man reverent,
With knees upon the ground, did now and then
A green leaf of the spicy herb present,
Which he would chew as had his custom been.
A Brahmin, personage pre-eminent,
Approaching Gama modestly was seen,
To bring him to the mighty Prince, as meet,
Who motioned him in front to take his seat.

LIX.

Gama the sumptuous couch reposing near,
The rest apart, straight Samorim began
Closely the people's costume and their air
Which he had never seen before to scan;
From his sage breast lifting his grave voice clear,
Which quickly o'er the King and every man
Acquired a powerful influence and weight,
The Captain speaks; and thus doth he relate:

LX.

'Hum grande Rei de lá das partes onde
O ceo volubil com perpetua roda
Da terra a luz solar co'a terra esconde,
Tingindo a que deixou de escura noda,
Ouvindo, do rumor que lá responde
O ecco, como em ti da India toda
O principado está e a magestade,
Vinculo quer comtigo de amizade ;

LXI.

'E por longos rodeios a ti manda
Por te fazer saber que tudo aquillo—
Que sobre o mar, que sobre as terras anda,
De riquezas, de lá do Tejo ao Nilo,
E desde a fria plaga de Zelanda
Até bem donde o Sol não muda o estylo
Nos dias sobre a gente de Ethiopia—
Tudo tem no seu reino em grande copia ;

LXII.

'E, se queres com pactos e lianças
De paz e de amizade sacra e nua
Commercio consentir das abondanças
Das fazendas da terra sua e tua ;
Porque cresçam as rendas e abastanças
(Por quem a gente mais trabalha e sua)
De vossos reinos ; será certamente
De ti proveito, e delle gloria ingente ;

LXIII.

'E sendo assi que o nó desta amizade
Entre vós firmemente permaneça,
Estará prompto a toda adversidade
Que por guerra a teu reino se offereça
Com gente, armas, e náos ; de qualidade
Que por irmão te tenha e te conheça :
E da vontade em ti sobre isto posta
Me dês a mi certissima resposta.'

LX.

'A mighty King doth in those realms abide
Where moving heaven in its perpetual round
The solar light from earth by earth doth hide,
Tinging what it hath left with dark profound,
Who having heard by rumour's echo wide
That thou dost own the whole of India's ground
Beneath thy empire and thy majesty,
A bond of friendship would desire with thee;

LXI.

'And o'er long devious courses sends to show
To thee that all—which crossing many a mile
O'er ocean and o'er land doth travelling go
Of riches, from far Tagus to the Nile,
And from cold Zealand's coast of frost and snow
To where the sun no difference in the style
Of days doth make, o'er Ethiop race and ground—
All in his country greatly doth abound;

LXII.

'And if thou dost desire with pacts and ties
Of peace and friendship sacred true and plain,
To establish commerce of the abundances
Of all things that thy land and his contain;
And see the increase of wealth and luxuries
(Which people toil and sweat the most to gain)
Within your realms; sure, if ye thus combine,
Vast glory will be his, and profit thine.

LXIII.

'And if so, that this friendly bond may be
Between you both most firmly permanent,
He will be prompt in all adversity
Which warfare 'gainst your country may present,
With men and arms and ships; e'en so that thee
As brother he may treat to all intent;
And, upon this your resolution ta'en,
That thou an answer positive wilt deign.'

LXIV.

Tal embaixada dava o Capitão,
A quem o Rei gentio respondia,
Que em ver embaixadores de nação
Tão remota grão gloria recebia:
Mas neste caso a ultima tenção
Com os de seu conselho tomaria,
Informando-se certo de quem era
O Rei e a gente e terra que dissera;

LXV.

E que em tanto podia do trabalho
Passado ir repousar, e em tempo breve
Daria a seu despacho hum justo talho,
Com que a seu Rei resposta alegre leve.
Já nisto punha a noite a usado atalho
Ás humanas canseiras; porque ceve
De doce somno os membros trabalhados,
Os olhos occupando ao ocio dados.

LXVI.

Agasalhados foram juntamente
O Gama e Portuguezes no aposento
Do nobre regedor da Indica gente
Com festas e geral contentamento.
O Catual, no cargo diligente
De seu Rei, tinha já por regimento
Saber da gente estranha, donde vinha,
Que costumes, que lei, que terra tinha.

LXVII.

Tanto que os igneos carros do formoso
Mancebo Delio vio, que a luz renova,
Manda chamar Monçaide, desejoso
De poder-se informar da gente nova;
Já lhe pergunta prompto e curioso,
Se tem noticia inteira e certa prova
Dos estranhos quem são; que ouvido tinha
Que he gente de sua patria mui visinha;

LXIV.

Such Royal message did the Captain give;
To whom the Gentoo monarch answered straight,
That from so far a nation to receive
Ambassadors was honour very great;
But, in this case his final will he'd leave
To settle with his counsellors of state,
Being informed, for certain, of this King,
And race and land whereof he news did bring;

LXV.

And that he could in rest the mean time spend
From his past labours; and, with brief delay,
To his despatch he'd due decision send,
Which to his King kind answer might convey.
On this came night, and put the accustomed end
To human labours, soothing with her sway
In sweet repose the limbs with toil o'erpressed,
And ruling o'er the eyes resigned to rest.

LXVI.

The Portuguese with Gama, as was meet,
Were hospitably housed and entertained
By the great Indian Ruler at his seat,
With feastings and contentment all unfeigned.
Active his Monarch's orders to complete,
The duty with the Catual remained
To learn of this strange people whence they came,
Their customs, faith, and country that they claim.

LXVII.

Soon, therefore, as he saw the cars of fire
Of the fair Delian youth that bring back light,
He calls and tells Monçaide his desire
Of this strange people all to learn aright.
Prompt and inquisitive he 'gins to enquire
If he is well informed and certain quite
Who are these strangers; for he hears 'tis known
They're people of a country near his own;

LXVIII.

Que particularmente alli lhe désse
Informação mui larga, pois fazia
Nisso serviço ao Rei; porque soubesse
O que neste negocio se faria.
Monçaide torna: 'Postoque eu quizesse
Dizer-te disto mais não saberia:
Sómente sei que he gente lá de Hespanha
Onde o meu ninho, e o Sol no mar se banha.

LXIX.

'Tem a lei d'hum Propheta que gerado
Foi sem fazer na carne detrimento
Da Mãi; tal que por bafo está approvado
Do Deos, que tem do mundo o regimento.
O que entre meus antiguos he vulgado
Delles he, que o valor sanguinolento
Das armas no seu braço resplandece,
O que em nossos passados se parece;

LXX.

'Porque elles com virtude sobrehumana
Os deitaram dos campos abundosos
Do rico Tejo e fresca Guadiana
Com feitos memoraveis e famosos:
E, não contentes inda, na Africana
Parte (cortando os mares procellosos)
Nos não querem deixar viver seguros,
Tomando-nos cidades e altos muros.

LXXI.

'Não menos tem mostrado esforço e manha
Em quaesquer outras guerras que aconteçam,
Ou das gentes belligeras de Hespanha,
Ou lá d'alguns que do Pyrene deçam:
Assi que nunca em fim com lança estranha
Se tem que por vencidos se conheçam:
Nem se sabe inda, não, te affirmo e assello
Para estes Annibaes nenhum Marcello.

LXVIII.

And that especially he would bestow
The fullest details, which would be, indeed,
Of service to the King, who thus would know
How in this matter he might then proceed.
Monçaide replies: 'E'en wishing so,
My knowledge would not answer to thy need;
I only know they are of race from Spain,
Where is my nest, and Sol bathes in the main.

LXIX.

'And of a Prophet they profess the Faith,
Who by a Virgin without taint was bred,
Being by all acknowledged as the Breath
Of God, by Whom the world is governèd.
Of them, among my grandsires, history saith
That all their valorous deeds in war are spread
Forth on their arm with shining glory clear,
As doth among our ancestors appear.

LXX.

'For they with superhuman power and might
Expelled us from the sweet fertilities
Of Tagus rich and Guadiana bright,
With deeds of ever famous memories;
And not contented, then, came forth to fight
On Africa's soil, across the stormy seas,
Not willing that we there secure should dwell,
Taking our towns and fortresses as well.

LXXI.

'Nor did they less their power and skill sustain
Where'er in other wars they might contend,
Or with belligerent races of old Spain,
Or those who might from Pyrenees descend;
So that 'gainst foreign lance they ne'er in vain
Did battle, nor as vanquished would they bend;
Nor, I avouch, Marcellus yet is known
By whom these Hannibals may be o'erthrown.

LXXII.

'E, se esta informação não for inteira
Tanto quanto convem, delles pretende
Informar-te; que he gente verdadeira,
A quem mais falsidade enoja e offende;
Vai ver-lhe a frota, as armas e a maneira
Do fundido metal que tudo rende;
E folgarás de veres a policia
Portugueza na paz e na milicia.'

LXXIII.

Já com desejos o Idolátra ardia
De ver isto que o Mouro lhe contava:
Manda esquipar báteis: que ir ver queria
Os lenhos em que o Gama navegava;
Ambos partem da praia, a quem seguia
A Naira geração que o mar coalhava:
Á capitaina sobem forte e bella,
Onde Paulo os recebe a bordo della.

LXXIV.

Purpureos são os toldos, e as bandeiras
Do rico fio são, que o bicho gera,
Nellas estão pintadas as guerreiras
Obras que o forte braço já fizera:
Batalhas tem campaes, aventureiras,
Desafios crueis, pintura fera,
Que tanto que ao Gentio se apresenta
Attento nella os olhos apascenta.

LXXV.

Pelo que vê pergunta: mas o Gama
Lhe pedia primeiro que se assente,
E que aquelle deleite que tanto ama
A seita Epicurêa experimente.
Dos espumantes vasos se derrama
O licor que Noé mostrara á gente:
Mas comer o Gentio não pretente;
Que a seita que seguia lho defende.

LXXII.

'If these particulars should seem but few
For what thou wishest, then must thou pretend
To ask themselves, for they are people true
Whom falsehood doth disgust and most offend;
Go thou the fleet, the arms, the style to view
Of their cast metal, whereto all must bend;
To note the method of the Portuguese,
For peace or war prepared, will greatly please.'

LXXIII.

Now, ardent wish the Idolater inspires
To witness what the Moor to him relates;
He sends to equip the boats, as he desires
To see the ships which Gama navigates;
Both leave the shore, close followed by the Nayres,
Whose crowd the ocean curds and agitates;
They mount the Captain's noble ship complete,
And are received on board by Paul, as meet.

LXXIV.

Purple the awnings; and there float in air
Flags of rich silk, the produce of the worm;
Paintings of all the warlike deeds they bear
Which arm of valour did of old perform;
Pitched battles, too, as fought by those who dare,
Fierce challenges,—a picture all of storm,—
On all that is presented the Gentoo
Feeds with attention his delighted view.

LXXV.

He asks of what he sees; but Gama prayed
That first he would a little while repose,
And of the joys partake for which, 'tis said,
That Epicurus' sect such fondness shows.
The foaming vases, streaming forth, displayed
The juice which man to art of Nöe owes;
But to partake the strict Gentoo declines,
E'en as the sect he followeth assigns.

LXXVI.

A trombeta, que em paz no pensamento
Imagem faz de guerra, rompe os ares:
Co'o fogo o diabolico instrumento
Se faz ouvir no fundo lá dos mares.
Tudo o Gentio nota; mas o intento
Mostrava sempre ter nos singulares
Feitos dos homens, que em retrato breve
A muda poesia alli descreve.

LXXVII.

Alça-se em pé, com elle o Gama junto,
Coelho de outra parte e o Mauritano:
Os olhos põe no bellico transunto
De hum velho branco, aspeito soberano,
Cujo nome não pode ser defunto
Em quanto houver no mundo trato humano:
No trajo a Grega usança está perfeita,
Hum ramo por insignia na direita.

LXXVIII.

Hum ramo na mão tinha... Mas ó cego
Eu, que commetto insano e temerario
Sem vós, Nymphas do Tejo e do Mondego,
Por caminho tão arduo longo e vario!
Vosso favor invoco, que navego
Por alto mar com vento tão contrario,
Que se não me ajudais hei grande medo
Que o meu fraco batel se alague cedo.

LXXIX.

Olhai, que ha tanto tempo que, cantando
O vosso Tejo e os vossos Lusitanos,
A fortuna me traz peregrinando,
Novos trabalhos vendo e novos danos:
Agora o mar, agora exprimentando
Os perigos Mavorcios inhumanos;
Qual Canace, que á morte se condena,
N'huma mão sempre a espada e n'outra a penna;

LXXVI.

The trumpet, which doth e'en in peace present
War's image to the thought, now rends the air;
With fire the diabolic instrument
Makes itself heard upon deep ocean there:
All this the Gentoo notes; but seems intent
To scan those deeds of ancient prowess rare,
Which, thus in graphic portraiture pourtrayed,
Painting's mute poesy hath there displayed.

LXXVII.

He rises up and Gama equally,
The Moor and Coelho on their part attend:
Upon an old man's form they fix the eye
Of aspect sovereign, grey and reverend,
Whose name it is not possible should die
Till in the world man's intercourse shall end:
In garb of perfect Grecian style divine,
In his right hand a branch, as for a sign—

LXXVIII.

A branch within his hand—Oh! blind I seem,
Who without you would, rash, attempt my song,
Ye nymphs of Tagus and Mondego's stream,
By path so various, arduous and long!
Your favours I invoke, while e'en I dream
O'er the deep sea to sail 'gainst winds so wrong
That, if ye do not aid me, much I fear
My fragile barque will quickly disappear!

LXXIX.

See how long time, while I resounding go
Your Tagus and your Lusitanians bold,
Fortune has dragged me wandering to and fro,
New labours and new sufferings to behold:
Now on the sea, and now compelled to know
Perils of war, inhuman and untold:
Like Canace, self-doomed to death I stand,
Ever with sword and pen in either hand;

LXXX.

Agora com pobreza aborrecida
Por hospicios alheos degradado;
Agora da esperança já adquirida
De novo, mais que nunca derribado:
Agora ás costas escapando a vida,
Que d'hum fio pendia tão delgado,
Que não menos milagre foi salvar-se
Que para o Rei Judaico accrescentar-se.

LXXXI.

E ainda, Nymphas minhas, não bastava
Que tamanhas miserias me cercassem;
Senão que aquelles, que eu cantando andava,
Tal premio de meus versos me tornassem:
A trôco dos descansos que esperava,
Das capellas de louro que me honrassem,
Trabalhos nunca usados me inventaram,
Com que em tão duro estado me deitaram.

LXXXII.

Vede, Nymphas, que engenhos de senhores
O vosso Tejo cria valerosos,
Que assi sabem prezar com taes favores
A quem os faz, cantando, gloriosos!
Que exemplos a futuros escriptores
Para espertar engenhos curiosos,
Para pôrem as cousas em memoria
Que merecerem ter eterna gloria!

LXXXIII.

Pois, logo em tantos males he forçado,
Que só vosso favor me não falleça,
Principalmente aqui, que sou chegado
Onde feitos diversos engrandeça;
Dai-mo vós sós; que eu tenho já jurado
Que não no empregue em quem o não mereça,
Nem por lisonja louve algum subido,
Sob pena de não ser agradecido.

LXXX.

Now with abhorrent poverty borne down,
By others with humiliation fed;
Indulging now in hope once more new blown,
Now more than ever cheated and misled;
With life escaping now, but scarce one's own,
It hung upon so frail, so fine a thread,
That 'twas not less a miracle to save
Than that which Judah's King extension gave.

LXXXI.

E'en so, my Nymphs! it did not yet content
That such great miseries should me surround;
But truly those, whom I recording went,
Such recompense have for my verses found;
Instead of rest, whereon my hopes were bent,
And with the laurel's honour being crowned,
For me did they invent toils all unknown,
Whence into such hard suffering I was thrown.

LXXXII.

Behold, my Nymphs! what lofty minded Lords
Your Tagus doth create, in valour strong;
Who thus know how to prize with such rewards
Him who hath made them glorious in his song!
What sample this for future pens affords
To awake and lead aspiring minds along,
To consecrate those acts and deeds in story,
Which are deserving of eternal glory!

LXXXIII.

Then, seeing that by such evils I am torn,
Oh! let your favour not desert me now;
And chiefly here, for I am onward borne
Where various deeds with fame it may endow;
Grant this, O ye alone! for I have sworn
That on the unworthy nought will I bestow;
Nor on high rank my flattery will intrude,
On pain of reaping mere ingratitude.

LXXXIV.

Nem creais, Nymphas, não, que fama désse
A quem ao bem commum e do seu Rei
Antepuzer seu proprio interesse,
Imigo da divina e humana lei:
Nenhum ambicioso que quizesse
Subir a grandes cargos cantarei,
Só por poder com torpes exercicios
Usar mais largamente de seus vicios.

LXXXV.

Nenhum, que use de seu poder bastante
Para servir a seu desejo feio,
E que, por comprazer ao vulgo errante,
Se muda em mais figuras que Proteio:
Nem, Camenas, tambem cuideis que cante
Quem com habito honesto e grave veio
Por contentar ao Rei no officio novo,
A despir e roubar o pobre povo.

LXXXVI.

Nem quem acha que he justo e que he direito
Guardar-se a lei do Rei severamente,
E não acha que he justo e bom respeito
Que se pague o suor da servil gente:
Nem quem sempre com pouco experto peito
Razões apprende, e cuida que he prudente
Para taixar com mão rapace e escassa
Os trabalhos alheios que não passa.

LXXXVII.

Aquelles sós direi que aventuraram
Por seu Deos, por seu Rei, a amada vida,
Onde, perdendo-a, em fama a dilataram
Tão bem de suas obras merecida:
Apollo e as Musas, que me acompanharam,
Me dobrarão a furia concedida,
Em quanto eu tomo alento descansado,
Por tornar ao trabalho, mais folgado.

LXXXIV.

Nor deem,—no—Nymphs, I would accord him fame
Who 'gainst the common weal and 'gainst his King
Would preference for his selfish interest claim,
Divine and human laws not reverencing:
Nor one ambitious who would rise to name
And offices important will I sing,
But to be able, in his vile career,
To indulge his vices in a larger sphere.

LXXXV.

None, who his overweening power would use
For his own vicious inclinations' sake,
And who, the ignorant vulgar to amuse,
More than e'en Proteus' various forms would take;
Nor dream, Camenæ, that for song I choose
Him who a grave and honest show would make,
And in his new-born power, to please his King,
Would the poor people with extortion wring.

LXXXVI.

Nor him that finds 'tis just and 'tis correct
To keep the King's command severe and true,
And does not find it just and good respect
To pay to those, who toil, their labour's due:
Nor him whose mind but little doth reflect,
And deems he takes a fit and prudent view,
To tax with mean rapacious hand unfair
The work of others, which he does not share.

LXXXVII.

Those only who have ventured, will I name,
For God and for their King the life they loved,
Where losing it they lengthened it in fame,
So well deserved as by their deeds was proved:
Apollo and the Nine, who with me came,
The fire will double which in me Ye moved,
While, to take breath, reposing I remain,
To turn more cheerful to my task again.

## *CANTO OITAVO.*

I.

Na primeira figura se detinha
O Catual, que vira estar pintada,
Que por divisa hum ramo na mão tinha,
A barba branca, longa e penteada:
'Quem era, e por que causa lhe convinha
A divisa, que tem na mão tomada?'
Paulo responde, cuja voz discreta
O Mauritano sabio lhe interpreta.

II.

'Estas figuras todas, que apparecem,
Bravos em vista, e feros nos aspeitos,
Mais bravos e mais feros se conhecem
Pela fama nas obras e nos feitos:
Antiguos são, mas inda resplandecem
Co'o nome entre os engenhos mais perfeitos:
Este, que vês, he Luso, donde a fama
O nosso reino Lusitania chama.

III.

'Foi filho, ou companheiro do Thebano,
Que tão diversas partes conquistou:
Parece vindo ter ao ninho Hispano,
Seguindo as armas, que contino usou:
Do Douro, e Guadiana o campo ufano,
Já dito Elysio, tanto o contentou,
Que alli quiz dar aos já cansados ossos
Eterna sepultura, e nome aos nossos.

## *CANTO VIII.*

I.

The Catual, attentive, took his stand
At the first figure he had painted seen,
Who for device a branch held in his hand;
The beard was white and long, and combed had been.
'Who was the figure? what did it intend,
That he should thus hold forth that emblem green?'
Paul answers him, and his reply discreet
The learned Moor interprets as is meet.

II.

'These figures all which here around are shown,
Brave in their view and fierce in their aspèct,
E'en yet more brave and yet more fierce are known
By fame which doth with acts and deeds connect.
Ancient they are, but still great name they own,
That shines 'midst spirits who high deeds affect;
This whom thou see'st is Lusus, whence by fame
Our realm bears Lusitania as its name.

III.

'The Theban's son he was, or comrade ta'en,
Who in his time such various realms subdued;
He reached, as is declared, the land of Spain,
To arms devoted which he aye pursued;
Douro's and Guadiana's boastful plain,
Elysium called, with such delight he viewed,
There to his weary limbs a burial-place
By choice he gave, and title to our race.

IV.

'O ramo que lhe vês para divisa
O verde thyrso foi de Baccho usado,
O qual á nossa idade amostra e avisa
Que foi seu companheiro, ou filho amado.
Vês outro que do Tejo a terra pisa
Despois de ter tão longo mar arado,
Onde muros perpetuos edifica,
E templo a Pallas que em memoria fica?

V.

'Ulysses he o que faz a sancta casa
A deosa que lhe dá lingua facunda;
Que, se lá na Asia Troia insigne abrasa,
Cá na Europa Lisboa ingente funda.'
'Quem será est'outro cá que o campo arrasa
De mortos com presença furibunda?
Grandes batalhas tem desbaratadas,
Que as aguias nas bandeiras têm pintadas.'

VI.

Assi o Gentio diz: responde o Gama:
'Este que vês pastor já foi de gado,
Viriáto sabemos que se chama,
Destro na lança mais que no cajado:
Injuriada tem de Roma a fama,
Vencedor invencibil, afamado;
Não tem com elle, não, nem ter puderam
O primor que com Pyrrho já tiveram:

VII.

'Com força não, com manha vergonhosa
A vida lhe tiraram que os espanta;
Que o grande aperto em gente, inda que honrosa,
Ás vezes leis magnanimas quebranta.
Outro está aqui, que contra a patria irosa
Degradado comnosco se alevanta:
Escolheo bem com quem se alevantasse,
Para que eternamente se illustrasse:

IV.

'The branch thou see'st, that for device he bore,
Is the green thyrsus Bacchus used to bear;
Which shows and tells our age that he, of yore,
Was his companion, or belovèd heir.
And see'st thou one who treads on Tagus' shore,
Having the long, long sea essayed to dare,
Where everlasting walls he rears on high
And Pallas' temple, fresh in memory?

V.

'Ulysses 'tis, the Goddess' fane doth raise,
She who on him his eloquence bestows;
If he, in Asia, Troy in ashes lays,
In Europe here by him vast Lisbon grows.'
'Who is this other who the plain displays
Covered with dead, whose presence fury shows?
In battles great he many has o'erthrown,
For eagles painted on his flags are shown.'

VI.

The Gentoo thus; and Gama to the same:
'He whom thou see'st kept cattle in the field;
We know that Viriatus is his name,
More skilled the lance, than shepherd's crook, to wield,
Much hath he prejudiced the Roman fame:
Victor invincible, famed ne'er to yield,
They ne'er displayed with him, nor could display,
Their power transcendent as in Pyrrhus' day.

VII.

'With valour, no—with shameful craftiness
The life that terrified them did they take;
E'en thus an honest race, in urgent stress,
The laws of magnanimity may break;
And one is here who, banished, ne'ertheless
Rose with us 'gainst his land and for our sake;
And well indeed he chose with whom to rise,
E'en that his name he might immortalise.

VIII.

'Vês, comnosco tambem vence as bandeiras
Dessas aves de Jupiter validas;
Que já naquelle tempo as mais guerreiras
Gentes de nós souberam ser vencidas:
Olha tão subtis artes e maneiras
Para adquirir os povos, tão fingidas,
A fatidica Cerva que o avisa:
Elle he Sertorio e ella a sua divisa:

IX.

'Olha est'outra bandeira, e vê pintado
O grão progenitor dos Reis primeiros;
Nós Húngaro o fazemos, porêm nado
Crem ser em Lotharingia os estrangeiros;
Despois de ter, co'os Mouros, superado
Gallegos e Leonezes cavalleiros,
Á Casa sancta passa o sancto Henrique;
Porque o tronco dos Reis se sanctifique.'

X.

'Quem he, me dize, est'outro, que me espanta,'
(Pergunta o Malabar maravilhado)
'Que tantos esquadrões, que gente tanta
Com tão pouca tem roto e destroçado?
Tantos muros asperrimos quebranta,
Tantas batalhas dá, nunca cansado,
Tantas coroas tem por tantas partes
A seus pés derribadas, e estandartes?'

XI.

'Este he o primeiro Afonso,' disse o Gama,
'Que todo Portugal aos Mouros toma,
Por quem no Estygio lago jura a Fama
De mais não celebrar nenhum de Roma:
Este he aquelle zeloso a quem Deos ama,
Com cujo braço o Mouro imigo doma,
Para quem de seu reino abaixa os muros,
Nada deixando já para os futuros.

VIII.

'With us he vanquishes the flags that bear
The birds which Jupiter with favour viewed;
Already they who leading warriors were
Knew what it was to be by us subdued;
Behold what subtile arts, what fictions rare,
Practised to influence the people rude!
The Hind prophetic, teaching destiny;
He is Sertorius, and his emblem she.

IX.

'Behold this other flag, whereon is shown
The great forefather of our Royal chain;
We have his lineage as Hungarian known,
But strangers deem him born as of Lorraine;
After that with the Moors he had o'erthrown
The Leonese and knights Gallician,
To the Holy House doth Holy Henry hie,
That he our line of Kings may sanctify.'

X.

'Tell me, who is this other, who dismays'
(The Malabar astonished now demands),
'Who such vast squadrons, who such vast arrays
Hath routed and destroyed with such small bands?
So many rugged walls in ruins lays,
So many battles gives and aye withstands;
Hath in so many parts so many a crown
And standard proud beneath his feet cast down?'

XI.

s is the First Alfonso,' Gama spake,
o from the Moors all Portugal reclaims,
whom Fate swears, upon the Stygian lake,
r to sound again the Roman names:
zealous one whom God loves for his sake,
with whose arm the hostile Moor He tames;
vhom that kingdom's walls so low He lays,
nought is left for feats of future days.

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XII.

'Se Cesar, se Alexandre Rei tiveram
Tão pequeno poder, tão pouca gente
Contra tantos inimigos quantos eram
Os que desbaratava este excellente,
Não creas que seus nomes se estenderam
Com glorias immortaes tão largamente;
Mas deixa os feitos seus inexplicáveis,
Vê, que os de seus vassallos são notaveis.

XIII.

'Este que vês olhar com gesto irado
Para o rompido alumno mal soffrido,
Dizendo-lhe que o exercito espalhado
Recolha e torne ao campo defendido:
Torna o moço do velho acompanhado,
Que vencedor o torna de vencido:
Egas Moniz se chama o forte velho,
Para leaes vassallos claro espelho.

XIV.

'Vêl-o cá vai co'os filhos a entregar-se,
A corda ao collo, nu de seda e panno;
Porque não quiz o moço sujeitar-se,
Como elle promettera, ao Castelhano:
Fez com siso e promessas levantar-se
O cerco que já estava soberano:
Os filhos e mulher obriga á pena;
Para que o senhor salve a si condena.

XV.

'Não fez o consul tanto, que cercado
Foi nas forcas Caudinas de ignorante,
Quando a passar por baixo foi forçado
Do Samnitico jugo triumphante:
Este pelo seu povo injuriado
A si se entrega só firme e constante;
Est'outro a si e os filhos naturais
E a consorte sem culpa, que doe mais.

XII.

'Had Cæsar, had King Alexander, led
A power so small and forces but so few
Against such numbers as were gatherèd
'Gainst this great man, and whom he overthrew,
Believe not that their names so wide had spread,
Nor such immortal glories been their due;
But let us from these wondrous feats pass on,
For wondrous feats his vassals, too, have done.

XIII.

[H]e whom thou see'st with eye of angry shame,
[i]mpatient of his pupil who had fled,
[r]iding him all his scattered force reclaim,
[a]nd turn unto the field where he had led—
[W]ith the old man the youth returning came,
[W]ho turned him victor out of vanquishèd—
[T]hus Moniz the veteran is you view,
A mirror bright for every vassal true.

XIV.

Lo! there to yield him with his sons he goes,
[C]ord round his neck, a common robeless man;
[B]ecause the youth his promise would refuse,
[T]o yield himself to the Castilian;
Wisely with pledges he had led the foes
[T]o raise the siege, become all sovereign;
His sons, his wife, he destines to the sword,
[C]ondemns himself that he may save his lord.

XV.

Not so much pain the Consul, overthrown
[W]ithin the Caudine Forks by ambush, bore,
[W]hen he was forced to pass, with arms laid down,
[B]eath the triumphant Samnites yoke of yore;
[T]hat man, decried and censured by his own,
[C]onstant and firm, himself delivered o'er;
[B]ut this man, self and very children dear
And guiltless consort; deeper pang to bear.

XVI.

'Vês este, que, sahindo da cilada,
Dá sobre o Rei que cérca a villa forte,
Já o Rei tem preso e a villa descercada?
Illustre feito, digno de Mavorte!
Vêl-o cá vai pintado nesta armada,
No mar tambem aos Mouros dando a morte,
Tomando lhe as galés, levando a gloria
Da primeira maritima victoria;

XVII.

'He Dom Fuas Roupinho, que na terra
E no mar resplandece juntamente
Co'o fogo que accendeo junto da serra
De Abyla nas galés da Maura gente:
Olha como em tão justa e sancta guerra
De acabar pelejando está contente:
Das mãos dos Mouros entra a felice alma
Triumphando nos Ceos com justa palma.

XVIII.

'Não vês hũ ajuntamento de estrangeiro
Trajo sahir da grande armada nova,
Que ajuda a combater o Rei primeiro
Lisboa, de si dando sancta prova?
Olha Henrique, famoso cavalleiro,
A palma que lhe nasce junto á cova:
Por elles mostra Deos milagre visto:
Germanos são os martyres de Christo.

XIX.

'Hum Sacerdote vê brandindo a espada
Contra Arronches, que toma por vingança
De Leiria que de antes foi tomada
Por quem por Mafamede enresta a lança:
He Theotonio, Prior. Mas vê cercada
Santarem, e verás a segurança
Da figura nos muros, que primeira
Subindo ergueo das quinas a bandeira.

XVI.

'See'st thou the man who from his ambuscade
Falls on the King who doth the town invest?
The siege is raised, the King is captive made,
Illustrious feat which Mars had e'en professed;
Behold him here among this fleet displayed,
The Moors, at sea, to very ruin pressed;
He takes their gallies, claiming the renown
Of this first naval conquest as his own;

XVII.

'Tis Dom Fuas Roupinho, who on land
And ocean shineth forth with equal light,
Who near Mount Abyla, with fiery brand,
Destroyed the Moorish gallies in the fight.
O! with so just and sacred war in hand
He is content to die in arms for right;
By Moorish hands the happy spirit flies
With just reward triumphant to the Skies.

XVIII.

'Dost thou not see a crowd in foreign gear,
Who from the vast new fleet descending go,
And in the first King's aid to engage appear
'Gainst Lisbon, whence their sacred call they show?
Mury behold! the famous cavalier;
And by his sepulchre a palm doth grow;
For them doth God a miracle proclaim;
In Germany these Christian martyrs came.

XIX.

'Behold a priest, who brandishing his blade
Broadswords takes, from vengeance he doth bear
To Leiria, captive lately made,
Of him who doth for Mahomet couch the spear;
The prior Theotonio. But, o'erlaid
Santarem by siege; and, scorning fear,
That figure on the walls who first of all
Planted, and raised the flag of Portugal.

XX.

'Vêl-o cá, onde Sancho desbarata
Os Mouros de Vandalia em fera guerra,
Os imigos rompendo o alferes mata,
E Hispalico pendão derriba em terra?
Mem Moniz he, que em si o valor retrata,
Que o sepulchro do pai co'os ossos cerra,
Digno destas bandeiras; pois sem falta
A contraria derriba e a sua exalta.

XXI.

'Olha aquelle que desce pela lança
Com as duas cabeças dos vigias,
Onde a cilada esconde, com que alcança
A cidade por manhas e ousadias:
Ella por armas toma a semelhança
Do cavalleiro que as cabeças frias
Na mão levava: feito nunca feito!
Giraldo-Sem-pavôr he o forte peito.

XXII.

'Não vês hum Castelhano, que aggravado
De Afonso nono Rei, pelo odio antigo
Dos de Lara co'os Mouros he deitado,
De Portugal fazendo-se inimigo?
Abrantes villa toma, acompanhado
Dos duros infieis que traz comsigo:
Mas vê que hum Portuguez com pouca gente
O desbarata e o prende ousadamente;

XXIII.

'Martim Lopes se chama o cavalleiro,
Que destes levar pode a palma e o louro.
Mas olha hum Ecclesiastico guerreiro,
Que em lança de aço torna o bago de ouro;
Vêl-o entre os duvidosos tão inteiro
Em não negar batalha ao bravo Mouro?
Olha o signal no ceo que lhe apparece,
Com que nos poucos seus o esforço creee:

XX.

'See'st him where Sancho ruins and dismays,
In battle fierce, the rude Vandalian Moor,
The foes dispersing, he the Ensign slays
And the Hispalic pennon tramples o'er?
Mem Moniz 'tis, who valour re-displays
Which with his father's bones was tombed of yore,
Worthy these flags, for, ne'er in war at fault,
The opposed doth he destroy, his own exalt.

XXI.

'That other see, descending on his lance,
Bearing the two heads of the watchmen slain;
He hides in ambush, whence he doth advance,
The town by daring and by snare to gain:
This for its arms paints, with significance,
The hero's portrait with the cold heads ta'en
And borne in hand; till then deed never done!
Giraldo-the-Fearless is the valiant one.

XXII.

'See'st this Castilian, now, who mortified
By the ninth King, Alfonso, with old hate
Of those of Lara is with Moors allied,
Turning 'gainst Portugal inveterate?
He takes Abrantes, having at his side
The cruel heathens he doth congregate;
But lo! with forces small a Portuguese
Doth rout him and as prisoner boldly seize;

XXIII.

'The knight by name is Martin Lopes known,
Who doth the palm and laurel of them earn.
But see a Churchman warrior, how he shone,
Who staff of gold to lance of steel doth turn:
See'st him, among the doubtful, hold his own,
And with the valiant Moor for battle burn?
The sign which Heaven displays to him behold,
Whereby the spirit of his few grows bold.

XXIV.

'Vês, vão os Reis de Cordova e Sevilha
Rotos co'os outros dous, e não de espaço:
Rotos? mas antes mortos. Maravilha
Feita de Deos: que não de humano braço!
Vês, já a villa de Alcácere se humilha,
Sem lhe valer defeza ou muro de aço,
A Dom Mattheus, o Bispo de Lisboa,
Que a coroa de palma alli corôa.

XXV.

'Olha hum Mestre que desce de Castella,
Portuguez de nação, como conquista
A terra dos Algarves, e já nella
Não acha quem por armas lhe resista:
Com manha, esforço e com benigna estrella
Villas, castellos toma á escala vista:
Vês Tavila tomada aos moradores,
Em vingança dos sete caçadores.

XXVI.

'Vês, com bellica astucia ao Mouro ganha
Sylves, que elle ganhou com força ingente;
He Dom Paio Correa, cuja manha,
E grande esforço faz inveja á gente.
Mas não passes os tres que em França e Hespanha
Se fazem conhecer perpetuamente
Em desafios, justas e torneos,
Nellas deixando publicos tropheos.

XXVII.

'Vêl-os, co'o nome vem de aventureiros
A Castella, onde o preço sós levaram
Dos jogos de Bellona verdadeiros,
Que com damno de alguns se exercitaram;
Vê mortos os soberbos cavalleiros
Que o principal dos tres desafiaram,
Que Gonçalo Ribeiro se nomea,
Que póde não temer a lei Lethea.

XXIV.

'The Kings of Cordova and Seville see,
Routed with th' other two, and in brief span;
Routed? nay, rather slain; a prodigy
Performed by God and not by arm of man!
The town of Alcacer must humbled be;
Defence, or walls of metal nothing can
'Gainst Dom Matthéus, Lisbon's Bishop known,
And whom a crown of palms, e'en there, doth crown.

XXV.

'Behold a Master from Castile afar,
By nation, Portuguese: how he o'erthrows
The land of the Algarvès, and in war
Finds none who can by arms his force oppose:
With skill and force and 'neath benignant star
'Gainst towns and forts with scaling-ladder goes;
See, from its people Tavila he takes,
And vengeance for the seven hunters wreaks;

XXVI.

'See, from the Moor his warlike skill doth gain
Sylves which had been gained with force likewise;
Paio Corrêa 'tis, whose skilful vein
And mighty power make people's envy rise:
But pass not by the three in France and Spain
Who stand perpetually before men's eyes:
In duels, jousts and tournaments combined,
With all their public trophies left behind;

XXVII.

'Behold them come with an adventurer's name
Unto Castile, where they alone divide
The prizes of Bellona's warlike game,
Which they with the defeat of some decide:
Lo! they are slain, those haughty knights of fame,
Who of the three the principal defied:
Gonçalo Ribeiro is the name he bears,
Who from the law of Lethe nothing fears.

XXVIII.

'Attenta n'hum, que a fama tanto estende
Que de nenhum passado se contenta,
Que a patria, que de hum fraco fio pende,
Sobre seus duros hombros a sustenta:
Não no vês tinto de ira, que reprende
A' vil desconfiança inerte e lenta
Do povo, e faz que tome o doce freio
De Rei seu natural e não de alheio?

XXIX.

'Olha, por seu conselho e ousadia,
De Deos guiada só, e de sancta estrella,
Só pode o que impossibil parecia,
Vencer o povo ingente de Castella;
Vês por industria, esforço e valentia
Outro estrago e victoria clara e bella
Na gente assi feroz como infinita,
Que entre o Tartesso e Guadiana habita;

XXX.

'Mas não vês quasi já desbaratado
O poder Lusitano pela ausencia
Do capitão devoto, que apartado
Orando invoca a summa e trina Essencia?
Vêl-o com préssa já dos seus achado,
Que lhe dizem, que falta resistencia
Contra poder tamanho, e que viesse;
Porque comsigo esforço aos fracos désse;

XXXI.

'Mas olha com que sancta confiança
Que inda não era tempo, respondia;
Como quem tinha em Deos a segurança
Da victoria que logo lhe daria:
Assi Pompilio, ouvindo que a possança
Dos imigos a terra lhe corria,
A quem lhe a dura nova estava dando
"Pois eu, responde, estou sacrificando:"

XXVIII.

'Turn, now, to one whom Fame so high extends
That with no hero past is she content;
Who, while his country on a thread depends,
Bears her upon his shoulders, confident;
See'st not his angry blush, which reprehends
The people's vile mistrust, weak, indolent,
And makes them the benignant rule obey
Of their own King and not another's sway?

XXIX.

'See, by his counsels and his bravery,
Led on by God alone, and sacred star,
She can (what seemed impossible to be)
The great Castilian race o'ercome in war;
By valour and by strength and industry
See'st rout and victory, renowned afar,
O'er race who, fierce as numberless to tell,
'Twixt Guadiana and Tartessus dwell?

XXX.

'But see'st thou not how nearly overthrown
The Lusian power, whom absence doth distress
Of their devout commander, who alone
To the high Triune Power doth prayer address?
See him, in haste, discovered by his own
Who tell him that defence is purposeless
'Gainst so much power; and that he must appear,
To strengthen with his presence those that fear;

XXXI.

'Behold him, with what holy confidence
He answers that 'tis not yet time to go;
As one who had in God assurèd sense
Of victory, which soon he would bestow:
Pompilius thus, hearing a force immense
Of foes would presently his land o'erflow,
To him who brings the heavy news replies
"But I am now engaged in sacrifice."

XXXII.

'Se quem com tanto esforço em Deos se atreve
Ouvir quizeres como se nomea,
Portuguez Scipião chamar-se deve,
Mas mais de "Dom Nuno Alvares" se arrea:
Ditosa patria que tal filho teve,
Mas antes pai; que em quanto o Sol rodea
Este globo de Ceres e Neptuno
Sempre suspirará por tal alumno.

XXXIII.

'Na mesma guerra vê, que presas ganha
Est'outro capitão de pouca gente,
Commendadores vence e o gado apanha,
Que levavam roubado ousadamente:
Outra vez vê, que a lança em sangue banha
Destes, só por livrar co'amor ardente
O preso amigo, preso por leal:
Pero Rodrigues he do Landroal.

XXXIV.

'Olha este desleal o como paga
O perjurio que fez e vil engano:
Gil Fernandes he de Elvas quem o estraga,
E faz vir a passar o ultimo dano:
De Xerez rouba o campo, e quasi alaga
Co'o sangue de seus donos Castelhano.
Mas olha Rui Pereira, que co'o rosto
Faz escudo ás galés, diante posto.

XXXV.

'Olha, que dezesete Lusitanos
Neste outeiro subidos se defendem
Fortes de quatro centos Castelhanos,
Que em derredor pelos tomar se estendem:
Porêm logo sentiram com seus danos
Que não só se defendem mas offendem:
Digno feito de ser no mundo eterno,
Grande no tempo antiguo e no moderno.

XXXII.

'If of the man who doth so boldly dare
Through God thou dost desire to know the name,
"The Lusian Scipio" he should really bear,
But "Nuno Alvares" doth prouder claim.
O! happy country that had son so rare,
Let me say—father: for while Sol's bright flame
Ceres' and Neptune's globe around shall hie,
For such an offspring shall she ever sigh.

XXXIII.

'In the same war his prizes, too, obtains
This other captain, with a small array;
Conquers commanders, and the herds regains
Which, stolen with daring, they had driv'n away;
See, with their blood, once more, his lance he stains,
Only to free 'neath ardent friendship's sway
His captive friend: captive by duty's call;
Pero Rodrigues 'tis of Landroal.

XXXIV.

'See this disloyal one, and how he pays
The vile deceit and all his perjury:
'Tis Gil Fernandes who this traitor slays,
And makes him suffer the last penalty;
Then takes the Xeres plain, and nearly lays
All under blood of those who dwellers be;
But mark Rui Pereira's daring face
That shields the gallies, taking foremost place.

XXXV.

'See seventeen Lusitanians hold their ground,
Bravely upon this hill which they ascend,
Against four hundred of Castile around,
Who to secure them everywhere extend:
But by their heavy losses these soon found
Not mere defenders, but who could offend:
Feat, for the eternal world of worth sublime,
Great in the ancient and the modern time.

XXXVI.

'Sabe-se antiguamente que trezentos
Já contra mil Romanos pelejaram
No tempo que os viris atrevimentos
De Viriáto tanto se illustraram:
E, delles alcançando vencimentos
Memoraveis, de herança nos deixaram
"Que os muitos, por ser poucos, não temamos,"
O que despois mil vezes amostramos.

XXXVII.

'Olha cá dous Infantes, Pedro e Henrique,
Progenie generosa de Joanne:
Aquelle faz que fama illustre fique
Delle em Germania, com que a morte engane:
Este, que ella nos mares o publique
Por seu descobridor, e desengane
De Ceita a Maura tumida vaidade,
Primeiro entrando as portas da cidade.

XXXVIII.

'Vês o Conde Dom Pedro, que sustenta
Dous cereos contra toda a Berberia?
Vês outro Conde está, que representa
Em terra Marte em forças e ousadia?
De poder defender se não contenta
Alcácere da ingente companhia;
Mas do seu Rei defende a chara vida,
Pondo por muro a sua, alli perdida.

XXXIX.

'Outros muitos verias, que os pintores
Aqui tambem por certo pintariam;
Mas falta-lhe pincel, faltam-lhe côres,
Honra, premio, favor, que as artes eriam:
Culpa dos viciosos successores
Que degeneram certo, e se desviam
Do lustre e do valor dos seus passados,
Em gostos e vaidades atolados.

XXXVI.

'Three hundred heroes, 'tis well known, of old
Against a thousand Romans held the fight,
What time the conquests and achievements bold
Of Viriatus' prowess shone so bright;
And gaining conquests worthy to be told,
Left us this great inheritance and right—
"The many not to fear, from being few:"
Which, since, a thousand times our annals show.

XXXVII.

'Pedro and Henry, here, two Princes see,
The noble offspring of the monarch John;
The first achieves to plant in Germany
Illustrious fame which Death must leave alone;
The next that he by fame proclaimed shall be
O'er ocean its discoverer; casting down
The tumid boast which Ceuta's Moor inflates;
Entering, the first of all, the city gates.

XXXVIII.

'See Count Dom Pedro, 'gainst all Barbary
How he two sieges doth sustain, unbent;
And there, another Count, in bravery
And power e'en Mars on land doth represent;
With mere defence 'gainst a vast company
Of Alcacer his pride is not content;
But of his King the precious life he shields,
Making his own a wall, which there he yields.

XXXIX.

'Here many others, also, wouldst thou hail,
Who surely had engaged the painter's vein;
But pencil fails them and their colours fail,
And fame, prize, favour, which the arts maintain:
Fault which from vicious offspring doth prevail,
Who surely are degenerate, and disdain
The lustre and the valour of their past,
In common tastes and vanities stuck fast.

XL.

'Aquelles pais illustres, que já deram
Principio á geração que delles pende,
Pela virtude muito então fizeram,
E por deixar a casa que descende:
Cegos! Que dos trabalhos que tiveram,
Se alta fama, e rumor delles se estende,
Escuros deixam sempre seus menores,
Com lhe deixar descansos corruptores.

XLI.

'Outros tambem ha grandes e abastados,
Sem nenhum tronco illustre donde venham;
Culpa de Reis, que ás vezes a privados
Dão mais que a mil que esforço e saber tenham:
Estes os seus não querem ver pintados,
Crendo que côres vãas lhe não convenham,
E, como a seu contrario natural,
A pintura que falla querem mal.

XLII.

'Não nego que ha com tudo descendentes
De generoso tronco e casa rica,
Que com costumes altos e excellentes
Sustentam a nobreza que lhe fica:
E se a luz dos antiguos seus parentes
Nelles mais o valor não clarifica,
Não falta ao menos, nem se faz escura;
Mas destes acha poucos a pintura.'

XLIII.

Assi está declarando os grandes feitos
O Gama, que alli mostra a varia tinta
Que a douta mão tão claros tão perfeitos
Do singular artifice alli pinta.
Os olhos tinha promptos e direitos
O Catual na historia bem distinta:
Mil vezes perguntava, e mil ouvia
As gostosas batalhas que alli via.

XL.

'Those ancestors, illustrious, who began
A generation which from them depends,
Accomplished very much by virtue, then,
A heritage bequeathing, which descends;
How blind! For, of the toils thro' which they ran
If high report and fame to them extends,
They leave their offspring but obscure and less
By leaving them corrupting idleness.

XLI.

'Others, again, have great and wealthy grown,
Without a root illustrious whence they rise;
The fault of Kings, who oft'times the unknown
More largely grace than thousands brave and wise:
These wish not theirs in pictures to be shown,
Feeling vain colours would offend their eyes;
And therefore, as against their natural foe,
For painting, which doth speak, dislike they show.

XLII.

'Yet will I grant, withal, 'midst those who came
From noble root and houses rich and strong,
There are whose modes of high excelling name
Sustain the titles which to them belong:
And if their early fathers' shining fame
Shines not more bright their progeny among,
At least it fades not, nor falls out of mind;
But very few of these doth painting find.'

XLIII.

Thus Gama doth these mighty feats declare,
All which the varied pictures round him show,
Which the skilled hand doth paint so true and fair
A special artifice therein doth glow:
His eyes the Catual keeps fixed with care,
Intent the history distinct to know:
A thousand times he asks, a thousand hears
Of each exciting battle which appears.

XLIV.

Mas já a luz se mostrava duvidosa,
Porque a alampada grande se escondia
Debaixo do horizonte, e luminosa
Levava aos antipodas o dia:
Quando o gentio e a gente generosa
Dos Naires da náo forte se partia
A buscar o repouso que descansa
Os lassos animaes na noite mansa.

XLV.

Entretanto os harúspices famosos
Na falsa opinião, que em sacrificios
Antevêm sempre os casos duvidosos
Por signaes diabolicos e indicios,
Mandados do Rei proprio, estudiosos
Exercitavam a arte e seus officios
Sobre esta vinda desta gente estranha,
Que ás suas terras vem da ignota Hespanha;

XLVI.

Signal lhe mostra o Demo verdadeiro
De como a nova gente lhe seria
Jugo perpetuo, eterno captiveiro,
Destruïção de gente e de valia.
Vai-se espantado o attonito agoureiro
Dizer ao Rei (segundo o que entendia)
Os signaes temerosos que alcançara
Nas entranhas das victimas que olhara.

XLVII.

A isto mais se ajunta, que a hum devoto
Sacerdote da lei de Mafamede,
Dos odios concebidos não remoto
Contra a divina Fé que tudo excede,
Em forma do propheta falso e noto,
Que do filho da escrava Agar procede,
Baccho odioso em sonhos lhe apparece,
Que de seus odios inda se não dece.

XLIV.

But now the light uncertain 'gan to show,
Because the burning lamp, hiding his ray
Beneath the horizon, in refulgent glow
Withdrew to the Antipodes the day:
When with the Nayres, his nobles, the Gentoo
From the brave vessel homeward took his way
To seek repose, which yields a sweet delight
To wearied animals in tranquil night.

XLV.

Meanwhile the soothsayers of celebrity
In false opinion, who in sacrifice
The doubtful cases always would foresee
By diabolic signs and tokens nice,
Charged by the King himself, most studiously
Their art and all their office exercise,
Of this strange race's coming signs to gain,
Who to his country come from unknown Spain.

XLVI.

The Demon token shows, in truthful mood,
How the strange people on their necks would place
Perpetual yoke, eternal servitude,
Destroyers of their power and of their race.
Th' astonished augur runs, by dread subdued,
To tell the King (as he conceives the case)
The fearful tokens he had seen displayed
Within the victims' entrails he surveyed.

XLVII.

'Tis said besides, that to a priest devout
Of the fanatic faith of Mahomed,
Who from those hatreds deep is not remote
Which 'gainst the Holy Faith all things exceed,
In form o' the false prophet of bad note,
Who from the captive Agar's son was bred,
Bacchus his odious self in dreams doth show,
For his old hates he doth not yet forego.

XLVIII.

E diz-lhe assi: 'Guardai-vos, gente minha,
Do mal que se apparelha pelo imigo
Que pelas aguas humidas caminha,
Antes que esteis mais perto do perigo.'
Isto dizendo, acorda o Mouro asinha
Espantado do sonho: mas comsigo
Cuida que não he mais que sonho usado,
Torna a dormir quieto e socegado.

XLIX.

Torna Baccho, dizendo: 'Não conheces
O grão legislador, que a teus passados
Tem mostrado o preceito a que obedeces,
Sem o qual foreis muitos baptizados?
Eu por ti, rudo, vélo, e tu adormeces?
Pois saberás que aquelles, que chegados
De novo são, serão mui grande dano
Da Lei que eu dei ao nescio povo humano.

L.

'Em quanto he fraca a força desta gente
Ordena como em tudo se resista;
Porque, quando o Solo sahe, facilmente
Se pode nelle pôr a aguda vista;
Porêm, despois que sobe claro e ardente,
Se agudeza dos olhos o conquista,
Tão cega fica quanto ficareis
Se raizes criar lhe não tolheis.'

LI.

Isto dito, elle, e o somno se despede:
Tremendo fica o attonito Agareno,
Salta da cama, lume aos servos pede,
Lavrando nelle o fervido veneno.
Tanto que a nova luz, que ao Sol precede,
Mostrára rosto angelico e sereno,
Convoca os principaes da torpe seita,
Aos quaes do que sonhou dá conta estreita.

XLVIII.

'Beware, my race, beware'—'twas thus he spake—
'The evil plotted by that enemy
Who o'er the liquid waves their course now take,
Ere nearer to the danger ye shall be!'
Thus as he speaks, swift doth the Moor awake,
Scared by the dream: but musing presently,
Thinks 'tis a common dream and nothing more,
And tranquil turns to slumber as before.

XLIX.

Then Bacchus speaks again: 'Dost thou not know
Him who thy fathers led—the Teacher great,
Who did the precept that thou followest show,
Or baptism had of many been the fate?
Dull man, for thee I watch, and sleepest thou?
Then shalt thou prove those here arrived of late
A grievous mischief to that Faith shall be
Which the blind human race received from me.

L.

'While still these people's power is weak and low,
Command they be opposed with all thy might:
For mark; when Sol his earliest ray doth throw,
Upon his orbs with ease we fix our sight;
But when he doth aloft in glory glow,
If the keen eye persist against his light,
As blind it falls as thou shalt blinded fall,
If thou their taking root dost not forestall.'

LI.

This spoken, he and with him slumber fled;
Trembling remains the astonished Agarene;
His slaves for light he calls; he starts from bed,
The fervid poison working hot within.
Soon as the early light, ere sunrise shed,
Had shown its brow angelic and serene,
He calls the chiefs of his vile sect around,
To whom he strictly doth his dream propound.

LII.

Diversos pareceres e contrarios
Alli se dão, segundo o que entendiam:
Astutas traïções, enganos varios,
Perfidias inventavam e teciam:
Mas, deixando conselhos temerarios,
Destruïção da gente pretendiam
Por manhas mais subtis e ardis melhores
Com peitas adquirindo os regedores.

LIII.

Com peitas, ouro e dadivas secretas
Conciliam da terra os principaes,
E com razões notaveis e discretas
Mostram ser perdição dos naturaes;
Dizendo que são gentes inquietas
Que, os mares discorrendo Occidentaes,
Vivem só de piraticas rapinas,
Sem Rei, sem leis humanas, ou divinas.

LIV.

Oh quanto deve o Rei, que bem governa,
De olhar que os conselheiros ou privados
De consciencia e de virtude interna
E de sincero amor sejam dotados!
Porque, como estê posto na superna
Cadeira, pode mal dos apartados
Negocios ter noticia mais inteira
Do que lhe der a lingua conselheira.

LV.

Nem tam pouco direi que tome tanto
Em grosso a consciencia limpa e certa,
Que se enleve n'hum pobre e humilde manto
Onde ambição a caso ande encoberta:
E quando hum bom em tudo he justo e santo
Em negocios do mundo pouco acerta;
Que mal com elles poderá ter conta
A quieta innocencia em só Deos pronta.

LII.

Opinions contrary and differing wide
Are there proposed, as best to each it seemed;
Treasons acute, and various frauds are tried
And woven perfidies conceived and schemed:
But, putting all rash purposes aside,
Destruction of the race is easier deemed
By plots and tricks more dexterously applied,
Gaining with bribes the rulers on their side.

LIII.

With bribes, with gold, and gifts concealed with care
The country's chiefs to acquiesce they move;
And with strong arguments discreet and fair
The race to be the natives' ruin prove;
Saying that they unquiet people were,
Who, while o'er occidental seas they rove,
To acts of piracy alone incline,
Without or King, laws human, or divine.

LIV.

Oh, how a King who governs well should see
That counsellors, and those more intimate,
With love sincere and true endowed should be,
With conscience and with purity innate!
For, as he thronèd sits in majesty,
Of matters far removed, affairs of state,
But little more can he be made aware
Than what the official tongue may choose declare.

LV.

Nor would I say that he is certain quite
To find that conscience always sure and clean,
Which takes in poor and humble garb delight,
'Neath which perchance, ambition lurks unseen:
And when a man is pious, good, and right,
But little of the world he knows, I ween,
For ill can quiet innocence take part
In such affairs with God alone at heart.

LVI.

Mas aquelles avaros Catuais,
Que o Gentilico povo governavam,
Induzidos das gentes infernais,
O Portuguez despacho dilatavam.
Mas o Gama, que não pretende mais,
De tudo quanto os Mouros ordenavam,
Que levar a seu Rei hum signal certo
Do mundo que deixava descoberto,

LVII.

Nisto trabalha só, quem bem sabia
Que, despois que levasse esta certeza,
Armas e náos e gente mandaria
Manoel, que exercita a summa alteza,
Com que a seu jugo e lei sobmetteria
Das terras e do mar a redondeza;
Que elle não era mais que hum diligente
Descobridor das terras do Oriente.

LVIII.

Fallar ao Rei gentio determina
Porque com seu despacho se tornasse;
Que jã sentia em tudo da malina
Gente impedir-se quanto desejasse.
O Rei, que da noticia falsa e indina
Não era d'espantar se s'espantasse,
Que tão credulo era em seus agouros,
E mais sendo affirmados pelos Mouros;

LIX.

Este temor lhe esfria o baixo peito:
Por outra parte a força da cobiça,
A quem por natureza está sujeito,
Hum desejo immortal lhe accende e atiça;
Que bem vê que grandissimo proveito
Fará, se com verdade e com justiça
O contrato fizer por longos annos,
Que lhe commette o Rei dos Lusitanos.

LVI.

Those avaricious Catuals, howe'er,
Who all the Gentoo population swayed,
Led by the infernals to promote the snare,
The going of the Portuguese delayed:
But Gama, who for nothing more doth care,
'Midst all the Moors have set to work and said,
Than to his King sure signal to convey
Of the discovered land left far away,

LVII.

Works but for this, as one who did intend
That when this certainty he had conveyed,
Arms, ships, and people Manoel should send,
Whose power supreme, perforce, must be obeyed;
Wherewith unto his yoke and law he'd bend
The lands and all that ocean round displayed;
For he himself was but a diligent
Discoverer of the countries Orient.

LVIII.

The Gentoo King he thus resolves to tell
That he must be despatched and go his ways;
For he perceived that to their utmost will
The race malign would vex him with delays.
If the false shameful tale the King should fill
With great amazement, 'twould not much amaze,
So credulous was he in auguries,
And more so, as confirmed by Moorish lies;

LIX.

This terror chills his narrow heart and mind:
On the other hand, a covetous desire,
To which by nature he is much inclined,
Lights and inflames in him a ceaseless fire;
For well he sees a profit vast he'll find,
If he with truth and justice can acquire
That treaty of so many years' extent
The Lusian King to offer him has sent.

LX.

Sobre isto nos conselhos que tomava
Achava mui contrarios pareceres;
Que naquelles, com quem se aconselhava,
Executa o dinheiro seus poderes:
O grande Capitão chamar mandava,
A quem, chegado, disse: 'Se quizeres
Confessar-me a verdade limpa e nua
Perdão alcançarás da culpa tua:

LXI.

'Eu sou bem informado que a embaixada
Que de teu Rei me déste, que he fingida;
Porque nem tu tens Rei, nem patria amada,
Mas vagabundo vás passando a vida;
Que quem da Hesperia ultima alongada,
Rei, ou senhor, de insania desmedida
Ha de vir commetter com náos e frotas
Tão incertas viagens e remotas?

LXII.

'E, se de grandes reinos poderosos
O teu Rei tem a regia magestade,
Que presentes me trazes valerosos,
Signaes de tua incognita verdade?
Com peças e dões altos sumptuosos
Se lia dos Reis altos a amizade;
Que signal nem penhor não são bastante
As palavras d'hum vago navegante.

LXIII.

'Se por ventura vindes desterrados,
Como já foram homens d'alta sorte,
Em meu reino sereis agasalhados;
Que toda a terra he patria para o forte:
Ou se piratas sois ao mar usados,
Dizei-mo sem temor de infamia ou morte;
Que, por se sustentar em toda idade,
Tudo faz a vital necessidade.'

LX.

Among the counsels which he took on all,
Opinions very contrary he found:
For they, to whom to advise it did befall,
Much influenced by money's power were found.
The great Commander, now, he sent to call,
To whom when come he said: 'If thou, as bound,
Confess to me the plain and naked truth,
Then for thy fault I promise thee my ruth.

LXI.

'The embassy, as well informed I hear,
Thou gav'st me from thy King, thou dost but feign,
For neither hast thou King nor country dear,
But dost a merely vagrant life maintain:
For who from far Hesperia, King or Peer,
Of temper so excessively insane,
Would venture fleets and ships to set afloat,
On voyages so uncertain and remote?

LXII.

'And, if of realms, which great and powerful be,
Thy King doth hold the majesty and throne,
What costly presents dost thou bring to me
Whereby to evidence thy truth unknown?
With robes and gifts of sumptuous degree
Between high Kings are seeds of friendship sown;
But a mere wandering navigator's word
Neither a sign nor earnest can afford.

LXIII.

'If peradventure 'tis, ye banished come,
As men, ere this, of high condition have,
Within my kingdom ye shall find a home,
For every land is country for the brave:
Or if, to sea inured, ye pirates roam,
Say, without fear of prison or the grave:
For to sustain oneself in every age
Vital necessity doth all engage.'

LXIV.

Isto assi dito, o Gama, que já tinha
Suspeitas das insidias que ordenava
O Mahomético odio, donde vinha
Aquillo que tão mal o Rei cuidava,
C'huma alta confiança que convinha,
Com que seguro credito alcançava,
Que Venus Acidalia lhe influia,
Taes palavras do sabio peito abria:

LXV.

'Se os antiguos delictos, que a malicia
Humana commetteo na prisca idade,
Não causaram que o vaso da nequicia,
Açoute tão cruel da Christandade,
Viera pôr perpetua inimicicia
Na geração de Adão co'a falsidade
(Ó poderoso Rei) da torpe seita;
Não conceberas tu tão má suspeita;

LXVI.

'Mas, porque nenhum grande bem se alcança
Sem grandes oppressões, e em todo o feito
Segue o temor os passos da esperança,
Que em suor vive sempre de seu peito,
Me mostras tu tão pouca confiança
Desta minha verdade, sem respeito
Das razões em contrario que acharias
Se não cresses a quem não crer devias;

LXVII.

'Porque, se eu de rapinas só vivesse
Undívago, ou da patria desterrado;
Como crês que tão longe me viesse
Buscar assento incognito e apartado?
Por que esperanças, ou por que interesse
Viria exprimentando o mar irado,
Os Antarcticos frios, e os ardores
Que soffrem do Carneiro os moradores?

LXIV.

Thus as he spoke, Gama, who (truth to tell)
Already guessed the snares which had been laid
By Moslem hatred,—whence it e'en befell
The Monarch was by so much evil swayed—
With a proud confidence which sat him well,
And by a perfect credence was repaid,
By Venus Acidalia's influence blest,
These words now opened from his cautious breast:

LXV.

'If from old sins, which in the pristine time
Man's vice committed, it did not arise
That the full cup of wickedness and crime—
A scourge so cruel to all Christian ties—
Caused constant enmity in every clime
In Adam's generation, with the lies
O powerful King! of this unworthy sect,
Ne'er hadst thou come such evil to suspect;

LXVI.

'But since no great good lies within our scope
Without great sufferings, and in every feat
Fear follows swift upon the steps of Hope
Which still lives ever in its bosom's sweat,
So dost thou show of faith so small a drop
In this my truth; without attention meet
To opposing reasons which perceive you must,
Did you not trust in those you should not trust.

LXVII.

'For if I only did o'er Ocean roam,
Pirate, or banished from my native land,
How thinkest thou I should so far have come
To seek this all remote and unknown strand?
What hopes, what interests, blindly venturesome,
Had led me Ocean's fury to withstand,
The Antarctic colds, and all the ardent glow
Which suffering dwellers under Aries know?

LXVIII.

'Se com grandes presentes d'alta estima
O credito me pedes do que digo,
Eu não vim mais que a achar o estranho clima
Onde a natura pôz teu reino antigo;
Mas, se a Fortuna tanto me sublima
Que eu torne á minha patria e reino amigo,
Então verás o dom soberbo e rico,
Com que minha tornada certifico.

LXIX.

'Se te parece inopinado feito
Que Rei da ultima Hesperia a ti me mande,
O coração sublime, o regio peito
Nenhum caso possibil tem por grande:
Bem parece que o nobre e grão conceito
Do Lusitano espirito demande
Maior credito e fé de mais alteza
Que crêa delle tanta fortaleza.

LXX.

'Sabe, que ha muitos annos que os antigos
Reis nossos firmemente proposeram
De vencer os trabalhos e perigos
Que sempre ás grandes cousas se opposeram:
E, descobrindo os mares inimigos
Do quieto descanso, pretenderam
De saber que fim tinham e onde estavam
As derradeiras praias que lavavam.

LXXI.

'Conceito digno foi do ramo claro
Do venturoso Rei, que arou primeiro
O mar, por ir deitar do ninho charo
O morador de Abyla derradeiro:
Este por sua industria, e engenho raro,
N'hum madeiro ajuntando outro madeiro,
Descobrir pôde a parte, que faz clara
De Argus, da Hydra a luz, da Lebre, e da Ara.

LXVIII.

'If with vast presents, precious and refined,
Thou askest me my story to maintain,
I solely came thy foreign clime to find,
Where nature planted thy most ancient reign;
But if once Fortune prove to me so kind
That I my land and friendly realm regain,
Then shalt thou see the gifts superb and rare
Wherewith that safe return I will declare.

LXIX.

'And if it seem all out of place and time,
That far Hesperia's King send to thy land,
The royal bosom, know, the heart sublime,
Holds nothing that is possible as grand.
This vast and noble project to thy clime
Of Lusian spirit seemeth to demand
Belief more large and faith of higher flight,
To compass how it hath such power and might.

LXX.

'Know that for many a year, long since gone by,
'Twas firmly purposed by our ancient Kings
Those labours and those perils to defy
Which ever were opposed to mighty things:
And, opening seas which peace and rest deny,
They were determined, in their wanderings,
To know their boundaries, and how far away
The farthest margins which they watered lay.

LXXI.

'Thought worthy of the branch, brightest and best
Of that bold King, the first who ploughed the wave,
And from fair Abyla's well cherished nest
The very last of all the dwellers drave.
With perseverance and rare genius blest,
He, adding plank to plank, those vessels gave,
Which found those realms of earth, where shines so bright
Argos' and Hydra's, Lepus', Ara's light.

LXXII.

'Crescendo co'os successos bons primeiros
No peito as ousadias, descobriram
Pouco e pouco caminhos estrangeiros,
Que huns, succedendo aos outros, proseguiram:
De Africa os moradores derradeiros,
Austraes, que nunca as sete flammas viram,
Foram vistos de nós, atraz deixando
Quantos estão os Trópicos queimando.

LXXIII.

'Assi com firme peito e com tamanho
Proposito vencemos a Fortuna;
Até que nós no teu terreno estranho
Viemos pôr a ultima coluna:
Rompendo a força do liquido estanho
Da tempestade horrifica e importuna,
A ti chegámos, de quem só queremos
Signal que ao nosso Rei de ti levemos.

LXXIV.

'Esta he a verdade, Rei; que não faria
Por tão incerto bem, tão fraco premio,
Qual, não sendo isto assi, esperar podia
Tão longo, tão fingido, e vão proemio:
Mas antes descansar me deixaria
No nunca descansado e fero gremio
Da madre Thetis, qual pirata inico,
Dos trabalhos alheios feito rico.

LXXV.

'Assi que, ó Rei, se minha grão verdade
Tens por qual he, sincera e não dobrada,
Ajunta-me ao despacho brevidade,
Não me impidas o gosto da tornada:
E, se inda te parece falsidade,
Cuida bem na razão, que está provada,
Que com claro juizo pode vêr-se;
Que facil he a verdade d'entender-se

LXXII.

'And as the first with good success were crowned,
Boldness within their breasts was still renewed;
Little by little, unknown paths were found,
Which some, succeeding others, still pursued:
The farthest dwellers in South Afric's ground,
By whom the Seven Stars never had been viewed,
Were seen by us, leaving behind in turn
As many as within the Tropics burn.

LXXIII.

'Thus with firm heart and purpose all so true
We conquered Fortune, until without fear
Within thy territory, strange and new,
The crowning column we have come to rear:
Force of the liquid tin thus breaking through,
Of tempest horrid, obstinate and drear,
To thee we've come, of whom we only pray
Some sign of thee before our King to lay.

LXXIV.

'This is the truth, O King! not for the sake
Of such uncertain good, so small a gain,
As I could hope, if 'twere not true, to make,
Would I frame speech so long, so false and vain;
Rather my rest I would consent to take
On ever restless, savage, bosom-main
Of mother Tethys, for a pirate's spoil,
Made rich upon the fruits of others' toil.

LXXV.

'If then, O King! thou holdest all I say
For what it is, not feignèd but sincere,
Concede me my despatch without delay,
Nor hinder me in my return, so dear!
If something still seems false to thee, I pray
Think well upon my reasoning, proved and clear,
Which with sound judgment easy 'tis to see;
For truth with ease may comprehended be.'

LXXVI.

Attento estava o Rei na segurança
Com que provava o Gama o que dizia:
Concebe delle certa confiança,
Credito firme, em quanto proferia:
Pondera das palavras a abastança,
Julga na autoridade grão valia:
Começa de julgar por enganados
Os Catuaes corruptos, mal julgados.

LXXVII.

Juntamente a cobiça do proveito,
Que espera do contracto Lusitano,
O faz obedecer e ter respeito
Co'o Capitão, e não co'o Mauro engano:
Em fim, ao Gama manda que direito
Ás náos se vá; e, seguro d'algum dano,
Possa á terra mandar qualquer fazenda
Que pela especiaria troque e venda;

LXXVIII.

Que mande da fazenda, em fim lhe manda
Que nos reinos Gangeticos falleça,
Se alguma traz idonea lá da banda
Donde a terra se acaba e o mar começa.
Já da Real presença veneranda
Se parte o Capitão para onde peça
Ao Catual que delle tinha cargo
Embarcação; que a sua está de largo;

LXXIX.

Embarcação que o leve ás náos lhe pede:
Mas o máo regedor, que novos laços
Lhe machinava, nada lhe concede,
Interpondo tardanças e embaraços:
Com elle parte ao caes; porque o arrede
Longe quanto puder dos regios paços,
Onde, sem que seu Rei tenha noticia,
Faça o que lhe ensinar sua malicia.

LXXVI.

Attentive stood the King, firm in the sense
That Gama all had proved that he had said:
He feels in him assurèd confidence,
Firm faith in all he had before him laid:
He ponders well his valid eloquence,
Deems his authority profound and staid;
Begins to think the Catuals deceived,
Corrupt, ill-judged, and not to be believed.

LXXVII.

The lust of profit likewise hath effect,
Which from the Lusian Bond he hopes as sure;
This leads him to obey and to respect
The Captain rather than the lying Moor;
In fine, he orders Gama that direct
His ships he seek, from danger quite secure,
Whence to the shore he any goods can send,
Which for their spices he can change and vend.

LXXVIII.

He sends him forth, in fine, to send aught rare
That in Gangetic realms unknown may be,
If anything of use he'd brought from where
The land is bounded and begins the sea.
From the King's reverend presence doth repair
The Captain to the landing-place, that he
May ask the Catual, in charge, a boat,
For that his own was out at sea a-float.

LXXIX.

A boat to take him to the ships he sought:
But the bad governor, who fain would plan
New toils to take him, would concede him nought;
And new delays to interpose began.
He takes him to the quay, there being brought
Far from the Royal palace as he can,
Where, as no notice could the Monarch reach,
He might work all his wickedness could teach.

LXXX.

Lá bem longe lhe diz que lhe daria
Embarcação bastante em que partisse,
Ou que para a luz crástina do dia
Futuro sua partida differisse.
Já com tantas tardanças entendia
O Gama que o Gentio consentisse
Na má tenção dos Mouros torpe e fera,
O que delle atelli não entendera.

LXXXI.

Era este Catual hum dos que estavam
Corruptos pela Mahometana gente,
O principal por quem se governavam
As cidades do Samorim potente:
Delle somente os Mouros esperavam
Effeito a seus enganos torpemente;
Elle que no concerto vil conspira
De suas esperanças não delira.

LXXXII.

O Gama com instancia lhe requere
Que o mande pôr nas náos, e não lhe val:
E que assi lhe mandara, lhe refere,
O nobre successor de Perimal:
'Por que razão lhe impede e lhe differe
A fazenda trazer de Portugal;
Pois aquillo que os Reis já tem mandado
Não póde ser por outrem derogado?'

LXXXIII.

Pouco obedece o Catual corruto
A taes palavras, antes revolvendo
Na phantasia algum subtil e astuto
Engano diabolico e estupendo:
Ou como banhar possa o ferro bruto
No sangue aborrecido estava vendo:
Ou como as náos em fogo lhe abrazasse,
Porque nenhuma á patria mais tornasse.

LXXX.

And there he promised him, thus far away,
A fitting boat to go should be supplied,
Or that till morning of the following day
He might his passage to postpone decide:
At last, with such continuous delay,
Gama perceived the Gentoo was allied
With the vile fierce intention of the Moor,
Whereof he no suspicion had before.

LXXXI.

This Catual with those was numberèd,
As tainted by the race Mahomedan,
The Principal he was, who ruled, as head,
The cities of the potent Samorim:
In him alone the Moors to hope were led
Basely for their deceits success to plan;
He who in concert vile with all conspires
Does not despair to compass his desires.

LXXXII.

Gama with earnestness begs that he may
Be sent unto his vessels without fail,
Tells him that these are orders to obey
Of the successor of great Perimal:
'Why hinder him, why interpose delay
In bringing off the goods of Portugal?.
For that which Kings have ordered to be done
Cannot neglected be by any one.'

LXXXIII.

Little the venal Catual obeyed
Such words, revolving rather in his mind
Some new deceit, deep and astutely laid,
Of diabolic and stupendous kind:
Or pondering how to bathe the brutal blade
In hated blood occasion he could find,
Or how he could with fire his vessels burn,
That none might to their native land return.

LXXXIV.

Que nenhum torne á patria só pretende
O conselho infernal dos Mahometanos;
Porque não sabia nunca onde se estende
A terra Eóa o Rei dos Lusitanos.
Não parte o Gama em fim, que lhe defende
O regedor dos barbaros profanos;
Nem sem licença sua ir-se podia,
Que as almadías todas lhe tolhia.

LXXXV.

Aos brados e razões do Capitão
Responde o Idolátra, que mandasse
Chegar á terra as náos que longe estão,
Porque melhor dalli fosse e tornasse:
Signal he de inimigo e de ladrão
Que lá tão longe a frota se alargasse,
Lhe diz; porque do certo e fido amigo
He não temer do seu nenhum perigo.

LXXXVI.

Nestas palavras o discreto Gama
Enxerga bem que as náos deseja perto
O Catual, porque com ferro e flamma
Lhas assalte por odio descoberto.
Em varios pensamentos se derrama;
Phantasiando está remedio certo
Que désse a quanto mal se lhe ordenava;
Tudo temia, tudo em fin cuidava.

LXXXVII.

Qual o reflexo lume do polido
Espelho de aço ou de crystal formoso,
Que, do raio solar sendo ferido,
Vai ferir n'outra parte luminoso;
E, sendo da ociosa mão movido
Pela casa do moço curioso,
Anda pelas paredes e telhado,
Trémulo, aqui e alli dessocegado;

LXXXIV.

That none to country should return again
Was the Mahomedans' most foul intent,
Lest that the Lusian monarch should obtain
Knowledge of Eos' land and its extent:
The Ruler of the barbarous profane
Gama's departure, therefore, doth prevent;
Nor could he without licence leave the quay,
For all the almades had been sent away.

LXXXV.

To the Captain's shouts and arguments replied
The Idolater, that his commands should go
To bring to shore his fleet which lay outside,
So that he might pass better to and fro;
That all the fleet should at such distance ride,
He said, looked like a pirate and a foe;
For 'twas the part of sure and faithful friend
Of comrade nothing false to apprehend.

LXXXVI.

These words to wary Gama make it clear
How that it is the Catual's desire
To assault the ships when once he has them near,
From hatred then revealed, with sword and fire;
Conflicting thoughts within his breast appear,
Scheming some means of safety to acquire
For all the ill that 'gainst him was prepared;
He dreaded all, for all, in fine, he cared.

LXXXVII.

As the reflected lustre from the bright
Steel mirror, or of beauteous crystal fine,
Which, being stricken by the solar light,
Strikes back and on some other part doth shine;
And when, to please the child's vain curious sight,
Moved o'er the house as may his hand incline,
It shines on walls and roof and everywhere,
Restless and tremulous, now here now there;

LXXXVIII.

Tal o vago juizo fluctuava
Do Gama preso quanto lhe lembrara
Coelho, se por caso o esperava
Na praia co'os bateis como ordenara:
Logo secretamente lhe mandava
Que se tornasse á frota que deixara,
Não fosse salteado dos enganos
Que esperava dos feros Mahometanos.

LXXXIX.

Tal ha de ser quem quer co'o dom de Marte
Imitar os illustres e igualal-os:
Voar co'o pensamento a toda parte,
Adivinhar perigos e evital-os:
Com militar engenho e subtil arte
Entender os imigos e enganal-os,
Crer tudo em fim; que nunca louvarei
O capitão que diga: 'Não cuidei.'

XC.

Insiste o Malabar em tel-o preso
Se não manda chegar á terra a armada;
Elle constante, e de ira nobre acceso,
Os ameaços seus não teme nada;
Que antes quer sobre si tomar o peso
De quanto mal a vil malicia ousada
Lhe andar armando que pôr em ventura
A frota de seu Rei, que tem segura.

XCI.

Aquella noite esteve alli detido
E parte do outro dia; quando ordena
De se tornar ao Rei: mas impedido
Foi da guarda que tinha não pequena.
Commette-lhe o Gentio outro partido,
Temendo de seu Rei castigo ou pena,
Se sabe esta malicia, a qual asinha
Saberá, se mais tempo alli o detinha.

LXXXVIII.

So did the wavering judgment fluctuate
Of prisoned Gama, as occurred the thought
That Coelho peradventure there might wait
In boats upon the shore, by order brought;
Then secretly he sends, before too late,
To warn him to the fleet, lest he be caught
In the vile toils and snares which in his way
He feared the fierce Mahomedans would lay.

LXXXIX.

Such must he be who with a martial heart
The illustrious equal would, and emulate:
Must fly with thoughtfulness to every part,
Dangers avoid and e'en anticipate;
With military genius, subtle art
The foe must understand and lure to fate;
In fine, mark all; ne'er will I praise, indeed,
The Captain who could say, 'I did not heed.'

XC.

The Malabar insists that he remain
If to the land the fleet be brought not near;
He, fired with noble anger and disdain,
Is firm, and nothing of his threats doth fear:
For rather for himself the weight and pain
Of all their daring malice he would bear,
Now arming 'gainst him, than would jeopardize
His Monarch's fleet which now in safety lies.

XCI.

That night he was detained without remorse,
And part next day, when with demands he tries
To see the King again; but this, with force,
The guard, which was no little one, denies.
The Gentoo offers, then, another course,
Fearing his King will fine him, or chastise,
If of this fraud he knows; which soon he'll know
If soon he does not let the Captain go.

XCII.

Diz-lhe que mande vir toda a fazenda
Vendibil que trazia para terra;
Para que de vagar se troque e venda;
Que quem não quer commercio busca guerra.
Postoque os máos propositos entenda
O Gama que o damnado peito encerra,
Consente; porque sabe por verdade
Que compra co'a fazenda a liberdade.

XCIII.

Concertam-se que o negro mande dar
Embarcações idoneas com que venha;
Que os seus bateis não quer aventurar,
Onde lhos tome o imigo ou lhos detenha:
Partem as almadías a buscar
Mercadoria Hispana que convenha:
Escreve a seu irmão que lhe mandasse
A fazenda com que se resgatasse.

XCIV.

Vem a fazenda á terra, aonde logo
A agasalhou o infame Catual:
Com ella ficam Alvaro e Diogo;
Que a podessem vender pelo que val.
Se mais que obrigação, que mando e rogo
No peito vil o premio póde e val,
Bem o mostra o Gentio a quem o entenda;
Pois o Gama soltou pela fazenda:

XCV.

Por ella o solta, crendo que alli tinha
Penhor bastante, donde recebesse
Interesse maior, do que lhe vinha,
Se o Capitão mais tempo detivesse.
Elle vendo, que já lhe não convinha
Tornar a terra; porque não podesse
Ser mais retido, sendo ás náos chegado,
Nellas estar se deixa descansado.

XCII.

He tells him all the goods that he has brought,
As saleable, forthwith on shore to send,
That by degrees they may be changed and bought,
For, if not commerce, war must be his end.
Gama, though well he knows the wicked thought
Which the vile bosom hidden doth intend,
Consents; because, in truth, he knows that he
Will purchase with his goods his liberty.

XCIII.

It is agreed the negro shall supply
Befitting launches for the wares to go;
His own he will not place in jeopardy,
To be detained or taken by the foe:
The almades now upon their message ply,
To seek the Hispanian wares which best may show:
He writes his brother that such goods he send
As may by ransom his detention end.

XCIV.

Of all the goods, so soon as brought on shore,
The shameless Catual himself possessed;
Alvaro and Diogo watched the store,
That all might be disposed of, at the best.
Whether on worthless bosom greed weighs more
Than duty, word, or order, and request,
The Gentoo proves to any one who cares;
For Gama he released, to get the wares.

XCV.

For them he frees him, thinking thus to take
A pledge sufficient that he thereby gained
A greater interest than he could make
If he the Captain longer time detained:
Who, seeing that 'twas better for his sake
Not to return, lest he might be restrained
Once more, now come to where his vessels lay,
Resolves among[illegible]rews at rest to stay.

XCVI.

Nas náos estar se deixa vagaroso,
Até vêr o que tempo lhe descobre;
Que não se fia já do cubiçoso
Regedor corrompido e pouco nobre.
Veja agora o juizo curioso
Quanto, no rico assi como no pobre,
Póde o vil interesse e sêde imiga
Do dinheiro, que a tudo nos obriga.

XCVII.

A Polydoro mata o Rei Threïcio,
Só por ficar senhor do grão thesouro;
Entra pelo fortissimo edificio
Com a filha de Acrisio a chuva d'ouro;
Póde tanto em Tarpeia avaro vicio,
Que a troco do metal luzente e louro
Entrega aos inimigos a alta torre,
Do qual quasi afogada em pago morre.

XCVIII.

Este rende munidas fortalezas,
Faz traidores e falsos os amigos:
Este a mais nobres faz fazer vilezas,
E entrega capitães aos inimigos;
Este corrompe virginaes purezas,
Sem temer de honra ou fama alguns perigos;
Este deprava ás vezes as sciencias,
Os juizos cegando e as consciencias.

XCIX.

Este interpreta mais que subtilmente
Os textos; este faz e desfaz leis;
Este causa os perjurios entre a gente;
E mil vezes tyrannos torna os Reis.
Até os que só a Deos Omnipotente
Se dedicam, mil vezes ouvireis,
Que corrompe este encantador e il[illegible]de;
Mas não sem côr com tudo de v[illegible]e.

XCVI.

Unto his ships to rest at ease he goes,
There to await what time unravels more;
For faith he has not in the covetous,
Corrupt, and little-worthy Governor.
Now let the mind reflect, all curious,
How, with the rich as well as with the poor,
Vile interest and the noxious thirst for gain
Can o'er us mastery complete obtain.

XCVII.

Thus Polydorus by the King of Thrace
Is slain, of his vast treasure to take hold;
Thus doth invade the strongest edifice,
Where lies Acrisius' maid, the shower of gold;
Such in Tarpeïa was her avarice,
That for the yellow metal bright she sold
And to the foe the citadel betrayed,
Whence, crushed or smothered, with her life she paid.

XCVIII.

This doth the strongest fortresses o'erthrow,
Makes traitors, and turns friends all false to be;
This tempts the noblest into actions low,
And captains renders to the enemy:
This virgins will corrupt, as pure as snow,
Nought fearing for their fame or dignity:
This, sometimes, will the sciences deprave,
The judgments blind, the consciences enslave.

XCIX.

This doth the texts with subtilty refined
Interpret; this makes laws, and laws doth spurn:
This causes perjuries among mankind,
And thousand times doth Kings to tyrants turn:
Yea, those who to the Almighty their whole mind
Have vowed, a thousand times, as you will learn,
This charmer doth corrupt and doth enthrall;
But not without, his c virtuous show, withal.

## *CANTO NONO.*

I.

Tiveram longamente na cidade,
Sem vender-se, a fazenda os dous feitores:
Que os infieis por manha e falsidade
Fazem que não lha comprem mercadores;
Que todo seu proposito e vontade
Era deter alli os descobridores
Da India tanto tempo que viessem
De Meca as náos, que as suas desfizessem.

II.

Lá no seio Erythrêo, onde fundada
Arsinoe foi do Egypcio Ptolemeo,
Do nome da irmãa sua assi chamada,
Que despois em Suez se converteo,
Não longe o porto jaz da nomeada
Cidade Meca, que se engrandeceo
Com a superstição falsa e profana
Da religiosa agua Mahometana.

III.

Gidá se chama o porto, aonde o trato
Do todo o Roxo mar mais florecia,
De que tinha proveito grande e grato
O Soldão, que esse reino possuia.
Daqui aos Malabares, por contrato
Dos infieis, formosa companhia
De grandes náos pelo Indico Oceano
Especiaria vem buscar cada anno.

## *CANTO IX.*

I.

The two in charge long time, without a sale,
Were forced within the city to remain;
By the unbelievers' vice and craft they fail,
And offer on the mart their goods in vain;
By all that will and purpose could avail,
India's discoverers these would detain,
Until the ships from Mecca could arrive,
And theirs to ocean, lost and scattered, drive.

II.

In th' Erythræan gulph where (by the name
Of his own sister called) Arsinoe,
(Which Suez by a later change became,)
Was founded by Egyptian Ptolemy,
Lies the not distant port of, great in fame,
Mecca: a city raised to high degree
By the false superstition and profane
Of the religious fount Mahomedan.

III.

Gidà the port is called, where all the trade
Of the Red Sea the most did flourish; where
Soldan, the chief, who all that region swayed,
Was wont to reap a gain pleasant and rare.
Thence to the Malabars, by contract made
With the infidels, a concourse doth repair
Of mighty vessels by the Indian Sea,
Coming each year in search of spicery.

IV.

Por estas náos os Mouros esperavam
Que, como fossem grandes e possantes,
Aquellas que o commercio lhe tomavam
Com flammas abrazassem crepitantes:
Neste soccorro tanto confiavam,
Que já não querem mais dos navegantes
Senão que tanto tempo alli tardassem
Que da famosa Meca as náos chegassem.

V.

Mas o Governador dos ceos e gentes,
Que para quanto tem determinado
De longe os meios dá convenientes,
Por onde vem a effeito o fim fadado,
Influio piedosos accidentes
De affeição em Monçaide, que guardado
Estava para dar ao Gama aviso,
E merecer por isso o Paraiso.

VI.

Este, de quem se os Mouros não guardavam,
Por ser Mouro como elles, antes era
Participante em quanto machinavam,
A tenção lhe descobre torpe e fera:
Muitas vezes as náos, que longe estavam,
Visita, e com piedade considera
O damno, sem razão, que se lhe ordena
Pela maligna gente Sarracena:

VII.

Informa o cauto Gama das armadas
Que de Arabica Meca vem cada anno,
Que agora são dos seus tão desejadas,
Para ser instrumento deste dano:
Diz-lhe que vem de gente carregadas,
E dos trovões horrendos de Vulcano,
E que póde ser dellas opprimido,
Segundo estava mal apercebido.

IV.

By these same ships the Moors their prospects seal,
Seeing their strength was all they could desire,
That those which there had come their trade to steal,
Might be all burned with crackling flames of fire.
And of this aid so certain do they feel,
That of the strangers they no more require
Than their delay among them to contrive,
Till from famed Mecca all these ships arrive.

V.

But He who rules the peoples and the skies,
Who, for whate'er He hath determinèd
The fitting instrument from far supplies,
Whereby His issues are accomplishèd;
He influenced with pitying sympathies
Monçaide's affections, whom He led
With faith and friendship Gama to advise,
And thus, in truth, to merit Paradise.

VI.

This man, of whom the Moors suspected nought
As Moor like them, nay deemed he was of those
Who moved in all the mischief that they wrought,
Doth the vile savage plot to him disclose.
And oft the ships, which lay far out, he sought,
And would with pity meditate the woes
Which, without justice, Gama must sustain,
Contrived by the malignant Saracen.

VII.

He brings these fleets to cautious Gama's views,
Which from Arabian Mecca come each year,
Whereof his race so anxious are for news,
Hoping this means of ruin may appear;
He tells him that they come well armed with crews,
And Vulcan's thunder, terrible to hear:
And that his fleet they well may overthrow,
He being ill prepared for such a blow.

VIII.

O Gama, que tambem considerava
O tempo que para a partida o chama,
E que despacho já não esperava
Melhor do Rei, que os Mahometanos ama,
Aos feitores, que em terra estão, mandava
Que se tornem ás náos : e, porque a fama
Desta subita vinda os não impida,
Lhe manda que a fizessem escondida.

IX.

Porêm não tardou muito, que voando
Hum rumor não soasse com verdade,
Que foram presos os feitores quando
Foram sentidos vir-se da cidade.
Esta fama as orelhas penetrando
Do sabio Capitão, com brevidade
Faz represalia n'huns que ás náos vieram
A vender pedraria que trouxeram.

X.

Eram estes antiguos mercadores,
Ricos em Calecut e conhecidos :
De falta delles logo entre os melhores
Sentido foi que estão no mar retidos.
Mas já nas náos os bons trabalhadores
Volvem o cabrestante, e, repartidos
Pelo trabalho, huns puxam pela amarra,
Outros quebram co'o peito duro a barra :

XI.

Outros pendem da verga, e já desatam
A vela que com grita se soltava ;
Quando com maior grita ao Rei relatam
A pressa com que a armada se levava :
As mulheres e filhos, que se matam,
Daquelles que vão presos, onde estava
O Samorim se aqueixam, que perdidos
Huns tem os pais as outras os maridos.

VIII.

Gama, who likewise thought due time was o'er,
And called him to depart; thinking 'twas proved
He could not from the Monarch look for more,
Seeing that the Mahomedans he loved,
Sends to the factors, who were still on shore,
To come on board; and lest alarm be moved
By their quick coming, and they hindered be,
He orders all be done with secrecy.

IX.

But 'twas not long before, with wings displayed,
Rumour was heard aloud with truth to say
The factors had been seized, and prisoners made,
While from the city seen to come away;
Which notice being to the ears conveyed
Of the sage Captain, he, without delay,
Reprisals makes of certain who had sought
The ships, to sell the jewels they had brought.

X.

These were old-standing merchants, rich and sound,
In Calecut and of celebrity:
Soon, by their absence, their chief colleagues found
That they, in truth, must be detained at sea.
But now on board hard labourers around
The capstan turn, and each in his degree
Works well; some, hauling in the cable, strive,
Others with hardy breasts the handles drive;

XI.

Some, hanging on the yards, unfurl the sail,
Which, 'midst loud cries, expands the wind before;
But louder cries unto the King prevail,
Telling the fleet in haste was leaving shore;
The wives and children, with distracted wail,
The Samorim for those detained implore,
And cry to him that, to their bitter cost,
These have their parents, those their husbands lost.

XII.

Manda logo os feitores Lusitanos
Com toda sua fazenda livremente,
A pezar dos imigos Mahometanos,
Porque lhe torne a sua presa gente;
Desculpas manda o Rei de seus enganos;
Recebe o Capitão de melhor mente
Os presos que as desculpas; e, tornando
Alguns negros, se parte as velas dando.

XIII.

Parte-se costa abaixo; porque entende
Que em vão co'o Rei gentio trabalhava
Em querer delle paz, a qual pretende
Por firmar o commercio que tratava:
Mas como aquella terra, que se estende
Pela Aurora, sabida já deixava,
Com estas novas torna á patria chara,
Certos signaes levando do que achara.

XIV.

Leva alguns Malabares que tomou
Por força, dos que o Samorim mandara,
Quando os presos feitores lhe tornou:
Leva pimenta ardente que comprara:
A secca flor de Banda não ficou,
A noz, e o negro cravo que faz clara
A nova ilha Maluco, co'a canella,
Com que Ceilão he rica, illustre, e bella.

XV.

Isto tudo lhe houvera a diligencia
De Monçaide fiel, que tambem leva;
Que, inspirado de angelica influencia,
Quer no livre de Christo que se escreva.
Oh ditoso Africano, que a clemencia
Divina assi tirou d'escura treva,
E tão longe da patria achou maneira
Para subir á patria verdadeira!

XII.

He sends the agents of the Lusians
At once, and all their merchandise sets free,
In spite of the opposed Mahomedans,
That his own prisoned men returned may be;
Excuses sends the King for these false plans;
But the good Captain takes more heartily
The prisoners than the excuses: nor delays
Returns some blacks, hoists sail, and goes his ways.

XIII.

He voyages down the coast, for he conceived
That with the Gentoo King he strove in vain,
In asking peace of him, which he believed
By founding commerce he was sure to gain:
But having knowledge of that land achieved,
Which spreads before Aurora, mount and plain,
He with these news to his dear land is bound,
Bearing sure proof of all that he had found.

XIV.

He takes some Malabars he kept on board
By force, of those whom Samorin had sent
When the imprisoned factors he restored;
He bought and takes of the hot pepper plant;
Of Banda the dry flower is not ignored;
Black clove and nutmeg, which make eminent
Moluccas, the new isles, and cinnamon
The wealth the fame and beauty of Ceylon.

XV.

All was accomplished by the diligence
Of one he takes, faithful Monçaidé,
Who, fired by true angelic influence,
Fain in the book of Christ inscribed would be;
Blest African! whom the Benevolence
Divine from heathen darkness thus set free,
And, so far from thy land, did means devise
Whereby to the True Land thou mightest rise!

XVI.

Apartadas assi da ardente costa
As venturosas náos, levando a proa
Para onde a natureza tinha posta
A meta Austrina da esperança boa,
Levando alegres novas e resposta
Da parte Oriental para Lisboa,
Outra vez commettendo os duros medos
Do mar incerto, timidos e ledos ;

XVII.

O prazer de chegar á patria chara,
A seus penates charos e parentes,
Para contar a peregrina e rara
Navegação, os varios ceos e gentes ;
Vir a lograr o premio que ganhara
Por tão longos trabalhos e accidentes,
Cada hum tem por gosto tão perfeito,
Que o coração para elle he vaso estreito.

XVIII.

Porêm a deosa Cypria, que ordenada
Era para favor dos Lusitanos
Do Padre eterno, e por bom genio dada,
Que sempre os guia já de longos annos,
A gloria por trabalhos alcançada,
Satisfação de bem soffridos danos
Lhe andava já ordenando, e pretendia
Dar-lhe nos mares tristes alegria.

XIX.

Despois de ter hum pouco revolvido
Na mente o largo mar que navegaram,
Os trabalhos, que pelo Deos nascido
Nas Amphionêas Thebas se causaram :
Já trazia de longe no séntido,
Para premio de quanto mal passaram,
Buscar-lhe algum deleite, algum descanso
No reino de crystal liquido e manso :

XVI.

While thus, departed from the torrid shore,
The ships adventurous the prow incline
Thither, where nature's finger had of yore
Fixed of Good Hope the utmost southern line;
While thus to Lisbon pleasing news they bore,
Showing of Eastern realms a certain sign;
Of terrors hard again the sport to be,
With fear and joy, upon the uncertain sea;

XVII.

The rapture their dear land to reach again,
Their loved Penates and their kith and kind,
To tell their rare wild wanderings o'er the main,
The various skies and peoples left behind;
To come to enjoy rewards they must obtain,
For so long toils and accidents combined,
Emotion so profound awakes in all,
The heart to hold it vessel proves too small!

XVIII.

But Cyprus' Goddess, whom the Sire ordained
The Lusitanians favour to award,
And gave as their good genius; who remained
Through now long years their ever faithful guard,
The glory of their toils being now attained,
Was bent on finding for their wrongs, so hard,
Some recompense; and thus, delight and ease
Resolved to grant them on the darksome seas.

XIX.

Having revolved some little in her mind
The oceans vast whereover they had sailed,
And all the toils which, through the God unkind
Of Amphionic Thebes, had e'en prevailed,
Long time she had most steadfastly designed,
As a reward for all their ills entailed,
To seek them some diversion, some delight,
In the calm liquid realm of crystal bright;

XX.

Algum repouso em fim, com que podesse
Refocillar a lassa humanidade
Dos navegantes seus, como interesse
Do trabalho que encurta a breve idade.
Parece-lhe razão que conta désse
A seu filho, por cuja potestade
Os deoses faz descer ao vil terreno,
E os humanos subir ao ceo sereno.

XXI.

Isto bem revolvido, determina
De ter-lhe aparelhada lá no meio
Das aguas alguma insula divina,
Ornada d'esmaltado e verde arreio;
Que muitas tem no reino, que confina
Da primeira co'o terreno seio,
Afora as que possue soberanas
Para dentro das portas Herculanas.

XXII.

Alli quer que as aquaticas donzellas
Esperem os fortissimos Barões,
Todas as que tem titulo de bellas,
Gloria dos olhos, dôr dos corações.
Com danças e chorêas; porque nellas
Influirá secretas affeições,
Para com mais vontade trabalharem
De contentar a quem se affeiçoarem.

XXIII.

Tal manha buscou já; para que aquelle,
Que de Anchises pario, bem recebido
Fosse no campo que a bovina pelle
Tomou de espaço por subtil partido:
Seu filho vai buscar; porque só nelle
Tem todo seu poder, fero Cupido;
Que, assi como naquella empreza antiga
A ajudou já, nest'outra a ajude e siga.

XX.

Some sweet repose, in fine, wherewith she may
Once more the wearied nature renovate
Of her own sailors, and somewhat repay
Hard labour, that cuts short e'en life's short date.
This seems a reason she the scheme should lay
Before her son, for by his power so great
She makes the Gods descend to earth unclean,
And mortals makes ascend to heaven serene.

XXI.

This well revolved, she forthwith doth design
To have prepared for them, upon the way
Of the vast sea, some island all divine,
Adorned, enamelled and in green array :
For many hath she, where her realms confine,
With Asia's mainland, where Eve's Eden lay,
Beside those isles she loves and rules as these,
Lying within the Gates of Hercules.

XXII.

She wills the nymphs of ocean should be there,
Waiting the valiant heroes, for their sake ;
All those who have the title to be fair,
With glory of the eyes, which hearts doth break ;
With dances and delights of many a pair,
Whereby the affections secret she will wake,
That they with better will their best may prove
To make those pleased with whom they fall in love.

XXIII.

Such scheme of yore she managed, that the son,
Born to Anchises, might be welcome found,
Upon that plain, by crafty bargain won,
Large as a single ox-hide could surround.
Her son she seeks, because with him alone,
The cruel Cupid, all her power is bound ;
That, as he aided in that old emprise,
So, following, he might aid in this likewise.

XXIV.

No carro ajunta as aves, que na vida
Vão da morte as exequias celebrando;
E aquellas em que já foi convertida
Peristéra, as boninas apanhando.
Em derredor da deosa já partida
No ar lascivos beijos se vão dando:
Ella, por onde passa, o ar e o vento
Sereno faz com brando movimento.

XXV.

Já sobre os Idalíos montes pende,
Onde o filho frecheiro estava então
Ajuntando outros muitos; que pretende
Fazer huma famosa expedição
Contra o mundo rebelde; porque emende
Erros grandes, que ha dias nelle estão,
Amando cousas que nos foram dadas,
Não para ser amadas mas usadas.

XXVI.

Via Acteon na caça tão austero,
De cego na alegria bruta, insana,
Que, por seguir hum feo animal fero,
Foge da gente e bella forma humana:
E por castigo quer doce e severo
Mostrar-lhe a formosura de Diana,
E guarde-se não seja inda comido
Desses cães, que agora ama, e consumido.

XXVII.

E vê do mundo todo os principais,
Que nenhum no bem publico imagina:
Vê nelles que não tem amor a mais,
Que a si somente, e a quem Philaucia ensina:
Vê, que esses que frequentam os reais
Paços, por verdadeira e sãa doutrina
Vendem adulação, que mal consente
Mondar-se o novo trigo florecente.

XXIV.

Her chariot with those birds she doth array,
Who their death's exequies in lifetime sing,
And those whereto Peristera, one day,
Was changed, while daisies she was gathering.
Around the Goddess, now upon her way,
They interchange love's kisses on the wing;
She, where she passeth, breeze and wind more rude
By her soft movement lulls to quietude.

XXV.

O'er the Idalian mountains doth she wend,
Where then her arrow-bearing son was found,
Assembling many more, who all pretend
To make a famous expedition round
Against a rebel world, that they may mend
Great errors, which for some long time abound,
In loving things which really were decreed
Not to be loved but only used for need.

XXVI.

He saw Actæon in the chase austere,
All blind with wild and savage ecstacy,
Who the fierce ugly beast that he may spear,
Flies the fair human form and company;
And seeks by chastisement, sweet and severe,
To show to him Diana's symmetry;
And that he careful be lest he be doomed
By these same dogs, he loves, to be consumed.

XXVII.

And sees, among the world's most prominent,
That no one for the public welfare cares;
Sees in them, that no real love is meant,
But for themselves, whom Philautia rears;
Sees those who royal palaces frequent,
For sound and truthful doctrine, to the ears
Sell adulation, which will scarce agree
That the young growing corn should winnow'd be.

XXVIII.

Vê que aquelles, que devem á pobreza
Amor divino e ao povo charidade,
Amam somente mandos e riqueza,
Simulando justiça e integridade:
Da fea tyrannia e de aspereza
Fazem direito e vãa severidade:
Leis em favor do Rei se estabelecem,
As em favor do povo só perecem.

XXIX.

Vê em fim, que ninguem ama o que deve,
Senão o que somente mal deseja:
Não quer que tanto tempo se releve
O castigo, que duro e justo seja.
Seus ministros ajunta; porque leve
Exercitos conformes á peleja,
Que espera ter co'a mal regida gente,
Que lhe não for agora obediente.

XXX.

Muitos destes meninos voadores
Estão em varias obras trabalhando,
Huns amolando ferros passadores,
Outros hasteas de settas delgaçando:
Trabalhando, cantando estão de amores,
Varios casos em verso modulando,
Melodia sonora e concertada,
Suave a letra, angelica a soada.

XXXI.

Nas fragoas immortaes, onde forjavam
Para as settas as pontas penetrantes,
Por lenha corações ardendo estavam,
Vivas entranhas inda palpitantes:
As aguas, onde os ferros temperavam,
Lagrimas são de miseros amantes:
A viva flamma, o nunca morto lume
Desejo he só; que queima, e não consume.

XXVIII.

He sees that they, who love divine should owe
To want, and to the people charity,
Only command and riches love to know,
Pretending justice and integrity:
The harsh and cruel tyranny they show
They justice call, and mere severity;
Laws in the monarch's favour are sustained,
Those in the people's favour are disdained.

XXIX.

He sees, in fine, that none pure thoughts obey,
But only to what evil is incline:
He wills not there should be such long delay
In chastisement, both rigorous and condign:
He summons all his forces that he may
A fitting army for the fight combine,
Wherewith the ill-governed race he looks to hold,
Who will not by his laws be now controlled.

XXX.

Many of these young Cupids o' the wing
Are seen employed in various works around;
Some the hard iron heads are sharpening,
While others fining arrow shafts are found;
Working and singing, still of love they sing,
And tales in modulated verse abound,
Sonorous melody in concert thrown,
The letter sweet, angelical the tone.

XXXI.

The immortal furnaces, within whose heat
The iron was pointed for the arrow's head,
For fuel were with hearts that burning beat
And vitals, live and palpitating, fed:
The waters, which impart the temper meet,
Are tears by miserable lovers shed:
The living flame, the never dying fire,
That burns, but not consumes, is sheer desire.

XXXII.

Álguns exercitando a mão andavam
Nos duros corações da plebe ruda:
Crebros suspiros pelo ar soavam
Dos que feridos vão da setta aguda:
Formosas nymphas são as que curavam
As chagas recebidas, cuja ajuda
Não somente dá vida aos mal feridos,
Mas põe em vida os inda não nascidos.

XXXIII.

Formosas são algumas, e outras feas,
Segundo a qualidade fôr das chagas;
Que o veneno espalhado pelas veas
Curam-no ás vezes asperas triagas.
Alguns ficam ligados em cadeas
Por palavras subtis de sabias magas,
Isto acontece ás vezes, quando as settas
Acertam de levar hervas secretas.

XXXIV.

Destes tiros assi desordenados,
Que estes moços mal destros vão tirando,
Nascem amores mil desconcertados
Entre o povo ferido, miserando;
E tambem nos heroes de altos estados
Exemplos mil se vêm de amor nefando,
Qual o das môças Bibli e Cinyrea:
Hum mancebo de Assyria, hum de Judea.

XXXV.

E vós, ó poderosos, por pastoras
Muitas vezes ferido o peito vedes;
E por baixos e rudos vós senhoras,
Tambem vos tomam nas Vulcaneas redes.
Huns esperando andais nocturnas horas,
Outros subis telhados e paredes:
Mas eu creio que deste amor indino
He mais culpa a da mãi que a do menino.

XXXII.

Some now their hand are exercising found
Upon the uncouth rabble's senseless heart;
Repeated sighs through all the air resound
Of those who feel the piercing arrow's smart:
The lovely nymphs, they are, who heal the wound
Where'er received, whose services impart
Not only life to all severely torn,
But bring to life e'en those as yet unborn.

XXXIII.

Some are all beautiful and others plain,
Dependent on the wounding quality,
For sometimes poison, spreading through each vein,
Removed by bitter antidotes must be;
Some lie all bound in many a magic chain,
By subtle words of learned witchery;
This sometimes happens, when it comes to pass
The arrows carry herbs of poisonous class.

XXXIV.

By all these arrows out of order thrown,
Which th' undiscerning youths shoot forth so blind,
A thousand ill-concerted loves are sown,
'Midst wounded, miserable, sad mankind:
In heroes, too, of wealth and station known
Thousand examples of dark love we find,
As in the damsels Byblis, and Cinyrea,
The Assyrian youth, one also of Judea.

XXXV.

And ye, ye great! how often, as ye know,
A shepherdess your bosom can enthral;
And ye, fine ladies! by the rude and low
Ye, also, into Vulcan's nets can fall.
Some for night's sable hours expecting go,
And others will ascend or roof or wall;
But I believe the fault of love so wild
Is of the mother more than of the child.

XXXVI.

Mas já no verde prado o carro leve
Punham os brancos cysnes mansamente,
E Dióne, que as rosas entre a neve
No rosto traz, descia diligente.
O frecheiro, que contra o ceo se atreve,
A recebel-a vem ledo e contente;
Vem todos os Cupidos servidores
Beijar a mão á deosa dos amores.

XXXVII.

Ella, porque não gaste o tempo em vão,
Nos braços tendo o filho, confiada
Lhe diz: 'Amado filho, em cuja mão
Toda minha potencia está fundada,
Filho, em quem minhas forças sempre estão,
Tu que as armas Typhêas tens em nada,
A soccorrer-me á tua potestade
Me traz especial necessidade;

XXXVIII.

'Bem vês as Lusitanicas fadigas,
Que eu já de muito longe favoreço;
Porque das Parcas sei minhas amigas
Que me hão de venerar e ter em preço;
E porque tanto imitam as antigas
Obras de meus Romanos, me offereço
A lhe dar tanta ajuda em quanto posso,
A quanto se estender o poder nosso;

XXXIX.

'E porque das insidias do odioso
Baccho fôram na India molestados,
E das injurias sós do mar undoso
Puderam mais ser mortos, que cansados:
No mesmo mar, que sempre temeroso
Lhe foi, quero, que sejam repousados,
Tomando aquelle premio e doce gloria
Do trabalho que faz clara a memoria;

XXXVI.

Now on the meadow green the chariot light
The milky swans have placed with gentle care;
Dionéa, who the roses and snow white
Mingles upon her brow, descendeth there.
The archer, who 'gainst heaven doth dare his might,
Comes to receive her, gay and debonair,
And all the serving Cupids reverent move
To kiss the sweet hand of the Queen of Love.

XXXVII.

She, as her time in vain she will not spend,
Holding her son in her embraces, cries
With confidence—'Loved offspring! in whose hand
All I possess of power established lies;
Son! who my forces ever must command,
Thou, who the arms Typhean canst despise,
Me doth especial urgency now force
To thy great powers and aid to have recourse;

XXXVIII.

'The Lusitanians' toils thou dost behold,
Whom I have favoured from so long a date;
For by the Fates, my friends, I have been told,
They will respect me and appreciate;
And as so much my Romans' works of old
This people followeth now, I contemplate
To grant them all th' assistance I can lend,
So far as our joint forces will extend;

XXXIX.

'And since they were in India, as 'tis known,
By wiles of odious Bacchus compassèd
And, by the wrongs of ocean's waves alone,
Rather than wearied might indeed be dead;
On the same sea, where they were tossed and blown,
I will that to repose they now be led;
Such just reward and glory sweet to claim
Of toil, which makes the record bright in fame;

XL.

'E para isso queria que feridas
As filhas de Nerêo no ponto fundo,
D'amor dos Lusitanos incendidas,
Que vem de descobrir o novo mundo,
Todas n'huma ilha juntas, e subidas;
Ilha, que nas entranhas do profundo
Oceano terei apparelhada
De dões de Flora e Zephyro adornada;

XLI.

'Alli com mil refrescos e manjares,
Com vinhos odoriferos e rosas,
Em crystallinos paços singulares
Formosos leitos, e ellas mais formosas,
Em fim com mil deleites não vulgares
Os esperem as nymphas amorosas,
D'amor feridas; para lhe entregarem
Quanto dellas os olhos cubiçarem;

XLII.

'Quero que haja no reino Neptunino,
Onde eu nasci, progenie forte e bella,
E tome exemplo o mundo vil, malino,
Que contra tua potencia se rebella;
Porque entendam que muro adamantino,
Nem triste hypocrisia val contra ella;
Mal haverá na terra quem se guarde,
Se teu fogo immortal nas aguas arde.'

XLIII.

Assi Venus propôz, e o filho inico
Para lhe obedecer já se apercebe:
Manda trazer o arco eburneo, rico,
Onde as settas de ponta de ouro embebe.
Com gesto ledo a Cypria e impudico
Dentro no carro o filho seu recebe;
A redea larga ás aves, cujo canto
A Phaetontea morte chorou tanto.

XL.

'And to this end, all wounded I desire
Nereus' fair daughters, in the vasty main,
Swayed towards the Lusians all by love's soft fire,
Who hither sailed the new world to attain.
These nymphs to rise united I require
On a sweet island which for Ocean's plain
I will prepare from his vast depths below,
Where Zephyrus' and Flora's gifts shall glow;

XLI.

'There with a thousand meats and drinks divine,
With odoriferous wines and roses rare,
In wondrous palaces all crystalline,
Fair couches, and themselves more passing fair,
With thousand pleasures all unknown, in fine,
There let the expecting amorous nymphs repair,
Smitten with love, and pliant to bestow
All they possess that eye may crave to know.

XLII.

'In Neptune's realm I will there should succeed,
Where I was born, a fair and powerful line,
And let the vile malignant world take heed
How 'gainst thy power rebellion they design.
'Gainst this, not walls of adamant indeed,
Nor vile hypocrisy can aught combine;
Scarcely on land their privilege they'll save,
If thine immortal fire burn in the wave.'

XLIII.

Thus Venus; and her son on mischief's wing
Prepares, at once, her wishes to obey;
He sends his rich and ivory bow to bring,
Where his gold-pointed arrows he doth lay;
The Cyprian, in her pleasure revelling,
Receives him in her chariot on her way,
Then gives the birds the rein, whose mournful song
The death of Phaeton deplored so long.

XLIV.

Mas diz Cupido que era necessaria
Huma famosa e celebre terceira,
Que, postoque mil vezes lhe he contraria,
Outras muitas a tem por companheira;
A deosa Gigantêa, temeraria,
Jactante, mentirosa e verdadeira,
Que com cem olhos vê, e por onde voa
O que vê com mil bôcas apregoa.

XLV.

Vão a buscar e mandam a diante,
Que celebrando vá com tuba clara
Os louvores da gente navegante
Mais do que nunca os d'outrem celebrara.
Já murmurando a Fama penetrante
Pelas fundas cavernas se espalhara:
Falla verdade, havida por verdade;
Que junto a deosa traz Credulidade.

XLVI.

O louvor grande, o rumor excellente
No coração dos deoses, que indignados
Foram por Baccho contra a illustre gente,
Mudando, os fez hum pouco affeiçoados.
O peito feminil, que levemente
Muda quaesquer propositos tomados,
Já julga por máo zelo e por crueza
Desejar mal a tanta fortaleza.

XLVII.

Despede nisto o fero moço as settas
Huma após outra, geme o mar co'os tiros;
Direitas pelas ondas inquietas
Algũas vão, e algũas fazem giros:
Cahem as nymphas, lançam das secretas
Entranhas ardentissimos suspiros:
Cahe qualquer, sem vêr o vulto que ama;
Que tanto, como a vista, pode a fama.

XLIV.

But Cupid says there is necessity
Of a renowned and celebrated third,
Who, though a thousand times all contrary,
Has many other times as friend appeared;
Goddess Gigantia, of rash tendency,
Boastful, now false, now faithful to her word,
Who sees with hundred eyes, and, through the air,
With thousand mouths doth all she sees declare.

XLV.

They go to seek and send her on before,
That with her brilliant trumpet she may raise
The praises of the navigators more
Than ever she resounded others' praise,
Now doth great murmuring Fame the caves explore
Of deepest ocean, and her boast displays;
She speaks the truth, which truth is held to be—
For Fame doth lead with her Credulity.

XLVI.

The praises great, the rumours full of grace,
In the Gods' breasts, who had by Bacchus been
So much incensed against the illustrious race,
Caused some small change towards friendship to be seen.
The female breast which lightly doth efface
Whatever resolutions it hath ta'en,
Conceives it cruelty and wicked zeal
Against such valour ill desire to feel.

XLVII.

Thereon the heartless youth doth bend his bow,
Shaft follows shaft; the smitten ocean cries;
Some through the unquiet waters straightway go,
Many another indirectly flies;
Now fall the nymphs, and from the depths below
Of ocean utter forth most ardent sighs;
Each falls, the face not seeing which she loves;
For Fame as potent quite as vision proves.

XLVIII.

Os cornos ajuntou da eburnea lũa
Com força o môço indomito excessiva;
Que Tethys quer ferir mais que nenhũa;
Porque mais que nenhũa lhe era esquiva.
Já não fica na aljava setta algũa,
Nem nos equoreos campos nympha viva;
E, se feridas indas estão vivendo,
Será para sentir que vão morrendo.

XLIX.

Dai lugar, altas e ceruleas ondas;
Que vedas, Venus traz a medicina,
Mostrando as brancas velas e redondas
Que vem por cima da agua Neptunina:
Para que tu reciproco respondas,
Ardente Amor, á flamma feminina,
He forçado que a pudicicia honesta
Faça quanto lhe Venus admoesta.

L.

Já todo o bello côro se apparelha
Das Nereidas, e junto caminhava
Em chorêas gentis, usança velha,
Para a ilha a que Venus as guiava:
Alli a formosa deosa lhe aconselha
O que ella fez mil vezes, quando amava;
Ellas, que vão do doce amor vencidas,
Estão a seu conselho offerecidas.

LI.

Cortando vão as náos a larga via
Do mar ingente para a patria amada,
Desejando prover-se de agua fria
Para a grande viagem prolongada;
Quando juntas com subita alegria
Houveram vista da ilha namorada,
Rompendo pelo ceo a mãi formosa
De Memnónio, suave e deleitosa.

XLVIII.

His ivory lune's two horns into a round
Draws with excessive force the unconquered boy:
Rather than others Tethys would he wound,
For more than others had he proved her coy;
Now in the quiver not one shaft is found,
Nor in the watery plains nymph to destroy;
And if the wounded yet remain alive
'Twill be to know with very death they strive.

XLIX.

Give place, ye deep cerulean waves, give place,
For ye behold how Venus comes to heal;
The white and swelling canvass ye may trace,
Which o'er great Neptune's sea she doth reveal;
That thou, O ardent Love! with kindred grace,
May'st answer to the love that women feel,
In all must honest modesty obey
As Venus shall in admonition say.

L.

Now all the Nereids' beauteous choir, behold!
Prepare themselves and grouped together move
In graceful dances, as of usance old,
Where Venus guides them, to the isle above:
There the sweet Goddess counsel doth unfold
Of her own thousand methods when in love;
And they, who all by sweet love vanquished go,
Accept her counsels and conform to know.

LI.

Towards their dear native land the vessels ride,
O'er the vast ocean way for many a mile,
Anxious, indeed, fresh water to provide,
To serve for so prolonged a voyage, the while;
When sudden joy breaks forth on every side;
There hove in sight the fair enamoured isle,
As Memnon's beauteous mother met their eye,
Sweet and delightful breaking o'er the sky.

LII.

De longe a ilha viram fresca e bella,
Que Venus pelas ondas lha levava
(Bem como o vento leva branca vela)
Para onde a forte armada se enxergava;
Que, porque não passassem, sem que nella
Tomassem porto, como desejava,
Para onde as náos navegam a movia
A Acidália, que tudo em fim podia.

LIII.

Mas firme a fêz e immobil, como vio
Que era dos nautas vista e demandada;
Qual ficou Delos, tanto que pario
Latôna Phebo e a deosa á caça usada.
Para lá logo a prôa o mar abrio,
Onde a costa fazia huma enseada
Curva e quieta, cuja branca area
Pintou de ruivas conchas Cytherea.

LIV.

Tres formosos outeiros se mostravam
Erguidos com soberba graciosa,
Que de gramíneo esmalte se adornavam,
Na formosa ilha alegre e deleitosa:
Claras fontes e limpidas manavam
Do cume que a verdura tem viçosa;
Por entre pedras alvas se deriva
A sonorosa lympha fugitiva.

LV.

N'hum valle ameno, que os outeiros fende,
Vinham as claras aguas ajuntar-se,
Onde huma mesa fazem, que se estende
Tão bella quanto pode imaginar-se;
Arvoredo gentil sobre ella pende,
Como que prompto está para affeitar-se,
Vendo-se no crystal resplandecente,
Que em si o está pintando propriamente.

LII.

From far they saw the island fresh and fair,
Which Venus o'er the waters toward them drove
(E'en as the wind the canvass white doth bear)
Whither the noble fleet was seen to move;
For, that they should not pass not entering there
To make the port, with which intent she strove,
The isle was moved to where the vessels sailed
By Acidalia who in all prevailed.

LIII.

But firm and fixed she makes it, where she knows
'Tis by the sailors seen and sought apace,
As Delos stayed, when from Latona rose
Apollo and the Goddess of the chase;
Thither the prow the waves dividing goes
Where the coast forms a bay for resting-place,
Curved and all quiet, and whose shining sand
Is painted with red shells by Venus' hand.

LIV.

Three beauteous mounts rise nobly to the view,
Lifting with graceful pride their swelling head,
O'er which enamelled grass, adorning, grew,
In this delightful, lovely island, glad:
Bright limpid springs their rushing waters threw
From heights with rich luxuriant verdure clad,
Midst the white rocks, above, their source derive
The streams sonorous, sweet and fugitive.

LV.

In a soft vale, which doth the mounts divide,
Each crystal river comes to join its stream,
Where all a mirror form, which, spreading wide,
Is beautiful as any one could dream;
A graceful grove, that hangs on every side,
Like one about to adorn himself doth seem,
Who in the brilliant glass his form doth spy,
Which on its bosom paints him faithfully.

LVI.

Mil arvores estão ao ceo subindo
Com pomos odoriferos e bellos;
A larangeira tem no fruito lindo
A côr que tinha Daphne nos cabellos;
Encosta-se no chão, que está cahindo,
A cidreira co'os pezos amarellos;
Os formosos limões alli cheirando
Estão virgineas têtas imitando.

LVII.

As arvores agrestes, que os outeiros
Tem com frondente côma ennobrecidos,
Álemos são de Alcides, e os loureiros
Do louro deos amados e queridos:
Myrtos de Cytherêa, co'os pinheiros
De Cybele por outro amor vencidos:
Está apontando o agudo cypariso
Para onde he posto o ethereo paraiso.

LVIII.

Os dões que dá Pomôna alli natura
Produze differentes nos sabores,
Sem ter necessidade de cultura;
Que sem ella se dão muito melhores;
As cerejas purpureas na pintura;
As amoras, que o nome tem de amores;
O pomo, que da patria Persia veio,
Melhor tornado no terreno alheio.

LIX.

Abre a romãa mostrando a rubicunda
Côr com que tu, rubi, teu preço perdes:
Entre os braços do ulmeiro está jucunda
Vide c'huns cachos roxos, e outros verdes:
E vós, se na vossa arvore fecunda,
Peras pyramidaes, viver quizerdes,
Entregai-vos ao damno que co'os bicos
Em vós fazem os passaros inicos.

LVI.

A thousand trees toward heaven their summits raise,
With fruits all odoriferous and fair:
The orange in its produce bright displays
The tint that Daphne carried in her hair:
The citron on the ground its branches lays,
Laden with yellow weights it cannot bear;
The beauteous lemons, which the whole perfume,
The virgin bosom in their form assume.

LVII.

The forest trees, that on the hills combine
To ennoble them, with leafy hair o'ergrown,
Are poplars of Alcides; laurels shine,
Loved by the shining God, as of his own:
Myrtles of Cytheræa, with the pine
Of Cybele, by other love o'erthrown:
The spearing cypress tree points out where lies
The seat of the ethereal paradise.

LVIII.

Pomona's gifts there nature doth supply
Of various flavours, through the grove and field;
For culture there is no necessity,
The trees without such aid far better yield:
The blooming cherries of a purple dye;
Morus, wherein Amours might seem concealed;
The fruit that was in Persia native found,
And better grows upon a foreign ground.

LIX.

Pomegranates rubicund break forth and shine,
A tint whereby thou, ruby, losest sheen;
'Twixt the elm branches hangs the jocund vine
With bunches, some of red and some of green;
And ye, O pointed pears, if ye incline
On your full tree abundant to be seen,
Intrust yourselves to bear the pruning ills
Inflicted by the birds' so cruel bills.

LX.

Poïs a tapeçaria bella e fina,
Com que se cobre o rustico terreno,
Faz ser a de Acheménia menos dina,
Mas o sombrio valle mais ameno;
Alli a cabeça a flor Cephisia inclina
Sôbolo tanque lucido e sereno;
Florece o filho e neto de Cinyras,
Por quem tu, deosa Páphia, inda suspiras.

LXI.

Para julgar difficil cousa fôra,
No ceo vendo e na terra as mesmas côres,
Se dava ás flores côr a bella Aurora,
Ou se lha dão a ella as bellas flores.
Pintando estava alli Zephyro e Flora
As violas da côr dos amadores:
O lirio roxo, a fresca rosa bella,
Qual reluze nas faces da donzella.

LXII.

A candida cecêm, das matutinas
Lagrimas rociada, e a mangerona;
Vêm-se as letras nas flores Hyacinthinas,
Tão queridas do filho de Latona:
Bem se enxerga nos pomos e boninas
Que competia Chloris com pomona;
Pois se as aves no ar cantando voam,
Alegres animaes o chão povoam.

LXIII.

Ao longo da agua o niveo cysne canta,
Responde-lhe do ramo philomela;
Da sombra de seus cornos não se espanta
Acteon n'agua crystallina e bella;
Aqui a fugace lebre se levanta
Da espessa mata, ou timida gazella;
Alli no bico traz ao charo ninho
O mantimento o leve passarinho.

LX.

Then, the refined and splendid tapestry
Covering the rustic ground beneath the feet,
Makes that of Achæmenia dull to be,
But makes the shady valley far more sweet.
Cephisian flower with head inclined we see
Over the calm and lucid lake's retreat;
Cinyra's son and grandson blossoms high,
For whom thou, Paphian Goddess, still dost sigh.

LXI.

'Twas difficult to fancy which was true,
Seeing on heaven and earth all tints the same,
If fair Aurora gave the flowers their hue,
Or from the lovely flowers to her it came;
Flora and Zephyr, there, in painting drew
The violets tinted, as of lovers' flame,
The iris, and the rose all fair and fresh,
E'en as it doth on cheek of maiden blush.

LXII.

The lily white, with early morning's tear
Bedewed; sweet marjorams' sweet fragrancy;
The letters in the Hyacinths appear
Loved by Latona's son so tenderly;
In all the fruits and flowers it seemeth clear
That Chloris with Pomona fain would vie;
While birds fly singing in the air around,
Animals cheerful people all the ground.

LXIII.

Along the water sings the snow-white swan,
While from the branch respondeth Philomel;
Actæon starts not here his horns to scan
In the fair crystal stream, as once befell;
Here the swift hare awakens and, anon,
Leaves the thick forest, or the shy gazelle;
Here in its bill to the dear nest, with care,
The rapid little bird the food doth bear.

LXIV.

Nesta frescura tal desembarcavam
Já das náos os segundos Argonautas,
Onde pela floresta se deixavam
Andar as bellas deosas como incautas:
Algumas doces citharas tocavam,
Algumas arpas e sonoras frautas,
Outras co'os arcos de ouro se fingiam
Seguir os animaes que não seguiam.

LXV.

Assi lho aconselhara a mestra experta
Que andassem pelos campos espalhadas;
Que, vista dos Barões a presa incerta,
Se fizessem primeiro desejadas.
Algumas, que na fórma descoberta
Do bello corpo estavam confiadas,
Posta a artificiosa formosura,
Nuas lavar se deixam na agua pura.

LXVI.

Mas os fortes mancebos, que na praia
Punham os pés de terra cubiçosos;
Que não ha nenhum delles que não saia
De acharem caça agreste desejosos;
Não cuidam, que sem laço ou redes caia
Caça naquelles montes deleitosos
Tão suave, domestica e benina
Qual ferida lha tinha já Erycina.

LXVII.

Alguns, que em espingardas e nas béstas
Para ferir os cervos se fiavam,
Pelos sombrios matos e florestas
Determinadamente se lançavam;
Outros nas sombras, que das altas sestas
Defendem a verdura, passeavam
Ao longo da agua, que suave e queda
Por alvas pedras corre á praia leda.

LXIV.

Leaving their ships, in these cool haunts the crew
Of second Argonauts sought out their way,
Where through the woods, all careless to the view,
The lovely nymphs allowed themselves to stray:
Some o'er sweet citharas the finger threw,
Some harps and dulcet flutes sat down to play,
Others with golden bows affect, with grace,
To chase the animals they do not chase.

LXV.

'Twas thus the experienced mistress did advise
That all should thus go scattered o'er the plain;
For, if the heroes saw a doubtful prize,
They would, from first, appear the greater gain;
Some, who of their sweet bodies' symmetries
In unrobed form are confidently vain,
The artificial beauty thrown aside,
Into the water pure to bathe them glide.

LXVI.

But the brave youths who now in festival
Put foot on shore, e'en craving for the land,—
While not one disembarks among them all,
Who does not hope to find wild game at hand—
Dream not that without noose or net will fall
In those delightful mountains game so bland,
So gentle, so domestic and so fair,
As Venus e'en hath wounded for them there.

LXVII.

Some, who with guns and cross-bows trust their feats,
All eager in pursuit the stag to slay,
Through the dark woods' and forests' deep retreats
With hunter's resolution force their way:
Some in the shades, which from the ardent heats
Protect the verdure, are content to stray
Along the stream which, smooth and calm doth pour,
Coursing white pebbles to the joyous shore.

LXVIII.

Começam de enxergar subitamente
Por entre verdes ramos varias côres ;
Côres, de quem a vista julga e sente
Que não eram das rosas ou das flores ;
Mas da lãa fina e seda differente,
Que mais incita a força dos amores
De que se vestem as humanas rosas,
Fazendo-se por arte mais formosas.

LXIX.

Dá Velloso espantado hum grande grito :
'Senhores, caça estranha,' disse, 'he esta ;
Se inda dura o Gentio antiguo rito,
A deosas he sagrada esta floresta :
Mais descobrimos do que humano esprito
Desejou nunca : e bem se manifesta
Que são grandes as cousas e excellentes,
Que o mundo encobre aos homens imprudentes.

LXX.

'Sigamos estas deosas, e vejamos
Se phantasticas são, se verdadeiras.'
Isto dito, veloces mais que gamos,
Se lançam a correr pelas ribeiras.
Fugindo as nymphas vão por entre os ramos ;
Mas mais industriosas que ligeiras,
Pouco e pouco sorrindo e gritos dando,
Se deixam ir dos galgos alcançando.

LXXI.

De huma os cabellos de ouro o vento leva,
Correndo, e de outra as fraldas delicadas ;
Accende-se o desejo que se ceva
Nas alvas carnas subito mostradas ;
Huma de industria cahe, e já releva
Com mostras mais macias que indignadas,
Que sobre ella empecendo tambem caia
Quem a seguio pela arenosa praia.

LXVIII.

But suddenly they all begin to spy
Bright various colours the green boughs among;
Colours which by the judgment of the eye
Neither to roses nor to flowers belong,
But to fine wool and silk of various dye,
Which cause the force of love to grow more strong,
Wherein the human roses dress with care,
Making themselves, by art, more passing fair.

LXIX.

Velloso shouts aloud, astonished quite:
'Sirs,' quoth he, 'game most singular is this;
If yet prevails the ancient Pagan rite,
This wood is sacred to the Goddesses;
Here find we more than human fancy might
Have e'er desired; and manifest it is
That great and excellent those matters are,
Whereof the world doth prying man debar.

LXX.

'Let us these Goddesses pursue, to know
If they be fanciful or true indeed.'
This said, with speed not fallow deer can show,
They set themselves to run by stream and mead;
The nymphs all swiftly fly through brake and bough,
But are more bent on cunning than on speed,
Till by degrees, with screams and laughter gay,
They let the greyhounds overtake the prey.

LXXI.

Of one the golden locks the wind displays,
While running, blows another's graceful dress,
Love is inflamed, which eagerly surveys
The snowy flesh in sudden loveliness;
One falls on purpose, and e'en thus betrays
More gentle signs than those of proud distress,
That so may fall, her tresses tripping o'er,
He who pursues her on the sandy shore.

LXXII.

Outros por outra parte vão topar
Com as deosas despidas que se lavam;
Ellas começam subito a gritar,
Como que assalto tal não esperavam.
Humas, fingindo menos estimar
A vergonha que a força, se lançavam
Nuas por entre o mato, aos olhos dando
O que ás mãos cubiçosas vão negando.

LXXIII.

Outra, como acudindo mais depressa
Á vergonha da deosa caçadora,
Esconde o corpo n'agua; outra se apressa
Por tomar os vestidos que tem fóra.
Tal dos mancebos ha que se arremessa
Vestido assi e calçado; (que co'a mora
De se despir ha medo que inda tarde)
A matar na agua o fogo que nelle arde.

LXXIV.

Qual cão de caçador, sagaz e ardido,
Usado a tomar na agua a ave ferida,
Vendo no rosto o ferreo cano erguido
Para a garcenha ou pata conhecida,
Antes que sôe o estouro, mal soffrido
Salta n'agua e da presa não duvida,
Nadando vai e latindo: assi o mancebo
Remette á que não era irmãa de Phebo.

LXXV.

Leonardo, soldado bem disposto,
Manhoso, cavalleiro e namorado,
A quem amor não dera hum só desgosto,
Mas sempre fôra delle maltratado,
E tinha já por firme presuppposto
Ser com amores mal afortunado,
Porém não que perdesse a esperança
De inda poder seu fado ter mudança;

LXXII.

Others, in other parts, the nymphs surprise
Unrobed, while bathing in the crystal flood;
These suddenly begin to utter cries,
As not prepared for an assault so rude;
Some, feigning modesty to sacrifice
To fear of force, rush off into the wood,
Defenceless, thus conceding to the eye
What to the longing hand they thus deny.

LXXIII.

Another, as more quickly following
The pureness of the Goddess of the chase,
Hides in the stream; and one is hastening
Her robes to gather from another place:
One of the youths into the flood doth spring,
All clothed and booted (fearing in such case
That stopping to unrobe throws time away),
The ardent fire in water to allay.

LXXIV.

Like sportsman's dog, sagacious keen and sly,
Used in the pool to catch the wounded bird,
Marking the barrel pointed from the eye
Towards the wild goose or heron, e'er is heard
The well-known loud report, impatiently
Leaps in the stream and, of his game assured,
Swimming and barking goes; so springs the youth
On one, not Phœbus' sister quite, in truth.

LXXV.

Leonardo, soldier of renown and trust,
Able, a true-born knight, and given to love,
And whom, not only once, did love disgust,
But ever did ill-treat and hostile prove;
Who now by firm persuasion felt he must
Always in his affections hapless move,
Not that, however, he had lost all hope
That yet his fate might change for brighter scope:

LXXVI.

Quiz aqui sua ventura que corria
Após Ephyre, exemplo de belleza,
Que mais caro que as outras dar queria
O que deo para dar-se a natureza.
Já cansado correndo lhe dizia:
'Ó formosura indigna de aspereza;
Pois desta vida te concedo a palma,
Espera hum corpo de quem levas a alma;

LXXVII.

'Todas de correr cansam, nympha pura,
Rendendo-se á vontade do inimigo,
Tu só de mi só foges na espessura?
Quem te disse que eu era o que te sigo?
Se to tem dito já aquella ventura,
Que em toda a parte sempre anda comigo,
Ó não na creas; porque eu, quando a cria,
Mil vezes cada hora me mentia;

LXXVIII.

'Não canses: que me cansas: e se queres
Fugir-me, porque não possa tocar-te,
Minha ventura he tal que, inda que esperes,
Ella fará que não possa alcançar-te;
Espera: quero ver, se tu quizeres,
Que subtil modo busca de escapar-te,
E notarás no fim deste successo
"Tra la spiga e la man qual muro è messo;"

LXXIX.

'Ó não me fujas! Assi nunca o breve
Tempo fujá de tua formosura!
Que só com refrear o passo leve
Vencerás da fortuna a força dura;
Que Imperador, que exercito se atreve
A quebrantar a furia da ventura
Que, em quanto desejei, me vai seguindo,
O que tu só farás não me fugindo?

LXXVI.

His fortune willed that he should follow here
Beauty's example, the fair Ephyré,
Who wished to give, than all the rest more dear,
What nature gave that given it might be.
With running tired, 'O thou who dost appear,'
He cried, 'too lovely for asperity,
Since of this life to thee I yield the prize,
A body wait, whose spirit with thee flies!

LXXVII.

'All now are tired of running, Goddess good,
Submitting to the wishes of the foe;
Alone, from me alone, seek'st thou the wood?
From whom, 'tis I pursuing thee, dost know?
If from that fortune 'tis, of evil mood,
Which everywhere doth always with me go,
Believe it not; for I, when I believed,
Was every hour a thousand times deceived.

LXXVIII.

'Tire not thyself, and me; if 'tis thy will
To fly the chance of being touched by me,
My fate is such that e'en should'st thou be still
'Twill manage I shall not come near to thee;
Stay! if thou willest so, I fain would tell
What subtle method of escape 'twill be;
And thou shalt note, when this event shall close,
"How much 'twixt hand and corn may interpose."

LXXIX.

'Oh fly me not! thus from thy beauty ne'er
May time, too swiftly flying, fly away;
If from thy swift pace only thou forbear,
Then my hard fortune, conquered, must obey;
What Emperor, or what army e'en, would dare
To break the fury of my fate essay,
Which still, while I desire, doth still pursue?
This, only thou, not flying me, canst do!

LXXX.

'Pões-te da parte da desdita minha?
Fraqueza he dar ajuda ao mais potente;
Levas-me hum coração que livre tinha?
Solta-mo, e correrás mais levemente;
Não te carrega essa alma tão mesquinha,
Que nesses fios de ouro reluzente
Atada levas? Ou, despois de presa,
Lhe mudaste a ventura e menos pesa?

LXXXI.

'Nesta esparança só te vou seguindo,
Que ou tu não soffrerás o peso della,
Ou na virtude de teu gesto lindo
Lhe mudarás a triste e dura estrella;
E se se lhe mudar, não vás fugindo;
Que amor te ferirá, gentil donzella,
E tu me esperarás se amor te fere,
E se me esperas não ha mais que espere.'

LXXXII.

Já não fugio a bella nympha, tanto
Por se dar cara ao triste que a seguia
Como por ir ouvindo o doce canto,
As namoradas magoas que dizia;
Volvendo o rosto já sereno e santo,
Toda banhada em riso e alegria,
Cahir se deixa aos pés do vencedor,
Que todo se desfaz em puro amor.

LXXXIII.

Oh que famintos beijos na floresta!
E que mimoso chôro que soava!
Que affagos tão suaves! Que ira honesta,
Que em risinhos alegres se tornava!
O que mais passam na manhãa e na sesta,
Que Venus com prazeres inflammava,
Melhor he exprimental-o que julgal-o;
Mas julgue-o quem não pode exprimental-o.

LXXX.

'Dost thou take part with my dark destiny?
'Tis weakness still to aid the greater might:
Tak'st thou away a heart that I had free?
Loose me, and thou shalt thenceforth run more light:
Doth it not weight thee, soul so trumpery,
Which in those locks of gold so passing bright
Thou takest bound? or when thou dost possess
Hast thou its fortune changed, and weighs it less?

LXXXI.

'Tis in this hope alone I follow thee;
For, either thou its weight unfelt dost bear,
Or, from thy modes enchanting, it must be
That thou wilt change its sad and cruel star;
And if 'twill change, then do not fly from me,
For love shall wound thee, gentle lady fair!
And thou wilt wait me if love be thy fate,
And if thou waitest me nought more I wait.'

LXXXI.

The lovely nymph no longer fled, as well
To encourage the sad follower whom she flies,
As that she heard the sweet song as it fell,
And told her of enamoured agonies;
Turning her brow where calm and virtue dwell,
All bathed in smiles and mirthful jollities,
She falls consenting at her lover's feet,
Who straight dissolves in love both pure and sweet.

LXXXIII.

Oh! in the wood, what kisses of desire,
And what a gentle chorus there was heard;
What soft caresses, and what honest ire,
Which into cheerful laughter was transferred;
What more by morning passed and noonday's fire
Which Venus with due joys inflamed and stirred,
Better to realise than theorise,
But theorise who cannot realise.

LXXXIV.

Desta arte em fim conformes já as formosas
Nymphas co'os séus amados navegantes,
Os ornam de capellas deleitosas,
De louro e de ouro e flores abundantes;
As mãos alvas lhe davam como esposas;
Com palavras formaes e estipulantes
Se promettem eterna companhia
Em vida e morte de honra e alegria.

LXXXV.

Huma dellas maior, a quem se humilha
Todo o coro das nymphas e obedece,
Que dizem ser de Cælo e Vesta filha,
O que no gesto bello se parece;
Enchendo a terra e o mar de maravilha,
O Capitão illustre, que o merece,
Recebe alli com pompa honesta e regia,
Mostrando-se senhora grande e egregia;

LXXXVI.

Que, despois de lhe ter dito quem era,
C'hum alto exordio de alta graça ornado,
Dando-lhe a entender que alli viera
Por alta influição do immobil fado,
Para lhe descobrir da unida esphera
Da terra immensa e mar não navegado
Os segredos por alta prophecia,
O que esta sua nação só merecia;

LXXXVII.

Tomando-o pela mão, o leva e guia
Para o cume d'hum monte alto e divino,
No qual hũa rica fábrica se erguia
De crystal toda e de ouro puro e fino;
A maior parte aqui passam do dia
Em doces jogos e em prazer contino;
Ella nos paços logra seus amores,
As outras pelas sombras entre as flores.

LXXXIV.

E'en thus the beauteous nymphs compliance show
With their belovéd navigators' ways;
With joyous chaplets they adorn their brow,
Wrought in abundant flowers of gold and bays;
Their fair white hands as spouses they bestow,
With formal words and stipulating phrase,
Which promise lasting fellowship by right,
In life and death, of honour and delight.

LXXXV.

One 'midst them all, whom with humility
The assembled choir of nymphs as chief revere,
Cœlus' and Vesta's daughter said to be,
As by her noble bearing doth appear,
Filling with miracle both land and sea,
The illustrious chief in form receiveth there,
As well deserved, with honest royal state,
Showing herself as lady high and great;

LXXXVI.

Who, after she had told her rank and name,
With proud exordium with high grace ornate,
Giving him to observe he thither came
Through the deep influence of unchanging fate;
That she the secrets, now of heaven's whole frame,
Of earth immense, and sea, unnavigate,
Might tell him, as deep prophecy had shown,
And which his nation merited alone;

LXXXVII.

Taking him by the hand, she leads the way
Unto a mountain top, high and divine,
Where a rich building doth its brow display,
All crystal and of gold all pure and fine;
There did they pass the greater part of day,
And constant pleasure with sweet joys combine;
She in the palaces enjoys her loves,
The rest amidst the flowers and shady groves.

LXXXVIII.

Assi a formosa e a forte companhia
O dia quasi todo estão passando,
N'huma alma, doce, incognita alegria
Os trabalhos tão longos compensando;
Porque dos feitos grandes, da ousadia
Forte e famosa o mundo está guardando
O premio lá no fim bem merecido
Com fama grande e nome alto e subido:

LXXXIX.

Que as nymphas do Oceano tão formosas,
Tethys e a ilha angelica pintada,
Outra cousa não he que as deleitosas
Honras que a vida fazem sublimada;
Aquellas preeminencias gloriosas,
Os triumphos, a fronte coroada
De palma e louro, a gloria e maravilha,
Estes são os deleites desta ilha;

XC.

Que as immortalidades que fingia
A antiguidade (que os illustres ama,)
Lá no estellante Olympo a quem subia
Sobre as azas inclytas da fama
Por obras valerosas, que fazia
Pelo trabalho immenso que se chama
Caminho da virtude alto e fragoso,
Mas no fim doce, alegre e deleitoso;

XCI.

Não eram senão premios, que reparte
Por feitos immortaes e soberanos
O mundo co'os barões, que esforço e arte
Divinos os fizeram, sendo humanos;
Que Jupiter, Mercurio, Phebo e Marte,
Eneas e Quirino, e os dous Thebanos,
Ceres, Pallas, e Juno com Diana,
Todos fôram de fraca carne humana,

LXXXVIII.

Thus pass the company so brave and bright
The day almost entire, with due regard,
In a sweet genial and unknown delight,
Which compensates for toils so long and hard;
Because of noble deeds, of daring might,
Famous and strong, the world reserves reward,
Which merit at the close so well may claim,
With high renown and rare exalted fame.

LXXXIX.

For Ocean's nymphs so lovely and so fair,
Tethys and all the angelic painted isle,
Serve but those pleasing honours to declare
That give to life sublime and noble style:
Those glorious pre-eminences rare,
The triumphs and the forehead crowned, the while,
With palm and laurel, marvel and renown,
These are the pleasures in this island shown.

XC.

For the immortalities the Ancients feigned
(Loving illustrious heros aye to claim,)
For those who had of old Olympus gained
The starry height, on brilliant wings of fame,
Through works of valour, which they had attained
By toil immense, and bearing for its name
The path of virtue, arduous to ascend,
But joyful, sweet, and pleasing at the end,

XCI.

Were nought else than rewards, which man's decree
For deeds immortal and all sovereign
Accords the great; thus making gods to be,
For power and skill, those who were nought but men.
For Jupiter, Mars, Phœbus, Mercury,
Æneas, Romulus, the Theban twain,
Juno, Diana, Ceres, Pallas, all,
Were only what weak human flesh we call.

XCII.

Mas a fama, trombeta de obras tais,
Lhe deo no mundo nomes tão estranhos,
De Deoses, Semideoses immortais,
Indigetes, Heroicos, e de Magnos.
Por isso, ó vós que as famas estimais,
Se quizerdes no mundo ser tamanhos,
Despertai já do somno do ocio ignavo
Que o animo de livre faz escravo;

XCIII.

E ponde na cubiça hum freio duro
E na ambição tambem, que indignamente
Tomais mil vezes, e no torpe e escuro
Vicio da tyrannia infame e urgente;
Porque essas honras vãas, esse ouro puro
Verdadeiro valor não dão á gente;
Melhor he merecel-os, sem os ter,
Que possuil-os, sem os merecer.

XCIV.

Ou dai na paz as leis iguaes, constantes,
Que aos grandes não dem o dos pequenos,
Ou vos vesti nas armas rutilantes
Contra a lei dos imigos Sarracenos;
Fareis os reinos grandes e possantes,
E todos tereis mais e nenhum menos,
Possuireis riquezas merecidas,
Com as honras que illustram tanto as vidas.

XCV.

E fareis claro o Rei que tanto amais,
Agora co'os conselhos bem cuidados,
Agora co'as espadas, que immortais
Vos farão como os vossos já passados:
Impossibilidades não façais;
Que, quem quiz sempre pôde: e numerados
Sereis entre os Heroes esclarecidos,
E nesta ilha de Venus recebidos.

XCII.

But Fame, the trumpet which such deeds makes known,
Gave them on earth such wondrous names and state,
As Gods and Demigods, immortal shown,
Man-gods and Heroes, and in fine, the Great.
Therefore, O ye who covet honour's crown,
If these on earth ye fain would emulate,
Cast off the sleep of idle ease with speed,
Which the free spirit makes a slave indeed;

XCIII.

On covetousness put strong bit and rein,
And on ambition, which unworthily
A thousand times ye suffer, and the stain
Obscure and vile of pressing tyranny;
Because this kind of gold, these honours vain
Confer on man no worth of certainty;
Better no honours should your merit bless
Than, without merit, honours to possess;

XCIV.

In peace make equal laws ye will not break,
Which give not to the great the small man's gains;
Or go once more, your shining armour take
Against the faith of hostile Saracens;
Ye shall the kingdoms great and powerful make,
All shall have more, and none less for your pains;
Of well earned riches thus shall ye partake,
With honours which men's lives illustrious make.

XCV.

Your King, so cherished, ye shall aggrandise,
Now with your counsel well conceived and true,
Now with your swords, which shall immortalise
Yourselves, as your forefathers stand in view;
Do not create impossibilities,
For he who willed the deed could always do;
Thus shall ye rank with Heroes of renown,
And in this isle of Venus wear your crown.

## *CANTO DECIMO.*

I.

Mas já o claro amador da Larissea
Adúltera inclinava os animaes
Lá para o grande lago que rodea
Temistitão nos fins Occidentaes:
O grande ardor do Sol Favonio enfrea
Co'o sôpro, que nos tanques naturaes
Encrespa a agua serena, e despertava
Os lirios e jasmins que a calma aggrava;

II.

Quando as formosas nymphas, co'os amantes
Pela mão já conformes e contentes,
Subiam para os paços radiantes,
E de metaes ornados reluzentes
Mandados da Rainha, que abundantes
Mesas d'altos manjares excellentes
Lhe tinha apparelhadas, que a fraqueza
Restaurem da cansada natureza.

III.

Alli em cadeiras ricas crystallinas
Se assentam dous e dous, amante e dama;
N'outras á cabeceira, d'ouro finas,
Está co'a bella deosa o claro Gama.
De iguarias suaves e divinas,
A quem não chega a Egypcia antigua fama,
Se accumulam os pratos de fulvo ouro,
Trazidos lá do Atlantico thesouro.

## *CANTO X.*

I.

Now the bright lover of the frail in faith,
The adulterous Larissea, 'gan dispose
His steeds to the mighty gulph which compasseth
Temistitan, where western boundaries close;
Sol's ardent rays Favonius with his breath
Was tempering down—which o'er a calm pool blows,
And crisps the water smooth—and thus relieved
Lilies and jasmines which the heat aggrieved;

II.

When with their loves the beauteous nymphs and gay,
All hand in hand, quite willing and content,
Took to the radiant palaces their way,
With shining metals all magnificent
By order of the Queen; who great display
Of tables, with choice viands excellent,
Commanded should be ready for them there,
Their wearied nature's weakness to repair.

III.

There, on rich gorgeous chairs and crystalline
Are seated, two by two, lover and dame;
While others, at the head, which golden shine,
The Goddess fair and noble Gama claim:
Of viands all delicious and divine,
Surpassing those of Egypt's ancient fame,
Come crowded plates, in yellow gold all wrought,
From the far treasury of Atlantic brought.

IV.

Os vinhos odoriferos que acima
Estão, não só do Italico Falerno,
Mas da Ambrósia que Jove tanto estima,
Com todo o ajuntamento sempiterno,
Nos vasos, onde em vão trabalha a lima,
Crespas escumas erguem, que no interno
Coração movem subita alegria,
Saltando co'a mistura d'agua fria.

V.

Mil praticas alegres se tocavam,
Risos doces, subtis, e argutos ditos,
Que entre hum e outro manjar se alevantavam,
Despertando os alegres appetitos;
Musicos instrumentos não faltavam,
Quaes no profundo reino os nus espritos
Fizeram descansar da eterna pena
C'huma voz d'huma angelica Sirena.

VI.

Cantava a bella nympha, e co'os accentos,
Que pelos altos paços vão soando,
Em consonancia igual os instrumentos
Suaves vem a hum tempo conformando;
Hum subito silencio enfrea os ventos,
E faz ir docemente murmurando
As aguas, e nas casas naturaes
Adormecer os brutos animaes.

VII.

Com doce voz está subindo ao ceo
Altos barões, que estão por vir ao mundo,
Cujas claras ideas vio Proteo
N'hum globo vão, diáphano, rotundo;
Que Jupiter em dom lho concedeo
Em sonhos, e despois no reino fundo
Vaticinando o disse, e na memoria
Recolheo logo a nympha a clara historia.

IV.

The fragrant wines,—not only far above
The growth of Italy's Falernian ground,
But of Ambrosia, so esteemed by Jove,
And all the everlasting Gods around,—
In cups 'gainst which the file must harmless prove,
Raise their curled froth; they make the bosom bound
With sudden joy which o'er the heart doth beam,
Leaping with mixture of the freshening stream.

V.

A thousand cheerful forms of talk prevail,
Sweet laughter, sayings witty, sharp and light;
They tell between the courses many a tale,
Provoking an agreeable appetite;
Nor do sweet instruments of music fail,
E'en such as in the realm profound of night
Soothed the nude spirits in eternal pain
With an angelic Siren vocal strain.

VI.

Then sang the lovely nymph, and with the strains,
Through the vast palaces which sounding go,
An equal consonance the time sustains
Of dulcet instruments performed below;
A sudden silence all the winds enchains,
And softly murmuring all the waters flow;
E'en the wild beasts the enchantment have confessed,
And in their natural dens are lulled to rest.

VII.

With sweetest voice she raises to the sky
Great heroes, in the future world renowned,
Which grand ideas did Proteus erst descry
In a globe, hollow, crystalline and round;
This gift did Jupiter to him supply
In dreams; and after in the realm profound
He prophesying spoke; and in her brain
The nymph the brilliant stories did retain.

VIII.

Materia he de cothurno e não de socco,
A que a nympha aprendeo no immenso lago,
Qual Iopas não soube ou Demodoco,
Entre os Pheaces hum, outro em Carthago.
Aqui, minha Calliope, te invoco
Neste trabalho extremo ; porque em pago
Me tornes do que escrevo e em vão pretendo,
O gosto de escrever que vou perdendo.

IX.

Vão os annos descendo, e já do estio
Ha pouco que passar até o outono ;
A fortuna me faz o engenho frio,
Do qual já não me jacto nem me abono ;
Os desgostos me vão levando ao rio
Do negro esquecimento e eterno sono ;
Mas tu me dá que cumpra, ó grão Rainha
Das Musas, co'o que quero á nação minha !

X.

Cantava a bella deosa que viriam
Do Tejo pelo mar, que o Gama abrira,
Armadas, que as ribeiras venceriam
Por onde o Oceano Indico suspira ;
E que os gentios Reis, que não dariam
A cerviz sua ao jugo, o ferro e ira
Provariam do braço duro e forte,
Até render-se a elle ou logo á morte ;

XI.

Cantava d'hum que tem nos Malabares
Do summo sacerdocio a dignidade,
Que, só por não quebrar co'os singulares
Barões os nós que dera d'amizade,
Soffrerá suas cidades e lugares
Com ferro, incendios, ira e crueldade
Vêr destruir do Samorim potente,
Que taes odios terá co'a nova gente.

VIII.

A theme for buskin, not for sock 'twill be,
And what the nymph learned on that lake immense
Iopas, nor Demodocus could see,
Of Punic and Phæacian eminence.
Here I invoke thee, my Calliope,
That for my toil extreme in recompense
Thou wilt restore what I in vain pretend,
My power to write which vergeth toward its end.

IX.

My years decline, e'en now my summer's old,
And short the passage into Autumn's days;
Fortune, unkind, hath turned my genius cold,
Whereof no more I boast nor can I praise;
Me soon disgusts will in the stream enfold
Where dark oblivion, lasting sleep, o'erlays;
But what I strive to give my nation, still,
Queen of the Muses, grant me to fulfil!

X.

The sweet prophetic Goddess, singing now
That o'er the sea, Gama did first divide,
From Tagus fleets should come to overthrow
The shorelands where the Indian ocean sighed;
And that the Gentoo Kings who did not bow
Their neck unto the yoke must sword abide
And wrath of the hard powerful arm, in faith,
Until submission made or until death;

XI.

Sang of one also, who in Malabar
Holds dignity of highest priestly state,
Who, rather than against our heroes rare
The knot of once-pledged friendship violate,
Will all his cities, and his dwellings fair,
Submit, by fire and sword and angry hate
By the strong Samorim destroyed, to see;
For thus the new race will detested be.

XII.

E canta, como lá se embarcaria
Em Belem o remedio deste dano
Sem saber o que em si ao mar traria,
O grão Pacheco, Achilles Lusitano;
O pezo sentirão quando entraria
O curvo lenho e o férvido Oceano,
Quando mais n'agua os troncos, que gemerem
Contra sua natureza, se metterem.

XIII.

Mas já chegado aos fins Orientaes,
E deixado em ajuda do gentio
Rei de Cochim com poucos naturaes
Nos braços do salgado e curvo rio,
Desbaratará os Naires infernaes
No passo Cambalão, tornando frio
De espanto o ardor immenso do Oriente
Que verá tanto obrar tão pouca gente.

XIV.

Chamará o Samorim mais gente nova;
Virão Reis de Bipur e de Tanor
Das serras de Narsinga, que alta prova
Estarão promettendo a seu senhor;
Fará que todo o Naire em fim se mova,
Que entre Calecut jaz e Cananor,
D'ambas as leis imigas, para a guerra,
Mouros por mar, Gentios pela terra

XV.

E todos outra vêz desbaratando
Por terra e mar o grão Pacheco ousado,
A grande multidão, que irá matando,
A todo o Malabar terá admirado;
Commetterá outra vez, não dilatando,
O Gentio os combates apressado,
Injuriando os seus, fazendo votos
Em vão aos deoses, surdos e immotos.

XII.

And sings how from Belem should leave the shore
This evil's antidote, in one great man,
Blind to what in himself to sea he bore,
Pacheco, the Achilles Lusian:
The curvèd barque and ocean in his roar
Shall feel the weight when he embarks thereon,
When deeper in the waves the groaning beams
Shall downward sink than of their nature seems.

XIII.

But now, arrived in Eastern boundaries,
And left in aid of Cochim's Gentoo King,
He, with few native troops for his supplies,
In the salt curving river soon shall bring
The infernal Naires into extremities
In Cambalam; with sheer dread withering
The mighty ardour of the Eastern land
To see such valour in so small a band.

XIV.

The Samorim shall more new people call:
The Kings shall come of Bipur and Tanor,
Who from the mountains of Narsinga shall
High promise make unto their Seignior;
The Naires he shall provoke to action, all
Who lie 'twixt Calecut and Cananor,
Of both the hostile faiths, the war to wage,
The Moors by sea, Gentoos by land, to engage.

XV.

And now the great Pacheco, brave in war,
Defeating all again by land and sea,
Shall hold in wonder all in Malabar,
By the great multitude that he shall slay;
Again the Gentoo shall the battle dare,
Attacking rashly and without delay,
Slandering his own and vowing vows in vain
To his vain Gods, who deaf and dumb remain.

XVI.

Já não defenderá sómente os passos,
Mas queimar-lhe-ha lugares, templos, casas;
Acceso de ira o cão, não vendo lassos
Aquelles que as cidades fazem rasas,
Fará que os seus, de vida pouco escassos,
Commettam o Pacheco que tem azas
Por dous passos n'hum tempo: mas voando
D'hum n'outro tudo irá desbaratando.

XVII.

Virá alli o Samorim; por que em pessoa
Veja a batalha e os seus esforce e anime:
Mas hum tiro que com zonido voa
De sangue o tingirá no andor sublime;
Já não verá remedio ou manha boa,
Nem força que o Pacheco muito estime;
Inventará traições e vãos venenos,
Mas sempre (o Ceo querendo) fará menos.

XVIII.

'Que tornará a vez septima,' cantava,
'Pelejar com o invicto e forte Luso,
A quem nenhum trabalho peza e aggrava;
Mas com tudo este só o fará confuso;
Trará para a batalha horrenda e brava
Machinas de madeiros fóra de uso
Para lhe abalroar as caravelas,
Que atelli vão lhe fôra commettel-as.

XIX.

'Pela agua levará serras de fogo
Para abrazar-lhe quanta armada tenha;
Mas a militar arte e engenho logo
Fará ser vãa a braveza com que venha;
Nenhum claro barão no marcio jogo,
Que nas azas da fama se sostenha,
Chega a este que a palma a todos toma,
E perdoe-me a illustre Grecia ou Roma;

XVI.

Not the mere narrows keeping will he stay,
But burn the hamlets, dwellings, temples round;
The furious dog, seeing no weak delay
In those who raze his cities to the ground,
Will cause his men, throwing their lives away,
To attack Pacheco who e'en wings has found
For double movement; and now here now there
Flying with speed shall all things overbear.

XVII.

There Samorim shall come, with his own eyes
To view the fight and animate his men;
But lo! a shot, loud hissing as it flies,
Shall tinge with blood his lofty palanquin;
No help, no skill, no force shall he devise,
To cope wherewith Pacheco would be fain;
Treasons and useless poisons he'll invent,
But all (so willing Heaven) will be misspent.

XVIII.

'A seventh time shall he turn,' thus did she sing,
'The brave unconquered Lusian to oppose,
Who yields not, tires not by hard suffering,
Though this, withal, some little will confuse:
To the hard fearful battle he shall bring
Machines of timber all unknown in use,
That he the caravels may board and strand,
Which till the present had defied his hand.

XIX.

'Mountains of fire upon the wave he'll throw,
To compass every ship in blazing flame;
But military art and genius know
To turn to nought the rage wherewith he came;
No famous hero in the martial show,
Who soars aloft upon the wings of fame,
With this man vies who bears the palm away;
Pardon me, glorious Greece and Rome, I pray!

XX.

'Porque tantas batalhas sustentadas
Com muito pouco mais de cem soldados,
Com tantas manhas e artes inventadas,
Tantos cães não imbelles profligados,
Ou parecerão fabulas sonhadas
Ou que os celestes córos invocados
Descerão a ajudal-o, e lhe darão
Esforço, força, ardil e coração.

XXI.

'Aquelle, que nos campos Marathonios
O grão poder de Dário estrue e rende,
Ou quem com quatro mil Lacedemonios
O passo de Thermopylas defende,
Nem o mancebo Cocles dos Ausonios,
Que com todo o poder Tusco contende
Em defensa da ponte, ou Quinto Fabio,
Foi como este na guerra forte e sabio.'

XXII.

Mas neste passo a nympha o som canoro
Abaixando, fez rouco e entristecido,
Cantando em baixa voz, envolta em chôro,
O grande esforço mal agradecido;
'Ó Belizario,' disse, 'que no coro
Das Musas serás sempre engrandecido,
Se em ti viste abatido o bravo Marte,
Aqui tens com quem podes consolar-te!

XXIII.

'Aqui tens companheiro, assi nos feitos,
Como no galardão injusto e duro;
Em ti, e nelle veremos altos peitos
A baixo estado vir, humilde e escuro:
Morrer nos hospitaes em pobres leitos
Os que ao Rei e á lei servem de muro!
Isto fazem os Reis, cuja vontade
Manda mais que a justiça e que a verdade;

XX.

'Because so many battles bravely fought,
With little more than hundred of his own,
With wiles so many, arts of deepest thought,
So many not unwarlike hounds o'erthrown,
These deeds will seem mere fables dreamed of nought,
Or that the heavenly choir, invoked and won,
To help him shall descend and shall impart
Force and endeavour, stratagem and heart.

XXI.

'He, who upon the Marathonian plains
Darius' mighty power destroys and rends,
Or with four thousand Lacedemonians
Thermopylæ's immortal pass defends,
Nor the youth Cocles, of the Ausonians,
Who with the whole Etruscan power contends
The bridge to keep, nor Fabius, of delay,
Did force and skill in war, as he, display.'

XXII.

But at this point the nymph the harmonious tone
Abating, hoarse and sad the cadence made;
Singing, all bathed in tears, with voice half gone,
The great endeavour which was ill repaid.
'O Belisarius, who aye shall own
High station in the Muses' choir!' she said,
'If thou brave Mars hast humbled felt to be,
Here hast thou one who can condole with thee!

XXIII.

'Here thou companion hast, as well in deeds
As in the hard unjust reward of all;
In thee and him we see how it succeeds,
Great hearts to low obscure position fall!
Dying in hospitals on wretched beds
Those who to King and law were e'en a wall!
Thus act those Kings, who by their mere command
More than by truth and justice rule the land;

XXIV.

'Isto fazem os Reis quando, embebidos
N'huma apparencia branda que os contenta,
Dão os premios de Aiace merecidos
Á lingua vãa de Ulysses fraudulenta;
Mas vingo-me; que os bens mal repartidos,
Por quem só doces sombras apresenta,
Se não os dão a sabios cavalleiros
Dão-os logo a avarentos lisongeiros.

XXV.

'Mas tu, de quem ficou tão mal pagado
Hum tal vassallo, ó Rei, só nisto inico,
Se não és para dar-lhe honroso estado
He elle para dar-te hum reino rico;
Em quanto fôr o mundo rodeado
Dos Apollineos raios, eu te fico
Que elle seja entre a gente illustre e claro,
E tu nisto culpado por avaro.

XXVI.

'Mas eis outro,' cantava, 'intitulado
Vem com nome Real, e traz comsigo
O filho que no mar será illustrado
Tanto como qualquer Romano antigo;
Ambos darão com braço forte, armado,
A Quíloa fertil aspero castigo,
Fazendo nella Rei leal e humano,
Deitado fóra o perfido Tyranno.

XXVII.

'Tambem farão Mombaça que se arrea
De casas sumptuosas e edificios,
Co'o ferro e fogo seu queimada e fea,
Em pago dos passados maleficios.
Despois na costa da India, andando chea
De lenhos inimigos e artificios
Contra os Lusos, com velas e com remos
O mancebo Lourenço fará extremos.

XXIV.

'Thus act those Kings who, by seduction led
Of a soft aspect to their heart's content,
Bestow rewards by Ajax merited
On hollow-tongued Ulysses fraudulent;
But vengeance follows; for good, ill-decreed
To those who do but shadowy ease present,
If to the trusty knights it is denied,
For grasping flatterers it is turned aside.

XXV.

'But thou, who didst such vassal underrate,
O King, unjust in this alone to be!
If thou to him wilt not grant high estate,
He will a wealthy kingdom grant to thee;
And whilst around the world still circulate
Apollo's rays, I tell thee thou shalt see
How 'midst the bright illustrious he shall shine,
While blame of avarice shall for this be thine.

XXVI.

'But lo!' she sang, 'another with the name
Of Royalty, who brings with him a son,
Who shall on ocean gather equal fame
With that by any ancient Roman won;
Both with strong arm hard punishment shall claim
Quiloa fertile to inflict upon,
A Monarch raising there, humane and true,
'Gainst the false tyrant whom they overthrew.

XXVII.

'They shall Mombaça, too, in full array
Of dwellings vast and edifices fine,
With fire and sword in hideous ruin lay,
For past ill-deeds in punishment condign.
Then, on the Indian coast, filled with display
Of hostile ships and fiery war's design
Against the Lusians, both with oar and sail
With wonders young Lorenzo shall prevail.

XXVIII.

'Das grandes náos do Samorim potente,
Que encherão todo o mar co'o ferrea pella,
Que sahe com trovão do cobre ardente,
Fará pedaços leme, mastro, vela;
Despois, lançando arpéos ousadamente
Na capitaina imiga, dentro nella
Saltando, a fará só com lança e espada
De quatro centos Mouros despejada.

XXIX.

'Mas de Deos a escondida providencia,
Que elle só sabe o bem de que se serve,
O porá, onde esforço nem prudencia
Poderá haver que a vida lhe reserve:
Em Chaul, onde em sangue e resistencia
O mar todo com fogo e ferro ferve,
Lhe farão que com vida se não saia
As armadas de Egypto e de Cambaia.

XXX.

'Alli o poder de muitos inimigos
Que o grande esforço só com força rende,
Os ventos que faltaram, e os perigos
Do mar que sobejaram, tudo o offende.
Aqui resurjam todos os antigos,
A ver o nobre ardor que aqui se aprende;
Outro Sceva verão que espedaçado
Não sabe ser rendido nem domado.

XXXI.

'Com toda hũa coxa fóra, que em pedaços
Lhe leva hum cego tiro que passara,
Se serve inda dos animosos braços,
E do grão coração que lhe ficara;
Até que outro pelouro quebra os laços,
Com que co'a alma o corpo se liara;
Ella sôlta voou da prisão fóra,
Onde subito se acha vencedora.

XXVIII.

'Of powerful Samorim's vast fleet that lies
Covering all ocean, with the iron ball
Which thundering from the burning mortar flies
Sail, mast, and rudder he shall shatter all.
Then, boldly throwing grapnels, he defies
The foeman's flag-ship and, with men at call,
Shall leap on board with only sword and spear
And of four hundred Moors the vessel clear.

XXIX.

'But the recondite Providence of God,
Which knows alone its means and its intent,
Shall place him where no force or prudent road
Can serve his own destruction to prevent:
In Chaul, where in resistance and in blood
With fire and sword all ocean shall ferment,
Cambaia's fleet and Egypt's shall conspire
That never more with life he may retire.

XXX.

'There numerous foes, who greater power sustain—
For but to greater force great force will bend—
The winds that failed, the dangers of the main
Which overwhelmed, these all did him offend.
And here let all the ancients rise again
To see how far can noble zeal extend;
Another Scæva's there, who, hacked and hewed,
Knows not surrender, nor will be subdued.

XXXI.

'One thigh all gone, in fragments borne away
By a chance shot that passed among the slain,
Yet with his valiant arms he holds his sway,
And his great heart, which dauntless doth remain;
Until another ball the bands that stay
The body with the soul doth burst in twain;
This from its prison flies released on high,
Where all at once it finds its victory!

XXXII.

'Vai-te, alma, em paz da guerra turbulenta
Na qual tu mereceste paz serena!
Que o corpo, que em pedaços se apresenta,
Quem o gerou vingança já lhe ordena;
Que eu ouço retumbar a grão tormenta
Que vem já dar a dura e eterna pena
De esperas, basiliscos e trabucos
A Cambaicos crueis e a Mamelucos;

XXXIII.

'Eis vem o pai com animo estupendo,
Trazendo furia e magoa por antolhos,
Com que o paterno amor lhe está movendo
Fogo no coração, agua nos olhos;
A nobre ira lhe vinha promettendo,
Que o sangue fará dar pelos giolhos
Nas inimigas náos: sentil-o-ha o Nilo,
Podel-o-ha o Indo ver, e o Gange ouvil-o.

XXXIV.

'Qual o touro cioso, que se ensaia
Para a crua peleja, os cornos tenta
No tronco d'hum carvalho ou alta faia,
E o ar ferindo as forças exprimenta;
Tal, antes que no seio de Cambaia
Entre Francisco irado, na opulenta
Cidade de Dabul a espada afia,
Abaixando-lhe a tumida ousadia;

XXXV.

'E logo, entrando fero na enseada
De Dio, illustre em cercos e batalhas,
Fará espalhar a fraca e grande armada
De Calecut que remos tem por malhas:
A de Melique Yaz acautelada
Co'os pelouros que tu, Vulcano, espalhas,
Fará ir ver o frio e fundo assento,
Secreto leito do humido elemento.

XXXII.

'Go, soul, in peace from battle turbulent
Wherein thou hast deserved calm peace indeed!
He that begot the form thou dost present
All shattered, e'en its vengeance has decreed;
E'en now I hear the mighty storm ferment
Which comes with stern and everlasting meed
And all great war's resources to rebuke
Cruel Cambaians and the Mameluke.

XXXIII.

'Lo! where the father deep resolve doth bring,
Anguish, with rage, his vision occupies,
Wherewith paternal love is fostering
Fire in his heart and water in his eyes;
His noble rage the hope is promising
That to the very knees the blood shall rise
In all the foemen's fleet; this Nile shall feel,
Indus behold, and Ganges' ear reveal;

XXXIV.

'As when the jealous bull his limbs will teach
For the rude battle, with his horns he plays
Upon some vast oak's trunk or lofty beach,
And, wounding all the air, his force essays;
So, e'en before Cambaia's gulph he reach,
Francisco furious, brooking no delays,
On Dábul's wealthy city whets his blade,
And low is all its tumid daring laid;

XXXV.

'And entering soon, in anger, Diu's bay
For sieges and for battles far renowned,
He drives the vast and timid fleet away,
Of Calecut, whose mail in oars is found:
That of Melique Yaz with vast array
Of balls, which thou, O Vulcan! scatterest round,
To see the cold deep dwelling shall be sent,
The secret bed o' the humid element;

XXXVI.

'Mas a de Mir-Hocêm, que, abalroando,
A furia esperará dos vingadores,
Verá braços e pernas ir nadando
Sem corpos, pelo mar, de seus senhores;
Raios de fogo irão representando
No cego ardor os bravos domadores;
Quanto alli sentirão olhos e ouvidos
He fumo, ferro, flammas e alaridos.

XXXVII.

'Mas ah! que desta prospera victoria
Com que despois virá ao patrio Tejo
Quasi lhe roubará a famosa gloria
Hum successo que triste e negro vejo!
O cabo Tormentorio, que a memoria
Co'os ossos guardará, não terá pejo
De tirar deste mundo aquelle esprito
Que não tiraram toda a India e Egypto.

XXXVIII.

'Alli Cafres selvagens poderão
O que destros imigos não puderam,
E rudos páos tostados sós farão
O que arcos e pelouros não fizeram.
Occultos os juizos de Deos são!
As gentes vãas, que não os entenderam,
Chamam-lhe fado máo, fortuna escura,
Sendo só providencia de Deos pura.

XXXIX.

'Mas oh! que luz tamanha que abrir sinto,'
Dizia a nympha e a voz alevantava,
'Lá no mar de Melinde em sangue tinto
Das cidades de Lamo, de Oja e Brava,
Pelo Cunha tambem; que nunca extinto
Será seu nome em todo o mar que lava
As ilhas do Austro e praias, que se chamam
De São-Lourenço, e em todo o Sul se afamam.

XXXVI.

'But that of Mir Hochèm shall grappled be
To await the fierce avengers of the wrong,
Shall arms and legs on ocean floating see
Without the forms to which they should belong;
Like unto thunderbolts, in verity,
Is the fierce conqueror's ardour, blind and strong;
All that shall there be known by ears and eyes
Are smoke and sword and flame and war's wild cries.

XXXVII.

'But ah! of this so prosperous victory
Which to his country's Tagus he shall bear
A melancholy dark event I see
That shall the glory vast well nigh impair;
The Cape of Storms, which shall his memory
Guard with his bones, will scruple not to dare
To take that spirit from this world of clay
That India all nor Egypt took away.

XXXVIII.

'There shall attain the savage Caffre crew
What skilful enemies attainèd not,
And rude dry clubs, alone, prevail to do
What was not done by bows or cannon shot.
That God's great judgments are occult, how true!
Whereof vain people, knowing not one jot,
Call them an evil fate or chance obscure,
But all is Providence of God most pure.

XXXIX.

'But oh! what brilliant light bursts forth to view,'
Exclaimed the nymph, and note more sounding gave,
'There, on Melinde's sea in bloody hue,
From Lamo, Oja, Brava, on the wave,
By Cunha kindled; for still ever new
Shall be his name through all the seas that lave
The southern isles, and island sea coasts named
St Lawrence, and o'er all the South are famed.

XL.

'Esta luz he do fogo e das luzentes
Armas com que Albuquerque irá amansando
De Ormuz os Pársеos, por seu mal valentes,
Que refusam o jugo honroso e brando;
Alli verão as settas estridentes
Reciprocar-se, a ponta no ar virando
Contra quem as tirou; que Deos peleja
Por quem estende a fé da madre Igreja.

XLI.

'Alli de sal os montes não defendem
De corrupção os corpos no combate,
Que, mortos pela praia e mar se estendem
De Gerum, de Mascate e Calayate:
Até que á força só de braço aprendem
A abaixar a cerviz, onde se lhe ate
Obrigação de dar o reino inico
Das perlas de Barem tributo rico.

XLII.

'Que gloriosas palmas tecer vejo,
Com que victoria a fronte lhe coroa,
Quando, sem sombra vãa de medo ou pejo,
Toma a ilha illustrissima de Goa!
Despois, obedecendo ao duro ensejo,
A deixa, e occasião espera boa
Com que a torne a tomar; que esforço e arte
Vencerão a fortuna e o proprio Marte.

XLIII.

'Eis já sobre ella torna, e vai rompendo
Por muros, fogo, lanças e pelouros,
Abrindo com a espada o espesso e horrendo
Esquadrão de Gentios e de Mouros:
Irão soldados ínclytos fazendo
Mais que leões famélicos e touros,
Na luz que sempre celebrada e dina
Será da Egypcia Sancta Catharina.

XL.

'This light is of the fire and shining arms,
Wherewith great future Albuquerque subdues
The Ormuz Persians, whom their valour harms,
For yoke benign and honoured they refuse;
The hurtling arrows shall they see in swarms
Retaliate, turning in the air their use
'Gainst those who shot; for God for him doth war,
Who spreads the faith of Mother Church afar.

XLI.

'E'en the salt mountains cannot there defend
The corpses from corruption in the fight,
For dead along the coast and sea extend
Of Gerum, Mascate and of Calayate;
Till to mere force of arm they learn to bend
The subject neck, and recognise the right
Rich tribute on their wicked land to lay,
Which in the pearls of Barem they shall pay.

XLII.

'What glorious palms I woven see appear,
Wherewith doth victory adorn his brows,
While without shadow vain of shame or fear
Goa's illustrious isle he overthrows!
Then yielding to necessity severe
He leaves it, till some fair occasion shows
For taking it again; for force and skill
Fortune and Mars himself will vanquish still.

XLIII.

'Lo! 'gainst it he returns, and breaking through
Ramparts and fire and cannon ball and spear,
The serried troops of Moor and of Gentoo
Dividing with his sword he shall appear;
Distinguished soldiers shall more victims show
Than bulls or hungry lions e'en could tear
On that for ever famous day divine
Of the Egyptian maid St Catherine.

XLIV.

'Nem tu menos fugir poderás deste,
Postoque rica e postoque assentada
Lá no gremio da Aurora, onde nasceste,
Opulenta Malaca nomeada!
As settas venenosas que fizeste,
Os crises com que já te vejo armada,
Malaios namorados, Jáos valentes,
Todos farás ao Luso obedientes.'

XLV.

Mais estanças cantara esta Sirena
Em louvor do illustrissimo Albuquerque,
Mas alembrou-lhe huma ira que o condena,
Postoque a fama sua o mundo cerque.
O grande capitão, que o fado ordena
Que com trabalhos gloria eterna merque,
Mais ha de ser hum brando companheiro
Para os seus que juiz cruel e inteiro;

XLVI.

Mas em tempo que fomes e asperezas,
Doenças, frechas e trovões ardentes,
A sazão e o lugar fazem cruezas
Nos soldados a tudo obedientes,
Parece de selvaticas brutezas,
De peitos inhumanos e insolentes,
Dar extremo supplicio pela culpa
Que a fraca humanidade e Amor desculpa.

XLVII.

Não será a culpa abominoso incesto,
Nem violento estupro em virgem pura,
Nem menos adulterio deshonesto;
Mas c'huma escrava vil, lasciva e escura;
Se o peito, ou de cioso ou de modesto,
Ou de usado a crueza fera e dura,
Co'os seus huma ira insana não refrea
Põe na fama alva noda negra e fea.

XLIV.

'Nor thou his valour shalt prevail to evade,
Though thou art rich and though thou planted be
Where in Aurora's bosom thou wast laid,
Baptized as rich Malacca on the sea!
The poisoned arrows, all, which thou hast made,
The daggers wherewith thou hast armèd thee,
Malays enamoured, valiant Javanese,
Thou to the Lusian shalt resign all these.'

XLV.

More verse had sounded from this Siren's lyre
In praise of Albuquerque so renowned,
But she recalled his self-condemning ire,
Although his glory may the world surround.
The mighty Captain whom the Fates desire
Shall for his deeds with lasting fame be crowned
Should towards his own a kind companion be,
Rather than judge of strict severity;

XLVI.

But at a time when hunger and distress,
Illness and arrows, tempests that torment,
The place and fevers which with sufferings press
Upon the troops, in all obedient,
It seems than rude brutality not less,
And of inhuman bosoms insolent,
Sentence extreme 'gainst errors to misuse
Which weak humanity and Love excuse;

XLVII.

The fault will not atrocious incest be,
Nor violent usage of a virgin pure,
Still less dishonest, false adultery;
But with a common wanton slave obscure;
If the chaste breast, or one of jealousy,
Or one where constant rigour doth endure,
Do not mad anger 'gainst its friends restrain
Bright fame it sullies with dark ugly stain.

XLVIII.

Vio Alexandre Apelles namorado
Da sua Campaspe e deo-lha alegremente,
Não sendo seu soldado exprimentado,
Nem vendo-se n'hum cerco duro e urgente:
Sentio Cyro que andava já abrazado
Araspas de Panthêa em fogo ardente,
Que elle tomara em guarda, e promettia
Que nenhum máo desejo o venceria;

XLIX.

Mas vendo o illustre Persa que vencido
Fôra de amor; que em fim não tem defensa,
Levemente o perdoa, e foi servido
Delle n'hum caso grande em recompensa:
Por força de Juditha foi marido
O ferreo Baldovino; mas dispensa
Carlos, pai della, posto em cousas grandes,
Que viva e povoador seja de Frandes.

L.

Mas proseguindo a nympha o longo canto,
De Soares cantava, 'que as bandeiras
Faria tremolar e pôr espanto
Pelas roxas Arabicas ribeiras;
Medina abominabil teme tanto
Quanto Meca e Gidá, co'as derradeiras
Praias de Abassia; Barborá se teme
Do mal de que o emporio Zeila geme;

LI.

'A nobre ilha tambem de Taprobana,
Já pelo nome antiguo tam famosa
Quanto agora soberba e soberana
Pela cortiça calida, cheirosa,
Della dará tributo á Lusitana
Bandeira, quando excelsa e gloriosa,
Vencendo se erguerá na torre erguida
Em Columbo, dos proprios tão temida.

XLVIII.

When Alexander saw Apelles loved
Campaspe, cheerfully he gave consent,
Though this man had not been his soldier proved,
Nor aid in a hard-pressing siege had lent:
Cyrus perceived how deep Panthea moved
Araspas, with an ardent flame intent,
Who, taking her in charge, had promise made
By no unworthy passion to be swayed;

XLIX.

But the great Persian, seeing him possessed
By love which truly offered no defence,
Frankly forgives, and when in war distressed
Was served by him in after recompense:
The iron-arm Baldwin the fair Judith pressed
Into forced marriage, but this violence
Her father Charles, with troubles wrought, forgives,
And Flanders' founder to become he lives.

L.

But the nymph, following her lengthened song,
Sung of Soares, 'who the flag would raise
All fluttering, and would terror spread along
The fertile red Arabian shores and bays.
Hateful Medina shares her fear, among
Mecca and Jedda, and the farthest ways
Of Abyssinia; Barbora terror owns
Of ills, 'neath which the mart of Zeila groans:

LI.

'Likewise the noble isle, Taprobanè,
By ancient name e'en then as widely famed,
As now of proud and great celebrity,
By the warm fragrant bark, which spice is named,
Shall to the Lusian flag pay fealty,
When glorious raised, for victory proclaimed,
Aloft upon Columbo's lofty tower
Whose very people tremble at its power.

LII.

'Tambem Sequeira, as ondas Erythreas
Dividindo, abrirá novo caminho
Par ti, grande imperio, que te arreas
De seres de Candace e Sabá ninho:
Maçuá, com cisternas de agua cheas,
Verá, e o porto Arquico alli visinho,
E fará descobrir remotas ilhas,
Que dão ao mundo novas maravilhas.

LIII.

'Virá despois Menezes, cujo ferro
Mais na Africa que cá terá provado;
Castigará de Ormuz soberba o erro,
Com lhe fazer tributo dar dobrado.
Tambem tu, Gama, em pago do desterro
Em que estás, e serás inda tornado
Co'os titulos de Conde e d'honras nobres
Virás mandar a terra que descobres;

LIV.

'Mas aquella fatal necessidade,
De quem ninguem se exime dos humanos,
Illustrado co'a Regia dignidade,
Te tirará do mundo e seus enganos.
Outro Menezes logo, cuja idade
He maior na prudencia que nos annos,
Governará, e fará o ditoso Henrique
Que perpetua memoria delle fique;

LV.

'Não vencerá sómente os Malabares,
Destruindo Panane com Coulete,
Commettendo as bombardas, que nos ares
Se vingam só do peito que as commette;
Mas com virtudes certo singulares,
Vence os imigos d'alma todos sete;
De cubiça triumpha e incontinencia,
Que em tal idade he summa de excellencia.

LII.

'Sequeira, too, the Erythræan sea
Dividing, shall a path yet unknown trace
Towards thee, great empire, who art proud to be
Both Sheba's and Candàce's natal place;
And Masuà, with tanks well filled, shall he
Behold; Arquico too, distant short space;
And islands far remote shall reach to know,
Which on the world new marvels shall bestow.

LIII.

'Menezes then shall come, whose warlike blade
Shall more be proved in Africa than here;
He shall proud Ormuz for his crime invade
Making him pay a tribute doubly dear.
Thou Gama, too, thy banishment repaid,
In which thou liest, shall again appear,
Entitled Count, with honour high combined,
And come to rule the land which thou didst find;

LIV.

'But soon that overwhelming destiny,
Which never aught of human nature spares,
While shining with a Royal dignity,
Shall take thee from the world and all its cares.
Other Menezes, then, whose age shall be
Far greater in discretion than in years,
Shall come, and gifted Henry so shall sway
That ne'er remembrance of him pass away;

LV.

'Not only shall he conquer Malabar,
Panáné with Coulété he o'erthrows,
Opposing bombs which, hostile in the air,
Avenge them on the breasts that thus oppose;
But filled with virtues, truly singular,
He tames and conquers all the soul's seven foes,
Triumphs o'er avarice and incontinence,
Which, in such age, is height of excellence.

LVI.

'Mas despois que as estrellas o chamarem,
Succederás, ó forte Mascarenhas,
E, se injustos o mando te tomarem,
Prometto-te que fama eterna tenhas!
Para teus inimigos confessarem
Teu valor alto, o fado quer, que venhas
A mandar mais de palmas coroado
Que de fortuna justa acompanhado;

LVII.

'No reino de Bintão, que tantós danos
Terá a Malaca muito tempo feitos,
N'hum só dia as injurias de mil annos
Vingarás co'o valor de illustres peitos;
Trabalhos e perigos inhumanos,
Abrolhos ferreos mil, passos estreitos,
Tranqueiras, baluartes, lanças, settas,
Tudo fico que rompas e sobmettas;

LVIII.

'Mas na India cubiça e ambição,
Que claramente põem aberto o rosto
Contra Deos e justiça, te farão
Vituperio nenhum mas só desgosto;
Quem faz injuria vil e sem razão,
Com forças e poder em que está posto,
Não vence; que a victoria verdadeira
He saber ter justiça nua e inteira.

LIX.

'Mas com tudo não nego, que Sampaio
Será no esforço illustre e assinalado,
Mostrando-se no mar hum fero raio
Que de inimigos mil verá coalhado;
Em Bacanor fará cruel ensaio
No Malabar; para que amedrontado
Despois a ser vencido delle venha
Cutiale, com quanta armada tenha;

LVI.

'But when the stars shall summon him away,
O Mascarenhas brave! thou shalt succeed,
And if the unjust shall take from thee thy sway,
I promise lasting fame shall be thy meed.
And that thy foes to thy vast valour may
Due praise confess, by fate 'twill be decreed
That thy command shall more with palms be crowned
Than fortune just be thy companion found;

LVII.

'In Bintam's realm, which, for a term so long,
With so much loss, Malaca shall distress,
In one sole day, a thousand years of wrong
With high and valorous hearts thou shalt redress:
Inhuman toils and dangers cast among,
Thousand iron rocks, passes of hard access,
Bulwarks and palisades, spears, arrows, all,
I warrant shall before thee broken fall;

LVIII.

'But avarice and ambition vapouring,
Which show themselves in India brazen-faced
'Gainst God and justice, shall not on thee bring
Of censure ought, but raise thy deep distaste;
He who works mischief vile, thus profiting
The seat of power and might whereon he's placed,
Achieves not victory; for victory true
Is justice pure, entire, to know and do.

LIX.

'Yet to Sampaio I will not deny
That he in power shall be distinguished,
And like a thunderbolt o'er ocean fly,
Which shall with thousands of his foes be spread:
In Bacanor fierce practice shall he try
On Malabar; that, after, filled with dread,
May Cutiále suffer his defeat,
With every ship belonging to his fleet;

LX.

'E não menos de Dio a fera frota,
Que Chaul temerá, de grande e ousada,
Fará co'a vista só perdida e rota
Por Heitor da Silveira, e destroçada:
Por Heitor Portuguez, de quem se nota,
Que na costa Cambaica sempre armada
Será aos Guzarates tanto dano,
Quanto já foi aos Gregos o Troiano.

LXI.

'A Sampaio feroz succederá
Cunha, que longo tempo tem o leme;
De Chale as torres altas erguerá
Em quanto Dio illustre delle treme;
O forte Baçaim se lhe dará,
Não sem sangue porêm; que nelle geme
Melique, porque á força só de espada
A tranqueira soberba vê tomada.

LXII.

'Traz este vem Noronha cujo auspicio
De Dio os Rumes féros afugenta,
Dio, que o peito e bellico exercicio
De Antonio da Sylveira bem sustenta;
Fará em Noronha a morte o usado officio,
Quando hum teu ramo, ó Gama, se exprimenta
No governo do imperio, cujo zelo
Com medo o roxo mar fará amarello.

LXIII.

'Das mãos do teu Estevam vem tomar
As redeas hum, que já será illustrado
No Brasil com vencer e castigar
O pirata Francez ao mar usado;
Despois Capitão mór do Indico mar,
O muro de Damão soberbo e armado
Escala, e primeiro entra a porta-aberta
Que fogo e frechas mil terão coberta.

LX.

'Nor less the dreaded fleet in Dio's bay,
Feared by Châûl, a great and daring host,
Shall with a look alone be swept away
By Hector da Silveira, wholly lost;
By Hector Portuguese, who, I foresay,
Along Cambaia's ever armèd coast
Unto the Guzurats such scourge shall be
As to the Greeks the Trojan formerly.

LXI.

'Then shall succeed to fierce Sampaio's powers
Cunha, who long the helm of state shall steer:
Of Chalé he shall build the lofty towers,
While the illustrious Dio shakes with fear:
The valiant Bassein too before him cowers,
Nor without blood: for groaning doth appear
Melique, who alone by battle's blade
Shall vanquished see the aspiring palisade.

LXII.

'Then comes Noronha, at whose presage far,
The Rumé fierce from siege of Dio flies,
Dio, where aid, with heart and skill of war,
Antonio da Sylveira well supplies;
Noronha death, as usual, will not spare,
When one, O Gama! of thy kindred tries
The imperial Government, whose zeal and might
Shall turn the Red Sea yellow with affright.

LXIII.

'Then from thy Stephen's hands to take the reign
There shall come one, who in Brazil shall be
Famed for the victory that he shall gain
O'er the French pirate, practised to the sea:
After, Chief Captain on the Indian main,
The wall of Daman proud and manfully
He scales, and first i'the open gate is found,
Which fire and thousand darts shall cover round.

LXIV.

'A este o Rei Cambaico soberbissimo
Fortaleza dará na rica Dio,
Porque contra o Mogôr poderosissimo
Lhe ajude a defender o senhorio;
Despois irá com peito esforçadissimo
A tolher, que não passe o Rei gentio
De Calecut, que assi com quantos veio
O fará retirar de sangue cheio;

LXV.

'Destruirá a cidade Repelim,
Pondo o seu Rei com muitos em fugida;
E despois junto ao cabo Comorim
Huma façanha faz esclarecida;
A frota principal do Samorim,
Que destruir o mundo não duvida,
Vincerá co'o furor do ferro e fogo,
Em si verá Beadála o marcio jogo;

LXVI.

'Tendo assi limpa a India dos imigos,
Virá despois com sceptro a governal-a,
Sem que ache resistencia nem perigos;
Que todos tremem delle e nenhum falla;
Só quiz provar os asperos castigos
Baticalá, que vira já Beadála;
De sangue e corpos mortos ficou chea,
E de fogo e trovões desfeita e fea.

LXVII.

'Este será Martinho, que de Marte
O nome tem co'as obras derivado;
Tanto em armas illustre em toda parte
Quanto em conselho sabio e bem cuidado.
Succeder-lhe-ha alli Castro, que o estandarte
Portuguez terá sempre levantado,
Conforme successor ao succedido;
Que hum ergue Dio, outro o defende erguido:

LXIV.

'To him Cambaia's King of proud array
In wealthy Dio fortress shall extend,
That 'gainst the all-powerful great Mogul he may
Aid him his territory to defend.
The Gentoo Monarch's march he then shall stay
Of Calecut, with heart that cannot bend,
Whom thus, with all that have around him stood,
He shall compel to fly, covered with blood.

LXV.

'He shall destroy the City Repeli,
Putting the King with many more to flight:
And, afterwards, hard by Cape Comori,
He shall perform a deed surpassing bright:
The most commanding fleet of Samori,
Which of the world's destruction makes but light,
With fury, sword, and fire he shall o'erthrow,
Beadála's self the martial game shall know.

LXVI.

'Thus, India being free of all his foes,
With sceptre shall he come to govern there,
Nor danger, nor resistance can oppose;
All are in dread of him, none utterance dare;
Baticalá alone the scourge and woes
Would seek, which Beadála once did bear:
With blood and lifeless bodies it is strewn,
With fire and cannon hideously o'erthrown.

LXVII.

'Martinho this shall be, who with the name
Of Mars and all his deeds of valour vies;
Who everywhere in arms is great in fame
As he is cautious and in counsel wise.
Castro succeeds him, who shall raise the acclaim
Of Portugal's great flag where'er it flies,
Successor worthy whom he doth succeed;
One Dio builds, one, built, defends at need.

LXVIII.

'Persas feroces, Abassís e Rumes,
Que trazido de Roma o nome tem,
Varios de gestos, varios de costumes—
Que mil nações ao cerco feras vem—
Farão dos ceos ao mundo vãos queixumes
Porque huns poucos a terra lhe detem;
Em sangue Portuguez juram descridos
De banhar os bigodes retorcidos;

LXIX.

'Basiliscos medonhos, e "leões,"
Trabucos feros, minas encobertas
Sustenta Mascarenhas co'os barões,
Que tão ledos as mortes tem por certas:
Até que nas maiores oppressões
Castro libertador, fazendo offertas
Das vidas de seus filhos, quer que fiquem
Com fama eterna, e a Deos se sacrifiquem:

LXX.

'Fernando hum delles, ramo da alta planta,
Onde o violento fogo com ruido
Em pedaços os muros no ar levanta,
Será alli arrebatado e ao Ceo subido;
Alvaro, quando o inverno o mundo espanta,
E tem o caminho humido impedido,
Abrindo-o, vence as ondas e os perigos,
Os ventos, e despois os inimigos;

LXXI.

'Eis vem despois o pai, que as ondas corta
Co'o restante da gente Lusitana,
E com força, e saber que mais importa,
Batalha dá felice e soberana;
Huns, paredes subindo, escusam porta,
Outros a abrem na fera esquadra insana;
Feitos farão tão dignos de memoria
Que não caibam em verso, ou larga historia;

LXVIII.

'Fierce Persians, Abyssinians, Rumians,
Whose appellation doth from Rome descend,
Of various costumes, various modes and clans—
For thousand nations fierce the siege attend—
Shall vainly to the world upbraid heaven's plans,
That but a few can keep them from the land;
They reckless swear, of unbelieving mood,
To bathe their curled moustache in Lusian blood.

LXIX.

'Basilisks terrible, "lions" that scare,
Fierce catapults and mines concealed beneath,
Doth Mascarenhas with the heroes bear,
Who with such joy expect their certain death;
For e'en amidst the trials most severe
The liberator Castro offereth
His own sons' lives, hoping they may obtain
Eternal glory, as for God's sake slain.

LXX.

'Fernando, one, branch of this tree of worth,
Where with loud noise the violent vollies rend
The shattered walls and blow the fragments forth,
Shall be o'erthrown and unto heaven ascend.
Alvaro, when winter doth alarm the earth,
And passage o'er the flooded paths suspend,
Opens his way, and conquering all, defies
First, dangers, waves and winds, then enemies.

LXXI.

'Then comes the Sire, across the waves to sail
With all that of the Lusian race remain;
With strength, and wisdom which doth more avail,
He battle gives, successful, sovereign;
Many the walls, the gate despising, scale,
Some force it 'gainst fierce squadrons all insane;
Deeds they shall do so worthy to record,
Nor verse, nor history, shall scope afford.

LXXII.

'Este despois em campo se apresenta,
Vencedor forte e intrepido, ao possante
Rei de Cambaia, e a vista lhe amedrenta
Da fera multidão quadrupedante;
Não menos suas terras mal sustenta
O Hydalcham do braço triumphante
Que castigando vai Dabul na costa;
Nem lhe escapou Pondá, no sertão posta.

LXXIII.

'Estes e outros Barões por varias partes
Dignos todos de fama e maravilha,
Fazendo-se na terra *bravos Martes,*
Virão lograr os *gostos desta ilha,*
Varrendo *triumphantes estandartes,*
Pelas ondas que *corta a aguda quilha;*
E acharão estas nymphas e estas mesas,
Que glorias e honras são de arduas empresas.'

LXXIV.

Assi cantava a nympha, e as outras todas
Com sónoroso applauso vozes davam,
Com que festejam as alegres vodas
Que com tanto prazer se celebravam.
'Por mais que da fortuna andem as rodas,'
N'huma consona voz todas soavam,
'Não vos hão de faltar, gente famosa,
'Honra, valor e fama gloriosa!'

LXXV.

Despois que a corporal necessidade
Se satisfez do mantimento nobre,
E na harmónica e doce suavidade
Viram os altos feitos que descobre:
Tethys, de graça ornada e gravidade,
Para que com mais alta gloria dobre
As festas deste alegre e claro dia,
Para o felice Gama assi dizia:

LXXII.

'He next presents him on the battle plain,
Strong and intrepid conqueror 'gainst the might
Of Cambay's King, whom powerful with a train
Of fierce vast elephants he doth affright:
Nor less doth Hydal-Khan but still sustain
His sovereignties from the triumphant fight;
Dabul upon the coast he shall chastise,
Nor Ponda 'scapes, which in the interior lies.

LXXIII.

'These and more heroes, both from near and far,
All worthy admiration and renown,
Making within the land courageous war,
Shall come the pleasures of this isle to own;
Triumphant flags o'er ocean they shall bear,
Where the sharp keel has ploughed the waves and flown;
Here to these nymphs and tables they shall rise,
Glories and honours of hard enterprise.'

LXXIV.

Thus sang the nymph, and all the others round
Applause sonorous with the voice repeat,
Wherewith the cheerful marriage feasts resound,
Which with such pleasure thus they celebrate.
'Whate'er the turn of Fortune's wheels be found,'
In vocal unison they all relate,
'Ne'er shall there fail you, race of famous name,
Honour and valour and a glorious fame!'

LXXV.

And when the corporal necessity
Was with the noble viands satisfied,
And with sweet softness, all in harmony,
They heard the lofty deeds thus prophesied,
Then Tethys, full of grace and gravity,
E'en that the glory might be magnified
Of this so festive, bright and glorious day,
Unto the happy Gama thus did say;

LXXVI.

'Faz-te mercê, Barão, a Sapiencia
Suprema, de co'os olhos corporais
Veres o que não pode a vãa sciencia
Dos errados e miseros mortais!
Sigue-me firme e forte, com prudencia,
Por este monte espesso, tu, co'os mais.'
Assi lhe diz: e o guia por hum mato
Arduo, difficil, duro a humano trato.

LXXVII.

Não andam muito, que no erguido cume
Se acharam, onde hum campo se esmaltava
De esmeraldas, rubis taes que presume
A vista que divino chão pizava:
Aqui hum globo vem no ar; que o lume
Clarissimo por elle penetrava
De modo que o seu centro está evidente
Como a sua superficie claramente.

LXXVIII.

Qual a materia seja não se enxerga,
Mas enxerga-se bem que está composto
De varios orbes que a divina verga
Compoz, e hum centro a todos só tem posto:
Volvendo, ora se abaixe, agora se erga,
Nunca s'ergue, ou se abaixa, e hum mesmo rosto
Por toda parte tem, e em toda a parte
Começa e acaba em fim por divina arte:

LXXIX.

Uniforme, perfeito, em si sostido,
Qual em fim o Archetípo, que o creou.
Vendo o Gama este globo, commovido
De espanto e de desejo alli ficou.
Diz-lhe a deosa: 'O transumpto reduzido
Em pequeno volume aqui te dou
Do mundo aos olhos teus; para que vejas
Por onde vás e irás, e o que desejas.

LXXVI.

'Wisdom Supreme, O hero! doth ordain
For thee, that to thy corporal eyes be shown
That which can never be by science vain
To mortals, erring and unhappy, known.
Follow me, prudent, strong, and firm, to gain
This wooded mountain, thou and all thine own.'
Thus doth she speak, and through a wood doth lead
Arduous and harsh for man to tread indeed.

LXXVII.

They go not far, when on a lofty height
They find themselves, where doth enamelled shine
A plain with jewels, such that to the sight
It seems they tread upon some ground divine.
Here hangs a globe in air, through which the light
Doth penetrate so brilliantly and fine,
That e'en its very centre doth appear
As plain as is its superficies clear.

LXXVIII.

They cannot trace the substance with their eyes,
But that it is composed, 'tis plain to trace,
Of various orbs, which wand of an All-wise
Composed, and did a common centre place;
Revolving, now it falls and now doth rise,
Yet never falls or rises; and one face
On every part it holds, in every part
Begins and ends, in fine, with heavenly art;

LXXIX.

Uniform, perfect, in itself sustained,
As its creator Archetype, in fine.
Gama this globe beholding, moved remained
By wonder and amaze at its design.
The Goddess saith: 'In this small volume feigned
I give the great world's model, line for line,
That, with thine eyes beholding, thou may'st see
Where thou dost go, shalt go, and what would'st be.

LXXX.

'Vês aqui a grande machina do mundo,
Etherea e elemental, que fabricada
Assi foi do saber alto e profundo,
Que he sem principio e meta limitada.
Quem cerca em derredor este rotundo
Globo, e sua superficie tão limada,
He Deos: mas o que he Deos ninguem o entende;
Que a tanto o engenho humano não se estende.

LXXXI.

'Este orbe, que primeiro vai cercando
Os outros mais pequenos que em si tem,
Que está com luz tão clara radiando,
Que a vista cega e a mente vil tambem,
Empyreo se nomea, onde logrando
Puras almas estão de aquelle bem
Tamanho, que elle só se entende, e alcança
De quem não ha no mundo semelhança.

LXXXII.

'Aqui só verdadeiros gloriosos
Divos estão; porque eu, Saturno e Jano,
Jupiter, Juno, fomos fabulosos,
Fingidos de mortal e cego engano:
Só para fazer versos deleitosos
Servimos; e se mais o trato humano
Nos pode dar, he só que o nome nosso
Nestas estrellas pôz o engenho vosso:

LXXXIII.

'E tambem porque a sancta Providencia,
Que em Jupiter aqui se representa,
Por espiritos mil; que tem prudencia,
Governa o mundo todo que sustenta.
Ensina-o a prophetica sciencia
Em muitos dos exemplos que apresenta:
Os que são bons guiando favorecem,
Os máos, em quanto podem, nos empecem.

LXXX.

'Here the great world's machine thou dost behold,
Ethereal, elemental, made alone
By Wisdom lofty and profound, of old,
Which no beginning and no end hath known.
That same, Who doth this globe of earth enfold,
With all the brilliant surface it doth own,
Is God: but what God is none understand;
For human mind cannot so much command.

LXXXI.

'This first and outward orb, which doth enclose
The smaller others that it holds confined,
And with a light so clear and radiant glows
It blinds the vision and the vulgar mind,
Is called Empyrean, where the souls of those,
Who purest are, taste good of such a kind,
That only he can estimate its worth
Of whom there is no equal upon earth.

LXXXII.

'Here, only real Gods and glorious
Are to be found: for Janus, Saturn, I,
Jupiter, Juno, all, are fabulous,
By man created and mere phantasy;
Only for making verse harmonious
We served; and if more notoriety
Man gave, 'twas only by your thought our name
To be connected with the planets came.

LXXXIII.

'Tis true, likewise, that Providence Divine,
Who here by Jupiter is typified,
By thousand spirits, of discretion fine,
The world entire which he sustains doth guide.
Prophetic Science teacheth this design,
Which by examples many is supplied;
They who are good our steps with favour lead,
The ill, whene'er they can, our course impede.

LXXXIV.

'Quer logo aqui a pintura, que varia,
Agora deleitando, ora ensinando,
Dar-lhe nomes que a antigua poesia
A seus deoses já dera, fabulando;
Que os Anjos de celeste companhia
Deoses o sacro verso está chamando;
Nem nega que esse nome preeminente
Tambem aos máos se dá, mas falsamente.

LXXXV.

'Em fim que o summo Deos, que por segundas
Causas obra no mundo, tudo manda.
E tornando o contar-te das profundas
Obras da mão divina veneranda,
Debaixo deste circulo, onde as mundas
Almas divinas gozam; que não anda,
Outro corre tão leve, e tão ligeiro,
Que não se enxerga: he o Móbile primeiro.

LXXXVI.

'Com este rapto e grande movimento
Vão todos os que dentro tem no seio:
Por obra deste o Sol, andando a tento,
O dia e noite faz com curso alheio.
Debaixo deste leve anda outro lento,
Tão lento e sobjugado a duro freio,
Que em quanto Phebo, de luz nunca escasso,
Duzentos cursos faz, dá elle hum passo.

LXXXVII.

'Olha est' outro debaixo, que esmaltado
De Corpos lisos anda e radiantes,
Que tambem nelle tem curso ordenado,
E nos seus axes correm scintillantes:
Bem vês como se veste e faz ornado
Co'o largo cinto d'ouro, que estellantes
Animaes doze traz affigurados,
Aposentos de Phebo limitados.

LXXXIV.

'The picture now would show variety,
Yielding, by turns, instruction and delight,
And shows thee names which ancient poetry
Had fabulously given their Gods, of right;
For Angels of the heavenly company
The sacred verse doth e'en as Gods recite;
Nor fails that name preeminent to bestow
Upon the evil ones, but falsely so.

LXXXV.

'In fine, the Almighty, who this world controls
By secondary causes, all commands.
But now my voice the works profound unrolls
Of his divine and venerable hands;
See, 'neath this circle wherein purest souls
Divine rejoice, and which all fixèd stands,
Another runs so light, so swift in time,
That 'tis not seen; this is the Movement Prime.

LXXXVI.

'With this so rapt and mighty movement, lo!
Run all that in its breast it doth contain;
By work of this the sun doth constant go,
And day and night with foreign course sustain.
Beneath this swift one moves another slow,
So slow and subject to so hard a rein,
That while Sol makes, with never failing rays,
Two hundred rounds, this o'er one step delays.

LXXXVII.

'Another see within, of bright array,
Enamelled with smooth forms all radiant,
Which likewise hold therein their ordered way,
And on their axes run all scintillant;
See, 'tis adorned and robed in vesture gay,
With a broad belt of gold of wide extent,
Wherein twelve starry animals are shown,
Marking the boundaries of Phœbus' zone.

LXXXVIII.

'Olha por outras partes a pintura
Que as estrellas fulgentes vão fazendo:
Olha a Carrêta, attenta a Cynosura,
Andromeda e seu pai e o Drago horrendo;
Vê de Cassiopêa a formosura,
E do Orionte o gesto metuendo;
Olha o Cysne morrendo, que suspira,
A Lebre e os Cães, a Náo e a dôce Lyra.

LXXXIX.

'Debaixo deste grande firmamento
Vês o ceo de Saturno, deos antigo,
Jupiter logo faz o movimento,
E Marte abaixo, bellico inimigo,
O claro olho do ceo no quarto assento,
E Venus que os amores traz comsigo,
Mercurio de eloquencia soberana,
Com tres rostos debaixo vai Diana.

XC.

'Em todos estes orbes differente
Curso verás, n'huns grave e n'outros leve;
Ora fogem do centro longamente,
Ora da terra estão caminho breve;
Bem como quiz o Padre Omnipotente,
Que o fogo fez e o ar, o vento e neve,
Os quaes verás que jazem mais a dentro
E tem co'o mar a terra por seu centro.

XCI.

'Neste centro, pousada dos humanos,
(Que não somente ousados se contentam
De soffrerem da terra firme os danos
Mas inda o mar instabil exprimentam,)
Verás as varias partes que os insanos
Mares dividem, onde se aposentam
Varias nações que mandam varios Reis,
Varios costumes seus, e varias leis.

LXXXVIII.

'In other parts those forms behold again,
Which by the shining stars are picturèd;
See Cynosura and observe the Wain,
Andromeda and Sire, and Dragon dread;
Behold the Beauty Cassiopeian;
See terrible Orion rear his head;
Behold the dying Swan in sighs expire,
Lepus and Canis, Argo and sweet Lyre.

LXXXIX.

'Beneath this grand and mighty firmament
The heaven of Saturn, ancient God, behold;
Jupiter's motion here is prominent,
And Mars below, a warlike foe of old;
In the fourth sphere shines heaven's eye brilliant,
And Venus brings her loves so often told;
Then Mercury of eloquence divine;
Triform Diana next doth move and shine.

XC.

'In all these orbs thou shalt a different force
Behold, in some swift movement, and some slow;
Now from their centre wider is their course,
Now at short distance from the earth they go;
E'en as was willed by their Almighty Source,
Who made the fire, the air, the wind and snow,
All which lie more within, as shall be shown,
And, with the sea, the earth as centre own.

XCI.

'Within this centre, lodge of human kind,
(Who not alone are well content to bear
The ills they meet on shore, with daring mind,
But e'en the unstable sea are fain to dare,)
Shalt thou the various parts and countries find,
Which the mad angry waves divide, and where
The various races various Kings obey,
With laws and customs various as are they.

XCII.

'Vês Europa christãa, mais alta e clara
Que as outras em policia e fortaleza.
Vês Africa, dos bens do mundo avara,
Inculta e toda chea de bruteza,
Co'o Cabo que atéqui se vos negara,
Que assentou para o Austro a natureza;
Olha essa terra toda que se habita
Dessa gente sem lei, quasi infinita.

XCIII.

'Vê do Benomotápa o grande imperio,
De selvatica gente, negra e nua,
Onde Gonçalo morte e vituperio
Padecerá pela Fé sancta sua;
Nasce por este incognito hemispherio
O metal por que mais a gente sua:
Vê que do lago, donde se derrama
O Nilo, tambem vindo está Cuama.

XCIV.

'Olha as casas dos negros, como estão
Sem portas, confiados em seus ninhos,
Na justiça Real e defensão,
E na fidelidade dos visinhos:
Olha delles a bruta multidão,
Qual bando espesso e negro de estorninhos,
Combaterá em Sofala a fortaleza,
Que defenderá Nhaia com destreza.

XCV.

'Olha lá as alagoas donde o Nilo
Nasce, que não souberam os antigos:
Vel-o rega, gerando o crocodilo,
Os povos Abassís, de Christo amigos:
Olha como sem muros (novo estilo)
Se defendem melhor dos inimigos:
Vê Méroe, que ilha foi de antigua fama,
Que ora dos naturaes Nobá se chama.

XCII.

'See Christian Europe, celebrated more
For strength and polity than all the rest;
Africa, covetous of worldly store,
Untaught, and all of cruelty possessed,
With the dark Cape concealed from you of yore
Which nature at the farthest south had placed;
See all that land, almost within a bound,
Where all that lawless race is dwelling found.

XCIII.

'Benomatápa's mighty empire see
Of savage people, black and naked host,
Gonzalo there, by death and infamy,
His Sacred Faith sad suffering shall cost.
Throughout this hemisphere, unknown to thee,
The metal lies for which man laboureth most:
See from that lake whence Nile his waters gains,
Cuáma likewise pours upon the plains.

XCIV.

'See how the negroes leave their houses rude
All doorless, in their nests confiding quite
On Royal justice and the friendly mood
Of all their neighbours, for protection's right:
Behold of these a brutal multitude,
As if of starlings a thick darksome flight,
Sofala's fortress will assault in vain,
Which Nhaia shall with warlike skill maintain.

XCV.

'Behold the marshes there, wherein the Nile
Doth spring, and which the ancients could not trace;
It washes, while it rears the crocodile,
The friends of Christ, the Abyssinian race;
Behold how without walls (a novel style)
Against their foes they show a stronger face.
See Meroé, an isle of ancient fame,
Now by the natives Noba called by name.

XCVI.

'Nesta remota terra hum filho teu
Nas armas contra os Turcos será claro,
Ha de ser Dom Christovam o nome seu,
Mas contra o fim fatal não ha reparo:
Vê cá a costa do mar onde te deu
Melinde hospicio gazalhoso e charo:
O Rapto rio nota, que o romance
Da terra chama Obí, entra em Quilmance.

XCVII.

'O cabo vê já Arómata chamado,
E agora Guardafú dos moradores,
Onde começa a boca do afamado
Mar Roxo que do fundo toma as côres:
Este como limite está lançado
Que divide Asia de Africa; e as melhores
Povoações que a parte Africa tem,
Maçuá são, Arquíco e Suanquem.

XCVIII.

'Vês o extremo Suéz, que antiguamente,
Dizem, que foi dos Héroas a cidade,
Outros dizem que Arsínoe, e ao presente
Tem das frotas do Egypto a potestade:
Olha as aguas, nas quaes abrio patente
Estrada o grão Moysés na antigua idade:
Asia começa aqui, que se apresenta
Em terras grande, em reinos opulenta.

XCIX.

'Olha o monte Sinái, que se ennobrece
Co'o sepulchro de Sancta Catharina;
Olha Toro e Gidá, que lhe fallece
Agua das fontes doce e crystallina:
Olha as portas do estreito que fenece
No reino da secca Adem, que confina
Com a serra d'Arzira, pedra viva,
Onde chuva dos ceos se não deriva.

XCVI.

'Within this land remote a son of thine
In arms against the Turks shall brilliant be;
Don Christopher his name, who thus shall shine,
But 'gainst the fatal end no remedy!
Melinde see, which toward thee did incline,
With shelter dear and hospitality;
The river Rhaptus (in their land's Romance
'Tis called Obi), note, flows into Quilmance.

XCVII.

'The Cape behold, once Aromata crowned,
Now Guardafu, by those who therein live,
Where of the famed Red Sea the mouth is found,
Which from its bed its colours doth derive.
This as a limit is thrown forth to bound
Asia from Africa: the best, that thrive
'Midst those upon the side of Africa,
Are Suanquem, Arquiko, Masua.

XCVIII.

'Suez extreme observe, which, as they say,
The city of the Heroas was of old;
Some say Arsinoe; at the present day,
Of Egypt's fleets it doth the forces hold.
The waters see, through which a perfect way
Great Moses opened forth in times of old;
Asia commences here, which doth present
Her countries grand, her kingdoms opulent.

XCIX.

'Behold Mount Sinai doth nobly rise,
Great with the tomb of Holy Catherine;
Lo! Toro and Gidá, wanting supplies
From founts of water sweet and crystalline:
The entrance to the strait, which ends where lies
Aden's dry realm, whose boundaries confine
With the live rock, Arzira's Serra chain,
Where never from the heavens descendeth rain.

C.

'Olha as Arabias tres que tanta terra
Tomam, todas da gente vaga e baça,
Donde vem os cavallos para a guerra,
Ligeiros e feroces, de alta raça.
Olha a costa que corre até que cerra
Outro estreito de Persia, e faz a traça
O cabo que co'o nome se appellida
Da cidade Fartáque alli sabida.

CI.

'Olha Dofar insigne, porque manda
O mais cheiroso incenso para as aras:
Mas attenta, já cá de est'outra banda
De Roçalgate e praias sempre avaras
Começa o reino Ormuz, que todo se anda
Pelas ribeiras, que inda serão claras
Quando as galés do Turco e fera armada
Virem de Castel-Branco núa a espada.

CII.

'Olha o Cabo Asabóro, que chamado
Agora he Moçandão dos navegantes:
Por aqui entra o lago que he fechado
De Arabia e Persias terras abundantes.
Attenta a ilha Barêm, que o fundo ornado
Tem das suas perlas ricas e imitantes
A côr da Aurora, e vê na agua salgada
Ter o Tygris e Euphrates huma entrada.

CIII.

'Olha da grande Persia o imperio nobre,
Sempre posto no campo e nos cavallos,
Que se injuría de usar fundido cobre,
E de não ter das armas sempre os callos.
Mas vê a ilha Gerúm, como descobre
O que fazem do tempo os intervallos;
Que da cidade Armuza, que alli esteve,
Ella o nome despois e a gloria teve.

C.

'With their wide land behold the Arabias three,
All tribes of wanderers and of tawny face,
Whence come those horses known in war to be
Active, high-mettled, and of choicest race.
Behold the coast which runs till in the sea
It forms the Persian Gulf, and then doth trace
The Cape that doth the appellation bear
Of Fartaque, name of city, too, known there.

CI.

'Behold Dofar renowned, which doth provide
Most fragrant incense for the altar's use:
But now observe that on this other side
Of Rozalgate, shores bare and covetous,
The realm Ormuz begins, and far and wide
Follows the shores which shall be glorious
When the Turks' fleet of galleys, fierce and bold,
Shall Castel Branco's naked sword behold.

CII.

'Behold the cape of Asabóro, now
Called Mosandam by those who navigate:
Here the lake enters which enclosed doth flow
'Tween the rich Persian and Arabian state:
See Barem's island also, which can show,
Within, its precious pearls that imitate
Aurora's tints: and in the briny wave
Lo! Tigris and Euphrates entrance have.

CIII.

'Lo! where great Persia's noble empire grows,
Always in camp and always on the steed,
Which scorns to use the brass that melted flows,
And not to wear the corns of arms at need:
But see the Gerum Isle, and how it shows
What may in intervals of time succeed,
For of Armuza's city, standing there,
It took the rule and did the glory bear.

CIV.

'Aqui de Dom Philippe de Menezes
Se mostrará a virtude em armas clara,
Quando com muito poucos Portuguezes
Os muitos Párseos vencerá de Lara:
Virão provar os golpes e revezes
De Dom Pedro de Sousa, que provara
Já seu braço em Ampaza, que deixada
Terá por terra á força só de espada.

CV.

'Mas deixemos o estreito, e o conhecido
Cabo de Jasque dito já Carpella,
Com todo o seu terreno mal querido
Da natura e dos dões usados della:
Carmânia teve já por appellido:
Mas vês o formoso Indo que daquella
Altura nasce, junto á qual tambem
D'outra altura correndo o Gange vem.

CVI.

'Olha a terra de Ulcinde fertilissima,
E de Jaquete a intima enseada,
Do mar a enchente subita grandissima,
E a vasante que foge apressurada.
A terra de Cambaia vê riquissima,
Onde do mar o seio faz entrada:
Cidades outras mil que vou passando
Á vós outros aqui se estão guardando.

CVII.

'Vês, corre a costa célebre Indiana
Para o Sul até o cabo Comori,
Já chamado Corí, que Taprobana
(Que ora he Ceilão) defronte tem de si:
Por este mar a gente Lusitana,
Que com armas virá despois de ti,
Terá victorias, terras e cidades,
Nas quaes hão de viver muitas idades.

CIV.

'Don Philippe de Menezes, in command,
Illustrious valour here in arms shall show,
And with a scanty Lusitanian band
A Persian host from Lara overthrow:
Blows and reverses at de Souza's hand
They all shall prove, as did Ampaza know,
Which with his arm shall e'en on earth be laid
By the mere wielding of his warlike blade.

CV.

'Leave we the strait and cape well-known to all
Of Jasque, which by name Carpella goes,
With all its land, where Nature's love is small
In those accustomed gifts that she bestows:
This, men Carmania once were used to call:
But Indus fair thou seest, whose fountain flows
From that same height and near whereto, likewise,
Springing from other height doth Ganges rise.

CVI.

'Behold Ulcinde's very fertile land,
And of Jaquete the deep receding bay,
Where sudden flood-tides rise and whelm the land,
And ebbing tides rush rapidly away.
Cambaia's wealthy country see at hand,
Where ocean's gulf affords a haven's stay:
A thousand cities which I pass untold
Themselves attendant on your future hold.

CVII.

'The celebrated coast of India trace,
That runs down southward to Cape Comori,
Once Kori: and immediately in face
Lies (now Ceylon by name) Taprobané:
Over the sea the Lusitanian race,
Who shall with arms and fleets come after thee,
Shall victories gain, cities and lands possess,
Which shall their lives for many ages bless.

CVIII.

'As provincias, que entre hum e o outro rio
Vês com varias nações, são infinitas:
Hum reino Mahometa, outro Gentio,
A quem tem o Demonio leis escritas.
Olha que de Narsinga o senhorio
Tem as reliquias sanctas e bemditas
Do corpo de Thomé, barão sagrado,
Que a Jesu Christo teve a mão no lado.

CIX.

'Aqui a cidade foi que se chamava
Meliapôr, formosa, grande e rica:
Os idolos antiguos adorava,
Como inda agora faz a gente inica:
Longe do mar naquelle tempo estava,
Quando a Fé, que no mundo se publica,
Thomé vinha prégando, e já passara
Provincias mil do mundo que ensinara.

CX.

'Chegado aqui prégando, e junto dando
A doentes saude, a mortos vida,
A caso traz hum dia o mar vagando
Hum lenho de grandeza desmedida:
Deseja o Rei, que andava edificando,
Fazer delle madeira, e não duvida
Poder tiral-o a terra com possantes
Forças d'homens, de engenhos, de elephantes.

CXI.

'Era tão grande o pezo do madeiro
Que só para abalar-se nada abasta;
Mas o nuncio de Christo verdadeiro
Menos trabalho em tal negocio gasta:
Ata o cordão que traz derradeiro
No tronco, e facilmente o leva e arrasta
Para onde faça hum sumptuoso templo,
Que ficasse aos futuros por exemplo.

CVIII.

'The Provinces round which these rivers flow,
And various tribes contain, are infinite:
One kingdom's Mahomet's, one of the Gentoo,
For whom the Devil doth laws and customs write.
Behold Narsinga's seigniory doth show
Sacred and blest remains to faithful sight,
St Thomas' body, Hero Sanctified,
Who thrust his doubting hand in Jesus' side.

CIX.

'Here was the city which was called by name
Meliapor, rich, great, well favourèd;
The ancient idols it adored, the same
As by the races vile now worshippèd;
Far from the shore 'twas planted at the time
When the great Faith, which o'er the world is spread,
Thomas came preaching; who had travelling sought
A thousand Provinces which he had taught.

CX.

'Here he came preaching, and the while he gave
Health to the sick and made the dead to rise,
By chance one day was brought upon the wave
A piece of timber of enormous size:
The King, employed in building, fain would save
The trunk for wood, and, nothing doubting, tries
To bring it by what force he could command
Of men, machines and elephants, to land.

CXI.

'But so much weighed this massive trunk of wood
That strength to move it nothing could supply:
But for Christ's messenger, sincere and good,
Less labour for such effort need he try:
He ties the cord wherewith he girdled stood
Upon the trunk, then draws it easily
To where they may a sumptuous temple raise,
A fixed example unto future days.

CXII.

'Sabía bem que, se com fé formada
Mandar a hum monte surdo que se mova,
Que obedecerá logo á voz sagrada;
Que assi lho ensinou Christo e elle o prova;
A gente ficou disto alvoroçada,
Os Brâhmenes o tem por cousa nova;
Vendo os milagres, vendo a sanctidade,
Hão medo de perder autoridade.

CXIII.

'São estes sacerdotes dos Gentios
Em quem mais penetrado tinha inveja,
Buscam maneiras mil, buscam desvios
Com que Thomé não se ouça ou morto seja:
O principal, que ao peito traz os fios,
Hum caso horrendo faz, que o mundo veja
Que inimiga não ha tão dura e fera
Como a virtude falsa da sincera.

CXIV.

'Hum filho proprio mata, e logo accusa
De homicidio Thomé que era innocente:
Dá falsas testemunhas, como se usa,
Condemnaram-no á morte brevemente.
O Sancto, que não vê melhor escusa
Que appellar para o Padre Omnipotente,
Quer diante do Rei e dos senhores
Que se faça hum milagre dos maiores.

CXV.

'O corpo morto manda ser trazido,
Que resuscite, e seja perguntado
Quem foi seu matador, e será crido
Por testemunho o seu mais approvado;
Viram todos o moço vivo erguido
Em nome de Jesu crucificado;
Dá graças a Thomé que lhe deo vida,
E descobre seu pai ser homicida.

CXII.

'He knew full well in true Faith's power it lay
A mere deaf mountain to command to move,
And 'twould at once the sacred voice obey;
Thus taught him Christ, and this he now doth prove;
The crowd, amazed, were carried quite away,
The marvel rose the Brahmins' power above;
With miracles and sanctity so clear,
The loss of their authority they fear.

CXIII.

'The priesthood of the Gentoo race are these
In whom the deepest root had envy ta'en,
They seek a thousand means, seek crooked ways,
That Thomas be not heard, or may be slain;
The chief, who' across his breast the skeins displays,
A deed of horror does; for, note, 'tis plain
No enemy so fierce and so severe
As is false piety of the sincere.

CXIV.

'One of his sons he slays, then doth accuse
Thomas of murder, who was innocent;
He brings false witnesses, as is of use,
They sentence him to death, incontinent.
The Saint, who cannot find more sure excuse
Than to appeal to the Omnipotent,
Prays that before the King and court's array
Some wondrous miracle he might display.

CXV.

'To bring the body back he doth command,
That he may raise it, and the youth be moved
To say who murdered him: prepared to stand
By his own testimony most approved.
All saw the living youth raised by his hand,
In name of Jesus crucified and loved:
Thomas, who gave him life, he magnified,
And marked his father as the homicide.

CXVI.

'Este milagre fez tamanho espanto
Que o Rei se banha logo na agua santa,
E muitos após elle: hum beija o manto,
Outro louvor do Deos de Thomé canta:
Os Brâhmenes se encheram de odio tanto,
Com seu veneno os morde inveja tanta,
Que, persuadindo a isso o povo rudo,
Determinam matal-o em fim de tudo.

CXVII.

'Hum dia, que prégando ao povo estava,
Fingiram entre a gente hum arruido:
Já Christo neste tempo lhe ordenava
Que, padecendo, fosse ao Ceo subido.
A multidão das pedras que voava
No Sancto dá, já a tudo offerecido:
Hum dos máos, por fartar-se mais depressa,
Com crua lança o peito lhe atravessa.

CXVIII.

'Choraram-te, Thomé, o Gange e o Indo,
Chorou-te toda a terra, que pizaste;
Mais te choram as almas, que vestindo
Se hiam da sancta Fé, que lhe ensinaste:
Mas os Anjos do Ceo cantando, e rindo,
Te recebem na gloria que ganhaste.
Pedimos-te, que a Deos ajuda peças,
Com que os teus Lusitanos favoreças.

CXIX.

'E vòs outros, que os nomes usurpais
De mandados de Deos, como Thomé,
Dizei, se sois mandados como estais,
Sem irdes a prégar a sancta Fé?
Olhai que, se sois sal, e vos damnais
Na patria onde propheta ninguem he,
Com que se salgarão em nossos dias
(Infieis deixo) tantas heresias?

CXVI.

'Such wonder did this miracle create,
In holy water straightway bathes the King,
And many more: one kissed his garment straight,
One to the God of Thomas praise doth sing:
The Brahmins were all filled with so much hate,
Such poisonous envy doth their bosom sting,
That, moving the rude people to their will,
They are resolved, at last, the Saint to kill.

CXVII.

'One day, while preaching to the crowd he stood,
They feigned a quarrel rose among them all:
Now Christ had at this period deemed it good
That he his suffering Saint to Heaven should call:
The stones which flew about in multitude
Struck down the Saint, a sacrifice to all:
One fiend, to glut more quickly his revenge,
A cruel lance doth in his bosom plunge.

CXVIII.

'Ganges and Indus, Thomas, thee deplore,
Weeps all the ground whereon thou once didst tread;
The souls that thou hast taught yet weep thee more,
Who with the Sacred Truth were clothed and fed:
But Angels, in a singing, smiling choir,
Receive thee in thy glory merited.
We pray thee, ask assistance of the Lord,
And to thy Lusians favour thus afford.

CXIX.

'And ye, ye others, who would interfere
As God's elect, as Thomas was, to preach,
Say, if elect ye are, how stand ye here
And go not forth the Holy Faith to preach?
Take heed if ye are salt, and lost appear
At home, where none did fame of prophet reach,
By whom shall salted be in these our days—
Not heathens—but so many heresies?

CXX.

'Mas passo esta materia perigosa,
E tornemos á costa debuxada.
Já com esta cidade tão famosa
Se faz curva a Gangetica enseada:
Corre Narsinga rica e poderosa,
Corre Orixa de roupas abastada,
No fundo da enseada o illustre rio
Ganges vem ao salgado senhorio;

CXXI.

'Ganges, no qual os seus habitadores
Morrem banhados, tendo por certeza
Que, inda que sejam grandes peccadores,
Esta agua sancta os lava e dá pureza.
Vê Cathigão, cidade das melhores
De Bengala, provincia que se preza
De abundante; mas olha, que está posta
Para o Austro daqui virada a costa.

CXXII.

'Olha o reino Arracão, olha o assento
De Pegú que já monstros povoaram,
Monstros filhos de fêo ajuntamento
D'huma mulher e hum cão que sós se acharam:
Aqui soante arame no instrumento
Da geração costumam, o que usaram
Por manha da Rainha, que, inventando
Tal uso deitou fóra a errôr nefando.

CXXIII.

'Olha Tavai cidade, onde começa
De Sião largo o imperio tão comprido:
Tenassarí, Quedá, que he só cabeça
Das que pimenta alli tem produzido.
Mais avante fareis que se conheça
Malaca por emporio ennobrecido,
Onde toda a provincia do mar grande
Suas mercadorias ricas mande.

CXX.

'But now I leave behind this dangerous ground.
And to the coast I've sketched we'll turn away;
Here, with this city, with such glory crowned,
Is made the curve of the Gangetic bay:
Runneth Narsinga rich and strong renowned,
Runneth Orissa rich in fabrics gay;
The river famed, at the bay's farthest close,
Ganges, into the salt dominion flows;

CXXI.

'Ganges, wherein its people, thus possessed,
Die bathing, holding it a certainty
That, though great sinners they must be confessed,
These sacred waters cleanse and purify.
See Cathegan, a city of the best
Of all Bengal, a province that doth vie
With all for its abundance, but observe
'Tis on the South towards which the shore doth swerve.

CXXII.

'Lo! realm of Arracan, and near it trace
Pegu, which has by monsters peopled been;
Monsters, the offspring of a foul embrace
Between the races human and canine.
Here sounding wire, with curious art, they place
Upon their members, cunning of the Queen,
Who, by this method, as she did intend,
To the accursèd error put an end.

CXXIII.

'Tavai city, too, observe, where lo!
Siam's vast empire doth begin, so long:
Tenassarí, Quedá, which chief doth show
All those that pepper have produced among.
Still farther onward thou wilt come to know
Malacca, for emporium famed and strong,
Where every Province on the mighty sea
Can send its merchandise of rarity.

CXXIV.

'Dizem que desta terra, co'as possantes
Ondas o mar entrando, dividio
A nobre ilha Samátra, que já d'antes
Juntas ambas a gente antigua vio:
Chersoneso foi dita, e das prestantes
Veas d'ouro que a terra produzio
Aureas por epithéto lhe ajuntaram,
Alguns que fosse Ophír imaginaram.

CXXV.

'Mas na ponta da terra Cingapura
Verás, onde o caminho ás náos se estreita;
Daqui, tornando a costa á Cynosura,
Se encurva e para a Aurora se endireita:
Vês Pam, Patâne, reinos, e a longura
De Sião que estes e outros mais sujeita:
Olha o rio Menão, que se derrama
Do grande lago que Chiamai se chama.

CXXVI.

'Vês neste grão terreno os differentes
Nomes de mil nações nunca sabidas:
Os Láos em terra e numero potentes,
Avás, Bramás por serras tão compridas.
Vê nos remotos montes outras gentes
Que Gueos se chamam, de selvages vidas,
Humana carne comem, mas a sua
Pintam com ferro ardente, usança crua.

CXXVII.

'Vês, passa por Camboja Mecom rio,
Que capitão das aguas se interpreta,
Tantas recebe d'outro só no estio
Que alaga os campos largos e inquieta:
Tem as enchentes quaes o Nilo frio:
A gente delle crê, como indiscreta,
Que pena e gloria tem despois de morte
Os brutos animaes de toda sorte.

CXXIV.

'They say that from this land the ocean tore—
Entering with all its mighty waves between—
The noble isle Sumatra, which of yore
The ancient people had united seen.
'Twas Chersonesus called, and the rich ore
Of gold which by the land produced had been,
Added the title "golden" to it name:
Some have imagined Ophir was the same.

CXXV.

'But on the point of land see Sincapoor,
Where narrow strait admits of ships but few;
Thence the coast, turning towards the Cynosure,
Is curved and doth an eastern line pursue;
Pam and Patáne see, and with long shore
Siam, who these and others doth subdue;
Behold Menàm, which river from the lake,
By name Chiamay called, its course doth take.

CXXVI.

'Thou see'st to this vast tract the names belong
Of thousand various nations never known:
The Laos, both in land and numbers strong,
Burmans, Avàs, o'er stretching serras sown:
See others scattered the far hills among,
Called Gueos, living savagely alone:
They eat man's flesh, and with hot iron they sear
Their own—a custom cruelly severe.

CXXVII.

'See through Çambaia Mecon river flows,
Which Chief of Waters is interpreted;
In summer from so many more it grows,
O'er the vast plains disturbed 'tis widely spread:
Such floods, as doth the gelid Nile, it shows:
Its foolish people to believe are led
That, after death, to brutes of every kind
A place in pain or glory is assigned.

CXXVIII.

'Este receberá, placido e brando,
No seu regaço o Canto que molhado
Vem do naufragio triste e miserando
Dos procellosos baixos escapado,
Das fomes, dos perigos grandes, quando
Será o injusto mando executado
Naquelle cuja lyra sonorosa
Será mais afamada que ditosa.

CXXIX.

'Ves, corre a costa que Champá se chama,
Cuja mata he do páo cheiroso ornada:
Ves, Cauchichina está de escura fama,
E de Ainão vê a incognita enseada:
Aqui o soberbo imperio, que se afama
Com terras e riqueza não cuidada,
Da China corre, e occupa o senhorio
Desd'o Trópico ardente ao Cinto frio.

CXXX.

'Olha o muro e edificio nunca crido,
Que entre hum imperio e o outro se edifica,
Certissimo signal e conhecido
Da potencia Real, soberba e rica:
Estes, o Rei que tem não foi nascido
Principe, nem dos pais aos filhos fica;
Mas elegem aquelle que he famoso
Por cavalleiro sabio e virtuoso.

CXXXI.

'Inda outra muita terra se te esconde,
Até que venha o tempo de mostrar-se.
Mas não deixes no mar as ilhas, onde
A natureza quiz mais afamar-se:
Esta meia escondida que responde
De longe á China, donde vem buscar-se,
He Japão, onde nasce a prata fina,
Que illustrada será co'a Lei divina.

CXXVIII.

'And Mecon shall the drowning poetry
Receive upon its breast, benign and bland,
Coming from shipwreck in sad misery,
'Scaped from the stormy shallows to the land,
From famines, dangers great, when there shall be
Enforced with harshness the unjust command
On him for whom his loved harmonious lyre
Shall more of fame than happiness acquire.

CXXIX.

'Behold, here runs the coast, Champa by name,
Whose forests the sweet smelling wood display,
See Cochin China of but little fame,
All unfrequented, too, see Hainan's bay:
Here the proud empire, which renown doth claim
In lands and wealth it never thought to sway,
Of China runs, and doth the lordship own
From torrid Tropic to cold Arctic zone.

CXXX.

'Building incredible! behold the wall
Between one empire and the other rear'd:
A mark most certain, and received by all
Of royal power, proud, rich and to be feared.
No mere born Prince is he whom King they call,
Nor for the sire's sake are the sons revered:
But him they choose, whom by repute they find
A knight with wisdom and of virtuous mind.

CXXXI.

'Yet much more territory's hid from thee
Till come the time at which it shall be shown:
But do not lose the islands on the sea
Where Nature sought to make her fame more known:
This, half-concealed far off, that seems to be
Lineal with China whence it may be won,
Is called Japan; hence comes the silver fine
Which shall gain lustre with the Faith Divine.

CXXXII.

'Olha cá pelos mares do Oriente
As infinitas ilhas espalhadas:
Vê Tidóre, e Ternáte, co'o fervente
Cume que lança as flammas ondeadas;
As arvores verás do cravo ardente
Co'o sangue Portuguez inda compradas,
Aqui ha as aureas aves, que não decem
Nunca á terra, e só mortas apparecem.

CXXXIII.

'Olha de Banda as ilhas, que se esmaltam
Da varia côr que pinta o roxo fruto,
As aves variadas que alli saltam,
Da verde noz tomando seu tributo:
Olha tambem Bornêo, onde não faltam
Lagrimas no licor coalhado e enxuto
Das arvores, que camphora he chamado,
Com que da ilha o nome he celebrado.

CXXXIV.

'Alli tambem Timôr, que o lenho manda
Sândalo salutifero e cheiroso:
Olha a Sunda tão larga que huma banda
Esconde para o Sul difficultoso:
A gente do sertão que as terras anda,
Hum rio, diz, que tem miraculoso,
Que por onde elle só sem outro vae
Converte em pedra o páo que nelle cáe.

CXXXV.

'Vê naquella que o tempo tornou ilha,
Que tambem flammas tremulas vapora,
A fonte que oleo mana, e a maravilha
Do cheiroso licor que o tronco chora:
Cheiroso mais que quanto estilla a filha
De Cinyras na Arabia, onde ella mora;
E vê que, tendo quanto as outras tem,
Branda sêda e fino ouro dá tambem.

CXXXII.

'Over the Eastern oceans cast your eyes,
And see where islands numberless are spread:
Tidèr, Ternàte view, mountains whence arise
Flames undulating round the burning head:
Trees of hot clove thou shalt behold, likewise,
With blood of Portugal e'en purchasèd;
Here are the golden birds, who ne'er descend
On earth, while living, but when life doth end.

CXXXIII.

'See Banda's isles that all enamelled glow
With various tints that paint the rosy fruit,
While variegated birds hop to and fro,
Taking their tribute of the juicy nut.
See Borneo, too, where never cease to flow
Tears of thick sap, which hardens being cut
From trees, and doth of camphor bear the name,
Whereby the island to be famous came.

CXXXIV.

'Timor, likewise, is there, whose forests send
Sandal-wood healthy, odoriferous;
Java behold, so large that one vast end
It covers towards the south tempestuous:
The interior race that wander o'er the land
Tell that there is a stream miraculous,
Which, whersoe'er its waters flow alone,
Converts the wood that falls therein to stone.

CXXXV.

'I'the land which hath by time an island grown,
And which its lambent flames exhaleth, see
The fount which oil distils, the marvel shown
Of fragrant juice that weepeth from the tree;
More fragrant than whate'er distilled was known
By Cinyras' daughter, she of Araby;
And having all that others have, behold,
It likewise yields soft silk and purest gold.

CXXXVI.

'Olha em Ceilão que o monte se alevanta
Tanto que as nuvens passa, ou a vista engana;
Os naturaes o tem por cousa santa
Pela pedra onde está a pégada humana.
Nas ilhas de Maldiva nasce a planta
No profundo das aguas soberana,
Cujo pomo contra o veneno urgente
He tido por antidoto excellente.

CXXXVII.

'Verás defronte estar do Roxo estreito
Socotorá, co'o amaro Áloe famosa:
Outras ilhas no mar tambem sujeito
A vós na costa de Africa arenosa,
Onde sahe do cheiro mais perfeito
A massa, ao mundo occulta e preciosa:
De São-Lourenço vê a ilha afamada
Que Madagascar he d'alguns chamada.

CXXXVIII.

'Eis-aqui as novas partes do Oriente
Que vós outros agora ao mundo dais,
Abrindo a porta ao vasto mar patente,
Que com tão forte peito navegais.
Mas he tambem razão que no Ponente
D'hum Lusitano hum feito inda vejais,
Que, de seu Rei monstrando-se aggravado,
Caminho ha de fazer nunca cuidado.

CXXXIX.

'Vedes a grande terra que contina
Vai de Callisto ao seu contrario polo,
Que soberba a fará a luzente mina
Do metal que a côr tem do louro Apollo:
Castella, vossa amiga, será dina
De lançar-lhe o collar ao rudo collo:
Varias provincias tem de varias gentes,
Em ritos e costumes differentes.

CXXXVI.

See, in Ceylon, so high a mountain rise
It caps the clouds, or doth the sight mislead;
The natives hold it sacred in their eyes,
For there's the stone with mark where man did tread.
In Maldive islands, in the deep sea lies
A plant of sovereign power by waters fed,
Whose fruit strong poison's influence to prevent
Is held an antidote most excellent.

CXXXVII.

'Fronting the Arabian Gulf thou, too, shalt see
Socotra, which doth bitter aloes boast;
More ocean-isles, likewise, shall subject be
To your command, on Afric's sandy coast,
Whence, fragrant, comes of perfect rarity
The ambergris, concealed and valued most.
Behold St Lawrence island widely famed,
Which is by many Madagascar named.

CXXXVIII.

'Here the new Eastern regions contemplate,
Which now upon the world ye shall bestow,
Thus opening the wide spreading ocean's gate,
O'er which with such brave hearts ye sailing go;
But it is just that in the West a feat
Of a brave Lusitanian ye should know,
Who, being deeply by his King aggrieved,
A path shall open ne'er before conceived.

CXXXIX.

'See the vast land that stretching in a line
E'en to the South Pole from Callisto goes,
And shall grow proud with that bright metal's mine,
Wherewith Apollo's golden colour glows.
Castile shall worthy be, as friend of thine,
On the rude neck the collar to impose;
In various districts various people dwell,
With various costumes, various rites as well.

CXL.

'Mas cá onde mais se alarga, alli tereis
Parte tambem co'o páo vermelho nota;
De Sancta-Cruz o nome lhe poreis,
Descobril-a-ha a primeira vossa frota:
Ao longo desta costa que tereis
Irá buscando a parte mais remota
O Magalhaens, no feito com verdade
Portuguez, porêm não na lealdade.

CXLI.

'Desque passar a via mais que mea,
Que ao Antarctico polo vai da Linha,
D'huma estatura quasi gigantea
Homens verá da terra alli visinha:
E mais avante o Estreito, que se arrea
Co'o nome delle agora, o qual caminha
Para outro mar e terra, que fica onde
Com suas frias azas o Austro a esconde.

CXLII.

'Até qui, Portuguezes, concedido
Vos he saberdes os futuros feitos,
Que pelo mar que já deixais sabido
Virão fazer barões de fortes peitos.
Agora; pois que tendes aprendido
Trabalhos que vos façam ser acceitos
Ás eternas esposas e formosas,
Que coroas vos tecem gloriosas,

CXLIII.

'Podeis-vos embarcar, que tendes vento
E mar tranquillo, para a patria amada.'
Assi lhe disse: e logo movimento
Fazem da ilha alegre e namorada:
Levam refresco e nobre mantimento,
Levam a companhia desejada,
Das nymphas que hão de ter eternamente,
Por mais tempo que o Sol o mundo aquente.

CXL.

'But where the land spreads broadest ye shall claim
The part that for its red wood is renowned;
Of Santa Cruz ye shall bestow the name,
Ye, by whose fleet that land will first be found:
Along this coast, possessed by you with fame,
Shall sailing seek the utmost point of ground
Magellan; Portuguese in truth was he
By birth, but not indeed in loyalty.

CXLI.

'When more than half the way he shall have crossed
The Equator and the Antarctic pole between,
People of a gigantic form almost
Upon the land, there neighbouring, shall be seen:
And farther on, the Strait, which soon shall boast
His name, leads on to where he shall have been,
To other sea and land upon that side
Which Auster with his frozen wings doth hide.

CXLII.

'Thus far it hath been given, O Portuguese!
That ye your future exploits grand should know,
Which o'er your lately navigated seas
Heroes of noble heart shall come to do.
And now, since ye have learned these prodigies
By whose renown ye shall in favour grow
Each with his beautiful eternal spouse,
All weaving glorious chaplets for your brows,

CXLIII.

'Ye can embark, for ye have breezes kind
And ocean tranquil, for your country dear.'
E'en thus she spake, and soon upon the wind
Forth from the joyful amorous isle they steer:
Refreshment and a noble store they find,
And the desired companionship is near
Of nymphs who shall for ever be their charm,
Long as the genial sun the earth shall warm.

CXLIV.

Assi foram cortando o mar sereno
Com vento sempre manso e nunca irado
Até que houveram vista do terreno
Em que nasceram, sempre desejado.
Entraram pela foz do Tejo ameno,
E á sua patria e Rei temido e amado
O premio e gloria dão; porque mandou,
E com titulos novos se illustrou.

CXLV.

No mais, Musa! no mais: que a lyra tenho
Destemperada, e a voz enrouquecida,
E não do canto, mas de ver que venho
Cantar a gente surda e endurecida.
O favor com que mais se accende o engenho
Não no dá a Patria, não; que está mettida
No gosto dá cubiça, e na rudeza
D'huma austera, apagada e vil tristeza:

CXLVI.

E não sei, por que influxo de destino
Não tem hum ledo orgulho e geral gosto,
Que os animos levanta de contino,
A ter para trabalhos ledo o rosto.
Por isso vós, ó Rei, que por divino
Conselho estais no regio solio posto,
Olhai que sois (e vêde as outras gentes)
Senhor só de vassallos excellentes!

CXLVII.

Olhai, que ledos vão por varias vias,
Quaes rompentes leões e bravos touros,
Dando os corpos a fomes e vigias,
A ferro, a fogo, a settas e pelouros:
A quentes regiões, a plagas frias,
A golpes de Idolátras e de Mouros,
A perigos incognitos do mundo,
A naufragios, a peixes, ao profundo:

CXLIV.

Thus went they forth, cleaving the sea serene,
With wind benignant always, ne'er in ire,
Until there hove in sight that land again
Where they were born, their ever fond desire.
By gentle Tagus' mouth they entered in,
And to their land and loved and honoured Sire
The prize and glory give, for he ordained,
And with new titles new renown obtained.

CXLV.

No more, my Muse! no more; for now my lyre
Is out of tune, and hoarse hath grown my voice,
Though not by song; but that of song I tire
To people deaf, insensible to choice.
That favour, which doth genius most inspire,
My Country grants not, no: doth but rejoice
In tastes for avarice and untutored style
Of sullenness, all rude, morose and vile.

CXLVI.

I know not by what stroke of destiny
Have ceased the joyful pride and general grace
Which lift the manly soul with constancy
To cope with labours with a cheerful face.
Therefore, O Mighty King! whom the decree
Of Heaven Divine upon thy throne doth place,
See that thou art (and other nations view)
Lord but of vassals excellent and true.

CXLVII.

Lo! joyfully they travel far and wide,
E'en as wild bulls or lions, to explore,
Famine and watch their bodies will abide,
Fire, sword, and arrows, and the cannon's roar;
Hot regions and cold climates are defied,
Blows from Idolaters and from the Moor,
Dangers unknown, which in the world abound,
Shipwrecks, sea-monsters, and the deep profound;

CXLVIII.

Por vos servir a tudo apparelhados,
De vós tão longe sempre obedientes
A quaesquer vossos asperos mandados,
Sem dar resposta, promptos e contentes:
Só com saber que são de vós olhados,
Demonios infernaes, negros e ardentes
Commetterão comvosco, e não duvido
Que vencedor vos façam, não vencido.

CXLIX.

Favorecei-os logo, e alegrai-os
Com a presença e leda humanidade:
De rigorosas leis desalivai-os,
Que assi se abre o caminho á sanctidade:
Os mais exprimentados levantai-os,
Se com a experiencia tem bondade
Para vosso conselho; pois que sabem
O como, o quando, e onde as cousas cabem.

CL.

Todos favorecei em seus officios,
Segundo tem das vidas o talento;
Tenham Religiosos exercicios
De rogarem por vosso regimento;
Com jejuns, disciplina pelos vicios
Communs, toda ambição terão por vento;
Que o bom Religioso verdadeiro
Gloria vãa não pretende, nem dinheiro.

CLI.

Os Cavalleiros tende em muita estima;
Pois com seu sangue intrepido e fervente
Estendem não sómente a Lei de cima,
Mas inda vosso imperio preeminente;
Pois aquelles, que a tão remoto clima
Vos vão servir com passo diligente,
Dous inimigos vencem—huns os vivos,
E (o que he mais) os trabalhos excessivos.

CXLVIII.

Prepared in all to honour thy decree,
Always, though far away, obedient
To whatsoe'er thy hard commands may be,
Making no answers, ready and content:
If only knowing they are watched by thee,
Demons infernal, black, malevolent
With thee they will assail, nor do I doubt
Victor, not vanquished, they would bring thee out.

CXLIX.

Hasten thy favours and their hearts delight,
With cheerful mildness and thy presence' sway:
Of rigorous laws relieve them from the weight,
For this will show to sanctity the way:
Thy most experienced men, promote them straight,
If with experience goodness they display,
Unto thy council; for 'tis they that know
The how, the when, and whither things should go.

CL.

Protect them all where'er their office lies,
According to their living and their mind:
Give the Religious Orders exercise,
In asking that thy reign may blessing find:
With fastings, discipline 'gainst general vice,
Let them cast all ambition to the wind;
For the Religious Orders, good and true,
Nor glory vain nor riches will pursue.

CLI.

Do thou the Cavaliers esteem and love,
Who, with their blood intrepid, are intent
Not only to spread forth the Faith of Above,
But to extend thy realm preeminent;
For they who to such distant climate rove,
To serve thee with devotion diligent,
Two foes they slay, those that contend alive,
And, more, the excessive toils 'gainst which they strive.

CLII.

Fazei, Senhor, que nunca os admirados
Alemães, Gallos, Italos e Inglezes
Possam dizer que são para mandados
Mais que para mandar os Portuguezes.
Tomai conselhos só d'exprimentados,
Que viram largos annos, largos mezes;
Que, postoque em scientes muito cabe,
Mais em particular o experto sabe.

CLIII.

De Phormião, philosopho elegante,
Vereis como Annibál escarnecia,
Quando das artes bellicas diante
Delle com larga voz tratava e lia.
A disciplina militar prestante
Não se aprende, Senhor, na phantasia,
Sonhando, imaginando, ou estudando;
Senão vendo, tratando e pelejando.

CLIV.

Mas eu, que fallo humilde, baixo e rudo,
De vós não conhecido nem sonhado?
Da bôca dos pequenos sei com tudo
Que o louvor sahe ás vezes acabado:
Nem me falta na vida honesto estudo,
Com longa experiencia misturado,
Nem engenho que aqui vereis presente,
Cousas que juntas se acham raramente.

CLV.

Para servir-vos, braço ás armas feito:
Para cantar-vos, mente ás Musas dada:
Só me fallece ser a vós acceito,
De quem virtude deve ser prezada.
Se me isto o Ceo concede, e o vosso peito
Digna empreza tomar de ser cantada,
Como a presaga mente vaticina,
Olhando a vossa inclinação divina:

CLII.

Act, Sire, that none of high admired degrees,
Of French, Italian, English, German, land,
Can venture to assert the Portuguese
Are more to be commanded than command.
Let counsel only of the experienced please,
Who from long years have learned to understand;
For though the scientific much can show,
In practice doth the experienced much more know.

CLIII.

Phormio, philosopher of learning fine,
How bitterly did Hannibal disdain,
When of the arts of warfare, line by line,
He read at large before him, to explain.
The genuine military discipline
You cannot, Sire, by theory obtain,
By dreaming, thinking, studying day and night—
But by the seeing, practising, and fight.

CLIV.

But do I speak—I, humble, rude and low,
Not known, or dreamed of e'en, by thee indeed?
Still, from the mouths of little ones I know
That sometimes truthful praises will proceed:
Nor honest study fails my life to show,
Which long experience, too, hath served to feed,
Nor genius, which here present thou shalt see,
Matters united rarely found to be.

CLV.

To serve thee—arm inured to warlike art:
To sing thee—mind devoted to the Muse:
But one thing needs—that thou shouldst bear thy part,
Whose warm protection virtue ne'er should lose.
If Heaven concede me this, and if thy heart
Enterprise worthy to be sung will choose—
As doth the presage of the mind foretell,
Knowing thy tendency divine so well—

CLVI.

Ou fazendo que, mais que a de Medusa,
A vista vossa tema o monte Atlante;
Ou rompendo nos campos de Ampelusa
Os muros de Marrocos, e Trudante:
A minha já estimada e leda Musa,
Fico, que em todo o mundo de vós cante
De sorte, que Alexandro em vós se veja,
Sem á dita de Achilles ter inveja.

CLVI.

Either such prowess proving, that thy sight,
More than Medusa's, Atlas shall appal;
Or, on the Ampelusan plains, in fight,
Bursting Morroco's or Trudante's wall;
Trust me, my honoured Muse shall with delight
O'er the round world thy deeds so loud recall,
That Alexander shall be seen in thee,
Nor of Achilles' fortune envious be.

# NOTES.

## CANTO VII.

Stanza V. This title, it seems, was only offered to Robert, son of William the Conqueror, and declined by him.

Stanza VI. This refers to Saladin.

Stanza VI. Francis I. who in his war with Charles V. entered into an alliance with the Sultan Solyman.

## CANTO X.

Stanza I. Mexico.

Stanza VII. Alluding to a common device, practised by Professors of magical science, who filled glass globes with water, and pretended to discover manifestations in them.

Stanza XI. Trimumpara, King of Cochin.

Stanza XXII. Alluding to the ultimate fate of Duarte Pacheco Pereira. Having arrived from India and been treated with all honours, he was appointed Governor of the town of St. George, in Africa. There, charges of misconduct were made against him, and he was brought back in irons. Although honourably acquitted, he remained impoverished for the rest of his life. He was called the Conqueror of the Indies. He sailed with the great Albuquerque in 1503.

Stanza XXVI. Dom Francisco de Almeida and his son Dom Lorenzo (1505). They both perished. Some of the Stanzas relating to them are in Camoens' best style.

Stanza XXXIII. The second Decade of João de Barros contains a very eloquent and animated account of all these heroic achievements.

Stanza XXXVII. See stanza XLV., Canto V. Dom

Francisco de Almeida was the first Portuguese Viceroy in India. On his return thence he put into the Bay of Saldanha, to obtain water; but, a quarrel ensuing with the Caffres, he and some fifty of his men were slain.

Stanza XLIII. Goa surrendered for the second time to Albuquerque, on Saint Catherine's day, 1510.

Stanza XLVII. Alluding to the hanging of Ruy Dias, a brave, valiant and tried officer.

Stanza L. Lopo Soares was sent to India in 1515.

Stanza LII. Diogo Lopez Sequeira, the fourth Governor of India, invested in 1518. He was the first Portuguese that entered the Red Sea and opened a communication with Abyssinia.

Stanza LIII. Dom Duarte Menezes was Governor of India in 1521. He had already distinguished himself in Tangier.

Stanza LIII. See Introduction. He was buried in the monastery of St. Francis at Cochin, but subsequently his remains were removed to Portugal, and deposited in a vault in Vidigueira, the place whence his title of nobility was taken. He is described by Barros as a man of middle stature, of a noble deportment, daring in every enterprise, harsh in command, and of fearful violence in anger, patient in arduous undertakings, and severe in the infliction of punishment, for the sake of justice. The banishment referred to means only the second voyage.—MUSGRAVE.

Stanza LIV. Dom Henrique Menezes succeeded Gama. He was only twenty-eight years of age.

Stanza LVI. Lope Naz de Sampaio assumed the government, *ad interim*, promising to deliver it up to Dom Pedro Mascarenhas on his arrival, but instead of doing so he put Dom Pedro under arrest.

Stanza LXI. Nuno da Cunha was nominated Viceroy of India in 1528. The fourth Decade of De Barros details his memorable administration of ten years. But he, in his turn, was unjustly superseded, persecuted and degraded.

Stanza LXII. Dom Garcia de Noronha. The siege was raised upon the mere report of his near approach. He was appointed Viceroy of India in 1538.

Stanza LXII. Dom Estevão da Gama, second son of the

great navigator. The Red Sea was the scene of his principal exploits.

Stanza LXIII. Martim Afonso de Souza, Governor of India, 1542. He conducted a successful expedition to the coasts of Brazil.

Stanza LXVII. Viceroy of India, 1545. Perhaps the greatest of all. His biography has been very gracefully written by Jacinto Freire de Andrada.—MUSGRAVE.

Stanza LXIX. Governor of Dio while it was besieged.

Stanza XCIII. Dom Gonzalo da Silveira was a member of the Society of Jesuits, and in 1553 obtained permission to go to India, where, after a long and successful mission, he was sacrificed.

Stanza XCIV. Pero de Nhai, or Nhaia, a valiant Castilian, repelled some six thousand Caffres who besieged him in Sofala, with only some forty soldiers.

Stanza XCVI. Aided the Abyssinians against the King of Zeila, but, after many successes, was entrapped in a too hasty attack, tortured, and slain by the king's hand.

Stanza XCIX. Saint Catherine of Alexandria was put to death by the Emperor Maximin, about the middle of the third century, and her body is said to have been carried off by angels and buried on Mount Sinai.

Stanza CXIII. The skein was triple, and is supposed to have been emblematic of the Brahmin Trinity. It belonged only to the High Priesthood. De Barros mentions this miracle.

Stanza CXXVIII. This circumstance has already been detailed.

Stanza CXXXI. Evidently pointing to the use of silver in the Sacred Cups and Pattens, &c.

Stanza CXXXVI. A very high, rocky and almost inaccessible mountain called Adam's Peak. The Singalese are said to have connected it with the name and legend of Adam; to have fixed it as the place of his entombment, and to have found his footmarks there.

Stanza CXXXVIII. This, as will be presently seen, again refers to Magallães or Magellan. See Note 2, Canto II.

Stanza CXL. This refers to Brazil, originally called Santa Cruz; and also to its red wood, whence its present name is

derived, as the Portuguese called the wood 'brasido,' *i.e.* something bearing the colour of 'brasas,' or hot coals.

Stanza CXLI. This alludes to the Patagonians. I have seen only one, and he was at Sandy Point, in the straits. He was not gigantic. I shall never forget my passage through to the Pacific, with my good friend Captain Shannon, then of the Illimani, in 1874, and all the murky majesty of the forlorn and frowning scenery, beginning at about Cape Froward. This towering headland, with all its ragged groups around it, is almost of exactly the same latitude to the south as that of Liverpool to the north. Upon the subject of the difference of climate between the two, my much esteemed friend Mr Darwin is almost more than usually entertaining in that charming book which I had with me, his 'Voyage round the World in the Beagle.'

Stanza CXLIV. The following most interesting particulars as to the arrival of Vasco da Gama are copied from a note to Musgrave's *Translation of the Lusiads*:—

'After stating that Nicolão Coelho, separated in a storm from Vasco da Gama off Cape Verde Islands, entered the port of Lisbon on July 10, 1499, exactly two years and two days from the departure of the expedition from the Tagus, Barros gives the following account of the return of the Great Discoverer to his native land.

'After the storm, Vasco da Gama proceeded to the Island of St Jago. In consequence of the extreme illness of his brother, Paulo da Gama, he appointed João de Sá to the command of his ship, and ordered him to proceed to Lisbon. In the hope of restoring his brother's health, he took him to the island of Terceira, in a vessel which he hired for the purpose; but he was reduced to such a state of debility, that he died shortly afterwards, and was buried there in the monastery of St. Francis. His death was deeply deplored by Vasco da Gama; for, besides losing a brother, Paulo da Gama possessed qualities calculated to make him regretted by all to whom he was known, and the loss occurred, too, at the very moment when he was about to receive the reward due to his meritorious labours. Vasco da Gama left the island of Terceira, and reached Lisbon on August 29, 1499; and, instead of entering the city, he went to the chapel of the Virgin Mary, whence

he had proceeded on this voyage of discovery, in order that he might, for a few days, devote himself to the religious offices appointed for her celebration. There he was visited by all persons of distinction in the capital, until he made his public entry, which was solemnized with great pomp and ceremony. A variety of splendid entertainments were commanded by the king, in order that he might testify his great satisfaction at the illustrious service performed by Vasco da Gama, which was one of the greatest that could be rendered by a subject, and accomplished in so short a time, and at so inconsiderable an expense. The king, in consequence, added to his crown the titles of lord of conquest, navigation, and commerce, of Ethiopia, Arabia, Persia, and India. In further satisfaction of this great service, the king immediately bestowed on Vasco da Gama other distinctions :—giving to him and his brothers the title of Don, allowing him to quarter on the shield of his arms a part of the royal arms of the kingdom, and conferring upon him the title of admiral of the Indian seas, and a pension of three hundred milreis ; with permission to employ annually in Indian commerce two hundred crowns, which regularly produced a profit of two thousand eight hundred milreis. Subsequently he received the title of Count of Vidigueira, when the state of affairs in India proved to be of more importance than in the earlier years that succeeded its discovery.' *Decada* i. liv. iv. cap. xi.

'The epilogue addressed to Don Sebastian, with which the poem concludes, does honour to the noble heart, and to the patriotism of Camoens. It is a didactic apostrophe in harmonious verse, full of the most zealous loyalty, of love of truth and justice, and expressed with a degree of liberty becoming his elevated character. A poem, inspired by a burst of patriotism, written with so much elegance and simplicity of diction, abounding with passages conspicuous either for their invention, by the fertile variety of the descriptions, or by the sublimity of the thoughts, in which are also found elevation of sentiment and grace of expression, doubtless secures to our author an undeniable right to be placed among the best epic poets.'—*Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Luis de Camoens, by* JOHN ADAMSON, F.S.A. Vol. ii. p. 55.

# THE LUSIADS OF CAMOENS.

PORTUGUESE TEXT, with Translation by J. J. AUBERTIN.

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'Mr Aubertin brings a finer talent and a more exacting critical sense to his work. He not only gives a fair line for line translation, but in his metre and rhyme really manages to convey much of the charm of the original. It is beyond our space to go into detailed criticism, but we would particularly cite the opening portion of the second and the closing portion of the last Canto. As the original is given on the one page and the translation on the other, the student has before him a very choice text-book if he chooses to make it so; and certainly, with its imitation hand wove paper and its tasteful binding, it may be said, in all that pertains to the publisher's part, to vie with the very choicest books that have recently fallen from the English press.'—*British Quarterly Review.*

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"I was Old Egypt's and Old Egypt mine;"

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"Ye must be beautiful, ye shades:
Thou must be fair, thou winding stream,
Whose peaceful breast no barque invades,
Whose waters wander like a dream."'

*Edinburgh Guardian.*

'Mr Aubertin already enjoys a well-established reputation as a translator of Camoens. He gave us a few years ago what still remains the best version of the "Lusiads" ever made; and he now concludes his labour of love by translating seventy of the Portuguese poet's sonnets. We say concludes, because Mr Aubertin tells us in his preface that he considers he has "fulfilled his duty to Camoens" by "introducing him fairly into English literature." Although Camoens had been repeatedly translated before, Mr Aubertin is perfectly justified in claiming to have been the first fairly to introduce him to English readers. Previous translations had either been verbally accurate but poetically poor, or had owed their popularity—as in the case of Mickle's "Lusiads" and Lord Strangford's "Poems from the Portuguese"—to audacious infidelity to the original. Mr Aubertin has, indeed, well repaid the debt of gratitude he owes his favourite author; but it is exactly because he has done so much that we regret his resolution to do no more. It is improbable that any future student of Camoens will possess all the qualities necessary for properly translating his poems in an equally eminent degree. . . . The skill of Mr Aubertin's translation is throughout admirable; fully equal—and no higher praise could be given it—to his version of the "Lusiads." He is not only always accurate, but he gives the very rhymes of Camoens with a precision which is wonderful. His rendering of the "Great Sonnet XIX.," on the Death of Catharina de Athaide, is particularly fine. . . . Mr Aubertin has added some original poems to his translations. They all have the merit of careful workmanship and a thoughtful spirit. It is, perhaps, a result of his devotion to Camoens that he is most successful with the sonnet form of verse.'—*St James' Gazette.*

'Mr Aubertin, who is the author of the best existing English translation of the "Lusiads," and whom long official residence in Brazil has made a master of the niceties of the rather difficult language, has not attempted to translate all the 352 sonnets, but has selected seventy from among the number. His version is, on the whole, interesting and accomplished: . . . Mr A[illegible] is sometimes extremely happy in rendering those curiously b[illegible] ingenuities which are characteristic of Camoens, as wh[illegible] translates

"Oh subtil invenção para seu dano"

by

"O stratagem to his own prejudice,"

than which nothing could be better.'—*Saturday Review.*

'Mr Aubertin, whose translation of the "Lusiads" of Camoens is recognised as one of the best, as well as most faithful, that have yet been attempted, has performed another useful service for those English readers who desire an acquaintance with the one great poet of Portugal, by translating "Seventy Sonnets" selected from the 352 which Camoens left behind him, because, in Mr Aubertin's opinion, it is possible to render them into our

language without much sacrifice of either form or meaning. The translator's intimate knowledge of the Portuguese language and literature peculiarly qualified him for the performance of this delicate task, which he has accomplished with marked taste and judgment. The translation of each sonnet has the original placed opposite it, so that any reader who knows Portuguese can form an opinion for himself as to the merit of Mr Aubertin's poem. In addition, this volume contains some miscellaneous translations and original poems, the best of which are those in the sonnet form. Here is one, which presents a noble idea in lines of admirable strength and symmetry :—

"Follow the Light—it cannot lead astray;
Thy danger lies in doubting—tread thy way;
Follow the Light—its path is dark to find,
But it were death to pause, outrun, delay;
If thou dost ever hope t'attain the day,
Follow—nor trust the darkness of thy mind.
'Tis a hard thing, and passing hard, to do!
Sometimes it stands, or flickers; seems untrue:
It cannot be—'tis probing thy mistrust;
It drags o'er bruising rocks; in the dank dew
Of chill despond it chains thee; but anew
It will move onward, shine and guide—it must.
It will not slay nor quit thee; hold thou fast;
Invoking, or upbraiding, cleave to the last!
Follow the Light!"

—*Scotsman.*

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